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SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
ANNE ELIZABETH S..... Daughter of Sir W. and
LADY S..... She died at ROME.
January 5. 1821. Aged 13 years and 8 months.

Non omne parvum sine pondere et ordine. Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus avena
Carmen, et egressus silvis vicina coegi.

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NARRATIVE

OF A

THREE YEARS' RESIDENCE

IN

ITALY,

1819–1822.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PRESENT STATE

OF

RELIGION IN THAT COUNTRY.

SECOND EDITION,

Considerably Enlarged.

Selina Martin

DUBLIN:

W. F. WAKEMAN, 9, D'OLIER-STREET;

BALDWIN AND CRADOCK, LONDON;

OLIVER AND BOYD, EDINBURGH;

WILLIAM COLLINS, GLASGOW.

1831.

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TO

SIR ROBERT HARRY INGLIS, BART.

THIS VOLUME

IS INSCRIBED,

AS A MARK OF THE ESTEEM AND GRATITUDE OF

S. M.

Dec. 3, 1827.

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PREFACE.

In consenting to the publication of this volume, I am well aware that the world is overstocked with Diaries and Tours in Italy. The present work, however, is, I think, different from any which I have seen. I have attempted no classical descriptions, no critical account of the arts, scarcely even a journal of the roads. My principal object in writing the following Letters, was to relate to one interested in all my details, our every-day life, while domesticated in Italy; and also to give my friend my impressions of the present state of religion and of society in that country. It has appeared to others, as well as to myself, that a plain relation of such facts, as in a residence of three years I had an opportunity of observing, in respect to the actual state of the Roman Catholic Church, may be read

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with interest; and the belief that no book of travels, with that object at all prominent, has lately appeared; and also another consideration, with which it is unnecessary to trouble the reader, have induced me to consent to the publication of Letters which were certainly never meant for the eye of strangers.

With some alterations to fit the work for the press, much of our domestic narrative is retained; because I believe, that my book might thus be made useful to those families, who meditate leaving their native land for the sake of educating their children abroad. They will here see the disadvantages and difficulties to which they will be exposed; the danger to their health is not, perhaps, the least evil to be dreaded: and if they will learn from the experience of one who is affectionately interested in the welfare of her countrymen, they will not think the lighter accomplishments which they may acquire by a lengthened residence on the Continent, worthy to be compared to the injury which they may there sustain.

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I need make no apology for introducing the memoir of a beloved child. Her patient resignation, during protracted suffering, was, indeed, a subject of intense interest to our own family circle; but never would I have ventured to intrude the private sorrows, of a very private family on the notice of the public, had it not been suggested to me, that simple narratives of those who die in the Lord have often been made useful to others; I, therefore, indulge the hope that this memorial of early piety and deep religious feeling may not be *wholly* unprofitable. May the example of this dear child here recorded be, under the blessing of GOD, the means of leading every reader to reflect that time lingereth not, but is passing as a shadow away, and that he knows neither the day or the hour when he may himself be called to his own final account; and may he thus be taught so to number his days, as to apply his heart unto wisdom. Thus shall our youthful Anny, though dead, still speak as a voice from the grave, to warn the thoughtless, that they too may be summoned at the first hour of the morning; and that then, when every

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earthly support shall fail, they will find a sure refuge in the hope set before them in the gospel, —in the glad tidings that for them a child was born, a Saviour given.

I must now assure my readers, that there is no exaggeration in any of the characters which I have attempted to delineate. I have simply told how they acted, how they spoke, how they lived, and how they died; with a mental prayer, that my latter end may be like theirs.

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PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

In preparing a Second Edition of "Three Years' Residence in Italy," I would gladly make such alterations as my kind friends suggest; but, amidst a contrariety of opinions, I find myself sadly puzzled.

One tells me that my journal at sea is by far the best part of my book, and that no persuasions should induce me to omit a syllable of it. Another says, "There is a great deal too much of your journal at sea; many readers, before they wade through the half of that, would throw away your book in disgust, and so never come to what is worth reading. I should certainly leave out the whole of it." Another, "Pray omit your religious reflections—they spoil your book." Ano-

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ther, "The book is quite too great a mixture; not enough of religion, and a great deal too much of what is not useful; it is really awful to find a person professing to be a Christian could pay such disregard to the Sabbath, and enter so much into the spirit of the world:—for example sake, you ought to leave out many things." Another, "There is a great deal of family detail, which cannot possibly interest the public, and too little general information—I hope you will considerably add to the one, and contract the other, that your book may be worth having." Another, "The world is overrun with accounts of Italy—nothing new can be said on that threadbare subject; therefore, I beseech you to omit not merely the tediousness of the '*twice*-told tale,' but one which hundreds have told; and do not leave out a sentence of what really renders your book interesting, which is the narrative." Many more such diversities of sentiment, with the kindest intentions, have been imparted to me; but my friends may now judge for themselves whether it would be possible to comply with their wishes, and will, I trust, excuse my giving my

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book again to the public nearly in its original form; some contractions, however, I have made, and considerable additions. One passage I must ever regret having written—that which has justly given offence to my Roman Catholic readers. Truly I can say it was an unintentional error—nor would I for worlds have inserted it, had I known it to have been an error. I have not set down aught in malice, neither has a spirit of bitterness dictated a sentence which flowed from my pen. I should never have recorded many things which I heard, and saw, respecting the Roman Catholic religion, were I not persuaded that they are soul-destroying delusions, tending to "cast Christ down from his excellency," by leading the misguided multitude to mix other means with His finished work. He, and He only, is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life"—the one only Intercessor between God and man—at once the Prophet, Priest, and King.

In sending this second edition to the press, I would gratefully acknowledge my obligations to the friends, by whose kind exertions it met with

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a rapid sale; and to the public in general, by whom it has been so favorably received. To Sir Robert Harry Inglis, in particular, my debt of gratitude cannot be expressed. At a time when the public weal seemed to occupy all his cares, the interest of a private individual was not neglected. That his valuable life may long be spared to his friends, and the public in general, is the earnest prayer of his truly obliged,

S. M.

ERRATA.

Page	135,	line	6—*for* Rosa Tadee,	*read* Rosa Tadei.
"	156,	"	29—*for* he,	*read* the.
"	160,	"	23—*for* so deformed,	*read* so many deformed.
"	176,	"	3—*for* misanthrophy,	*read* misanthropy.
"	176,	"	14—*for* form,	*read* from.
"	300,	"	18—*for* Farnesi,	*read* Farnese.
"	310,	"	7—*for* Sextine,	*read* Sistine.
"	322,	"	11—*for* Quattro, Capi,	*read* Quattro Capi.
"	402,	"	13—*for* inconvenience,	*read* convenience.

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THREE YEARS IN ITALY.

LETTER I.

Liverpool, March 20th, 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HASTEN to fulfil my promise of letting you hear from me, and I hope to do so from time to time till my return, if it be the will of God to bring me again to my native shores. You know full well that my motive for quitting them was not a desire of seeing foreign countries, or of seeking any amusements in them which are not to be found in my own; but simply, because I am now so far recovered from my severe and long-continued illness, as to think myself able to follow those much-loved relatives to Italy, with whom, until this painful separation, I have shared all my joys and sorrows. My heart sometimes fails me when I think of the long voyage and

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journey before me, which now I must perform alone. But my fears have been the cause of my waiting too long already, in the hope of finding some companions; and I know that if I earnestly pray for guidance and protection, and trust in the Lord, I need fear no evil. My friends have given me all the assistance in their power; and after many consultations as to the best and safest mode for me to travel, a sea-voyage from Liverpool, direct to Genoa, has been preferred to a journey through France into Italy. I landed in this place yesterday morning, after a rough passage of twenty-two hours from Warrenpoint. The different merchants here, to whom my friends had written in my favor, concur in advising me to sail in the M——, the captain of which they know to be a man of estimable character.

April the 19th. I have been delayed here much longer than I had anticipated; but have this day embarked on board the M——, heartily recommending myself to the care of my almighty and most merciful Protector; I feel that "the name of the Lord" is indeed "a strong tower." But I must hasten to conclude my letter, as I mean to send it by the pilot, who must return very shortly. I have a very neat cabin to myself, sufficiently large for me to inhabit constantly, furnished nicely with drawers, and every

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kind of convenience which a person could possibly expect at sea; and what considerably adds to my comfort, is an outside door, which slides back to give air, through which I can go upon deck, without passing through the large cabin. The captain and mate are respectable looking elderly men; and altogether, so far as one can judge from outward circumstances, every thing promises fair for a prosperous voyage; but in my unseen Protector alone let me trust.

The pilot now calls to take leave. God bless you, my dear friend; I know that I have your prayers in my behalf in this my anxious undertaking.

LETTER II.

On Board the M——, April 24th, 1819.

After four days of severe sea-sickness, once more I take up my pen, though with such a trembling hand, that I doubt my ability to write; however, even the attempt will beguile the lingering hours. Last night we entered the Bay of Biscay, amidst such tossing as I had never before experienced, or even imagined; and in my ig-

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norance I fancied that we were every moment going to the bottom; each wave, as it struck with violence, I supposed to be a huge rock, against which our vessel would soon be foundered. But, in the anticipation of a watery grave, I endeavoured to quiet myself with the assured hope, that the mortal part only would perish, while, even in the fury of a shipwreck, that which is immortal, is safe under God's good keeping. The sea was so boisterous the whole night, that all hands were at work. In the morning the wind abated; and the captain came to my cabin-door to enquire after my health. I told him of my midnight alarm; on hearing which he blamed himself for not having forewarned me of what I might expect on entering the Bay of Biscay, telling me, that so far from my fears being well founded, we had had a most favorable gale, which had carried us considerably on our way. And thus it often is with us feeble trembling mortals, when the Lord is showing only mercy and loving kindness, our minds are filled with distrust; we will not believe that our happiness, our everlasting good, is the end of all his designs. The captain's news made my heart overflow with thankfulness to Him who commandeth the winds and the seas, and they obey him.

April 26th. In the middle of the Bay of Biscay; another terrific night; tossed with contrary

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winds. April 30th. Doubled Cape Finisterre; very rough weather. May 3d. The two last days the wind and sea have been very boisterous. This is my beloved Anny's birth-day. Since the Lord gave my sister this little treasure, the anniversary of her birth has been hailed by me with gladness and prayer; and now, in the midst of the contending elements, my thoughts are fixed upon her with a sad and unaccountable presage of ill, heightened by the circumstance of my opening my hymn book, while my mind was so engaged, on the hymn beginning, "Happy soul, thy days are ended." May the Lord preserve this darling child; may He hide her under the shadow of his wings, bear her safely through the storms of life, and shelter her in the haven of his love.

The gale arose to such a height as to split the largest sail, and tear some of the others; all hands were at work on deck the entire day; no food was prepared or eaten, but some stolen by the sailors when they came into the cabin for ropes.

May 4th. We passed a tempestuous night; and still the wind continues so high and contrary, that we have been blown back twenty-six miles.

May 5th—7th. Becalmed. The grumbling captain forebodes a tedious passage, whilst I feel

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thankful for the calm; it has been a messenger of peace to my mind. He tells me that women were always unlucky passengers.

May 8th. We have past the rock of Lisbon sufficiently near to discern that grand and beautiful object.

Sunday 9th. At five o'clock this morning we got round Cape St. Vincent, and are now passing Cape St. Mary. We glide smoothly over the wide waste of ocean, not a wave curls the clear expanse, nor a cloud darkens the azure canopy of heaven. "Let all thy works praise thee, O Lord," and let my heart join the universal chorus! O Thou, whose Majesty the heaven of heavens cannot contain, Thou wilt not disdain the lowly heart for thy tabernacle. Yet, "Lord! what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou so regardest him?" Surely I can say and feel that God is every where: "If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." O how comfortable the assurance, while floating on the bosom of the wide and desolate ocean, "The Lord is nigh."

Sitting under an awning, kindly erected for me by the sailors, I enjoy many an uninterrupted hour of meditation, while employed at my needle; or reading my Bible, Sturm's Reflections,

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and other good and pleasant books, with which we have been provided. My time is fully occupied, and therefore does not appear so tedious as I expected. May 10th. Contrary wind; in the evening it rose to a strong gale, and the waves dashed with great violence. 11th. Still the storm continues. We are driven within eight miles of the coast of Barbary; the Captain, in giving me this information, added terrific accounts of what we may expect if we are so unfortunate as to be driven ashore; and what a relation of his own actually experienced, who, after much suffering, was barbarously murdered. The wind was so contrary, and so strong, that we are blown back within sight of Cape St. Mary.

12th and 13th. The storm rages with unabated fury, and was awfully tremendous during the night. We seem to be driven about, the sport of the winds and waves. May the Lord be our pilot not only through this watery deep, but over the more stormy and dangerous voyage of life, so shall we be guided safely into the peaceful haven where we would be. A few more struggles, and then there will be endless rest for all his redeemed.—A poor little dove was blown from the coast of Barbary, and sought refuge on deck. The cabin-boy easily caught it, and brought it to me. This day I got a little way up the ladder, to view the most sublime and tre-

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mendous sight which can be imagined. I had seen paintings of the sea in a storm; but they indeed give but a faint idea of the awful reality. The sky was black and lowering; and the billows rolling furiously upon each other, like moving mountains, seemed as though they would overwhelm all before them; yet were we lightly borne up on the bosom of each as it advanced. It was a scene to make one feel the presence of Him who is omnipotent, "who plants his footsteps in the sea, and rides upon the storm." Friday 14th. I find the constant and violent motion of the ship so fatiguing, that my health suffers materially. I am literally bruised, from being tossed about from side to side; and can neither read, write, nor work to amuse myself. This is a time of trial, yet if I have a happy meeting with my friends, it will appear of little consequence; and so, if Heaven be our resting place, we shall look back upon the trials of life, and find them nothing.

My poor dove looks very sad, its little wings are drooping; it appears to mourn the loss of its companions, and reminds me of my own solitary situation; but unlike the dove, which will never again behold its mate, I look forward with cheerful hope to a day which will restore to me all whom I most love on earth. Like it I have mourned for my sweet Anny, and longed to be-

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hold her smiling countenance once more; but O should it be my happy lot, may I remember that the Creator, more than the creature, claims my affections.

The wind being abated, I lay down with a thankful heart, and enjoyed a calm night's rest, of which no one can conceive the blessing who has not been tossed about as I have been, for nearly a week. During the storm, that sublime Psalm of David, frequently returned to my thoughts: "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the Heaven; they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble; and He bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad, because they be quiet: so He bringeth them to their desired haven. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" The cessation of the storm has not tranquillized the captain's temper. I found him in a very discontented mood, complaining of the badness of our passage, the worst which he had ever experienced; he

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added, that we had now entered "an ugly bay;" and had no wind to bring us out. I felt inclined to tell him, that the same kind Providence still watched over us, which had delivered us from our former dangers; but I checked myself, fearing that I should bring little conviction to his ruffled temper.

I have just been walking upon deck, very thankful to have the use of my limbs again, which were feeble and cramped from disuse. All the time of the storm I could not stand for a moment without support. We never sufficiently prize our blessings until we are deprived of them: and, when after a loss they are restored to us, we then feel their value. But again, habit soon makes us forget those grateful feelings; so truly may our goodness be compared to the morning cloud, and the early dew.

We have now a favorable breeze; and are sailing through the Bay of St. Lucar, near Cadiz. This evening my favorite stern sail was hoisted. I am always glad to see it, because it can only be used, when the wind is perfectly favorable. This is but the third time it has been up since the commencement of our voyage.

Sunday Morning, May 16th. Still we have prosperous gales, and have just passed Cadiz. A sleeping turtle floated past us on the surface of the water; the sailors saw a number of them this

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morning, and regretted not having gone out in the boat to take some. This is a serene Sabbath-day. The calm sea is hardly rippled by any motion; the peaceful scene is well calculated to inspire holy meditation, and though I cannot join the general assembly in public worship, yet I may lift up my heart in prayer and praise, to my bountiful Creator and Redeemer, under the glorious canopy of Heaven, surrounded by this boundless prospect; with as much real devotion, as if within the walls of a Church. Last Sunday was such a day as this; but how little do we feeble mortals know what a day may bring forth. Then the vessel smoothly cut the waves, and glided on so rapidly that we promised ourselves a speedy termination to our voyage; but soon the blue sky became overcast, and the tempest roared around; we were driven about at the mercy of the furious elements, so that for four days our lives seemed in jeopardy. In the entire week we have not made sixty miles. We have just hailed a vessel from Newcastle, bound for Barcelona, which has been six weeks at sea, while we have been only four, yet we complain! All this day we have been near the coast of Spain, which appears verdant and woody; we have passed Conil, and are now sailing by Trafalgar, which is very rocky. The scenery is magnificent; the ocean is bounded by noble rocks

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and mountains. The captain pointed out Tariffa, in the Straits, and some dangerous rocks, against which many a vessel has foundered. As the shades of evening drew on, we saw many lights on shore; and a smart breeze brought us through the Straits of Gibraltar before two o'clock. I sat until very late on deck, watching the vivid flashes of lightning, and the glittering stars, which illuminated the sky.

Monday, May 17th. The wind is changed, and is now quite against us: symptoms of another storm are perceived. This sea-life reminds me of the variableness of human events; when the sun shines upon us, we bask in its rays, and all seems to go on joyously. But the sky lowers, the days of peace have disappeared; and the mourning soul lies prostrate, until again the beams of mercy burst from beneath the clouds, like the sun shining on the dew drops of heaven; for a while tears glisten in the eyes, but their bitterness is passed. My dove is flown away: I am sorry, for I intended it as a present for Anny; but weary of restraint, it would not stay—it is gone, it knows not whither.

Tuesday. Instead of the predicted storm there is a dead calm. A great shoal of porpoises passed us, and two grampuses, making a curious blowing noise. "Mother Cary's chickens" have also

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been seen, and another shoal of porpoises, which they tell me are sure indications of a storm.

Wednesday. The wind changed in the night, and blew for a few hours, but now it is quite calm. The sailors have taken a turtle fringed with zoophytes. At present the wind is quite fair, and *my* sail is up. We see land on each side. We passed the Isle of Albaran, the first island in the Mediterranean; it is a barren rock, so flat as not to be easily perceived, and therefore dangerous. We are getting on at the rate of seven knots an hour.

Friday. We have passed the islands of Ivica and Formenterra. We have just hailed a vessel from Lisbon, bound for Trieste: I was much amused at our attempts to understand each other. Captain W. spoke in English; the Portuguese answered, I suppose in his own language; but finding that they were unintelligible to each other, the latter brought forward a person as interpreter, who was supposed to speak English. The attempt, however, was equally vain, since his words might as well have been high Dutch. In the same way Captain W. thought that he could explain himself in French, but succeeded no farther than to say "bon voyage."

Saturday. This morning I was up before the sun, and went on deck to witness one of the most glorious objects in nature, the sun rising at sea.

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The Island of Majorca stood before us, a majestic amphitheatre of rocks. The whole scene forcibly impressed the imagination with awe and veneration of the great Former of the magnificent whole, at whose word that glorious orb now just risen before me, in all its splendour, sprung forth from chaos, and by whose Almighty command all was arranged with beautiful harmony.

Sunday, May 23d. Another bright day of rest dawns upon us. The first sound which broke upon my morning slumber, was the cabin boy's voice, announcing the joyful news, that the wind, which had been against us the preceding evening, was now perfectly fair. I arose with a thankful heart, and sat on deck under the awning, whilst I read my Bible. The passage which particularly arrested my attention, was part of the thirty second chapter of Deuteronomy. "For the Lord's portion is his people; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance. He found him in a desert land; and in the waste howling wilderness; he led him about; he instructed him; he kept him as the apple of his eye. As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead him. Thus indeed He leads his children; thus He conducts them through the wilderness of this world by a way they know not. He watches over them; He instructs them, and ne-

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ver leaves nor forsakes them until He shuts them into the ark of the new covenant, secure for ever in the haven of his love.

This evening I was called on deck to see a very beautiful meteor. The sailors described it like lightning, darting as an arrow across the firmament, so glorious in brightness as to illumine the deck; now it remained suspended in a spiral form, then its momentary splendour died away, and gave place to a light silvery cloud. "The bright lights of heaven" shone forth in resplendent magnificence.

Thursday, May 27th. This morning my pleasant little messenger of good, the cabin-boy, put in his cheerful face at the cabin-door, to announce the glad tidings that we were just before a town, supposed to be Genoa. He invited me on deck to see it; but I could discern nothing, except white specks bounding the horizon. The captain told me that he believed it to be Genoa; but as neither he nor any of his sailors had ever been there, he was afraid to approach too near the land, until he could ascertain the point; and for that purpose he had hoisted colours in token that he wanted a pilot. We are at present becalmed; a great water-spout near us; and the horizon is darkened with thick clouds, while the distant thunder is growling around.

Friday, May 28th. All the dangers with which

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the captain threatened us are over, and experience teaches me that there is a watchful guardian who never slumbers nor sleeps. This morning I went on deck to see them cast anchor. It would be impossible to describe my sensations on first beholding the Apennines standing before me, a magnificent amphitheatre, beautifully adorned with palaces, villas, and churches. The scene surpassed in grandeur any idea which I had formed, and well merits the appellation of Genoa la Superba. A pilot had come to our assistance at early dawn; to whom I tried to speak Italian, but failed. He made nearly as unsuccessful an attempt to speak English; for he had picked up but two or three words, and did not understand our answers. The captain ordered breakfast to be prepared, but as it consisted of nothing but salt herrings and mouldy biscuit, the pilot would not partake of it. The captain never supposing that he could object to the fare, thought it was modesty which kept him back, and frequently cried out, "munge, munge," by way of speaking to him in French; but if, instead of a broiled herring, he could have provided a ragout of frogs or snails, he most probably would not have found the appetite of the Genoese to fail. I shall now conclude my journal at sea, and send off this packet by the first private hand, since it is too large for the post.

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LETTER III.

On Board the M——, in the Harbour of Genoa,
May 29th, 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

My joyful feelings at once more finding my feet on terra firma, were deadened by the disagreeable circumstances attending my landing. The pilot made us understand, that we could not be permitted to land until we were examined by the health officers, and presently we saw a boat filled with soldiers and an officer, rowing towards us. They came on board, and after having examined the captain and sailors, *the woman* was ordered on deck. I went up trembling: they first asked for my passport, and finding that I had none, I was told, to my utter dismay, that I must accompany the party somewhere, I could not understand whither: however, I knew that there was no help; and went with them, though very reluctantly; the captain kindly accompanied me. They brought me to two different offices, where were a number of men, who stared at me and asked a great many questions about me. They detained me a long time, and I afterwards discovered, that they were deliberating whether I ought not to be sent back to England, because I had no passport, this most necessary appendage

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to a traveller on the continent having been forgotten. When this business was concluded, and a tedious one it was, the captain asked whether I would go back to the ship, or accompany him to the different houses of the merchants, with whom he had business to transact. I chose the latter alternative, being heartily tired of the ship, and having a desire to see the town; besides, it was a pleasure to me once more to use my feet after my long confinement. I found plenty of exercise for them in mounting the numerous flights of broad stone stairs which lead to the counting-houses at the top, or nearly so, of very high palaces. Amongst these merchants was one to whom great part of the ship's cargo was consigned, a Tuscan, who spoke English like a native of that country, though he had never been out of Italy. After the business was transacted, he went with us very obligingly to shew us part of the town; and took us first to the palaces of the King of Sardinia, of the Duke his brother, and of the Queen; and to several others, of which, though we saw the outside only, our admiration was sufficiently excited, being beautifully painted in figures and landscapes. I was so amused with all which I saw, that I never thought of fatigue, until I could go no further, and was obliged to return to the ship to rest. While what I saw is fresh in my memory, I

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would describe Genoa to you; but I despair of giving any idea of it. On my first landing every thing appeared strange, and unlike what I had ever seen before; the streets so narrow, that a carriage could not drive through them; and the houses so high as to exclude the sun from ever shining upon them. This I found of advantage in keeping off the intense heat of the sun, but it gives them a very gloomy appearance. The streets are beautifully flagged, and remarkably clean; on each side adorned with stands of fruits and flowers, arranged with the most exquisite taste. The fruits were principally strawberries and cherries, the finest and largest which I ever saw, sold at the rate of a penny a pound. Amongst the flowers I remarked magnificent carnations, finer than our gardens produce; I am told they are indigenous here. Flowers are cultivated with great care and expense; it being the custom, when a gentleman admires a lady, to present her every morning with a bouquet, until the marriage ceremony takes place; when this is long deferred, the expense becomes enormous, it being not uncommon to give half a guinea for a bouquet. The country girls wear their hair entwined with artificial flowers; the higher ranks have a long muslin veil or scarf fastened to the top of their heads, from whence it falls gracefully to their feet: married women

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alone wear caps. The dress of the women, in general, is very pretty and neat; their figures are remarkably good, and there is an air of dignity in their manner. This evening I was told by some one in another ship in the harbour, that there was a letter in the post-office for a lady, a passenger on board the M——.

Saturday Morning, May 29th. The Tuscan merchant sent us an interpreter and guide, with whom we were to see the sights of Genoa; but our first walk was to the post-office, as I felt very anxious for my letter. It was from my sister, Lady S——t, requesting me as quickly as possible to hasten to Rome, that I might join her and her family, before they began their journey to Naples; but, as it was probable that I should not arrive in time, the letter principally contained directions how I should follow them there. This frightened me not a little, for I could not conceive how I could ever undertake such a journey alone, being unable as yet to speak Italian. I therefore determined on going to the merchants, Messrs. Drago and Walsh, to whom I had brought letters from my friends in England, to consult with them what was best to be done. They told me, that if I could join the party of a lady from Scotland, who, with her family, was to sail on Monday morning from Genoa to Leghorn, I might proceed pleasantly

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and safely. For this, they conceived a very slight introduction alone would be necessary, which they could give me by means of "Mr. William Owen, a young clergyman, with whom they were acquainted, and who travelled with the family in question." I complied with this advice, and after surmounting some difficulties, I obtained a kind consent from Mrs. O—— that I should join her party on Monday. In the evening I had a visit from Mr. Owen, who said, that he came to renew an offer he had made to accompany me in the morning, to hear our Church service, and to tell me the hour when he intended to call for me; he sat for some time, and entered into a conversation, which proved to me, that the love of God was shed abroad in his heart; and that from thence flowed that mercy to others, which he hoped to receive. A consumptive tendency had been his motive for seeking a warmer climate than his native one: and a severe fit of coughing, whilst he remained, made me think that he would indeed soon reach a climate more congenial than this, to those better feelings which he was taught to prize.

Sunday Morning, May 30. Mr. W. Owen was punctual to his promise; he came to conduct me to church at the consul's house, where I met Mrs. O——'s family, who received me most kindly, and set my mind at ease respecting my

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passport, by telling me that I was included in theirs, being of their own party. They also told me that we were to sail for Leghorn on Tuesday morning, at four o'clock.

Monday Morning. I went to Drago and Walsh with a bill which I had on them; they introduced me to the ladies of their family, from whom I received an invitation to dine and spend the day, that they might show me some of the sights of Genoa. I thought that the counting-house must be at the top of the palace; I had so many flights of stairs to mount to it; but now I found that I must ascend much higher to the apartments which they inhabited; and after passing through many anti-rooms, in the greater number of which were beds, I was ushered into a beautiful saloon, opening into a garden, where three or four ladies reclined on eider-down sofas. I looked about in amazement, not knowing how to account for my having ascended so high, and then finding myself on a level with the garden which was embowered with trees and watered by fountains; until some further inspection discovered to me the plan of all these palaces; which are built against the side of the mountain. From this garden, they brought me up a flight of stone steps to a lovely villa, and botanic garden, belonging to Le Negro; and I felt as if in a scene of enchantment; all was so unlike any thing which I had ever seen before.

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But I will not attempt descriptions, for I always think them tiresome when they can only give so vague an idea of the objects to be described. The ladies were very obliging in showing me every thing. Madame Drago is polite and pleasing in her manner: Mademoiselle Drago could speak a little English, and seemed glad of an opportunity of exercising her powers in that language: she is a very pretty girl of engaging manners about seventeen. She and Mr. Walsh accompanied me to the most remarkable churches and palaces, first to the Chiesa Santa Maria delle Castelle; to the bridge, and to the church Carignan: to the Duomo dedicated to St. John the Baptist, in which they tell you his ashes are deposited, and the charger or basin, in which the daughter of Herodias carried his head to her mother. This charger, which had the credit of being a pure emerald, I was afterwards told, had excited the cupidity of the French when in possession of Genoa; and they carried it off accordingly; substituting in its place one of glass which is now shown. The depredations of these people cause them to be spoken of here with detestation. With a deep sigh my conductors pointed out to me in the magnificent palace of the Doge, empty spaces once filled by fine statues and paintings. Little remains to be admired but the splendid architecture, and the noble Spanish

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marble pillars which could not be removed. But these I pass over, to tell you what above all that I saw this day most delighted my eyes; the view from the dome of the church Carignan. I long to describe it so as to give you some idea of it; but that will not be possible. The towering Appenines, rising behind the mountain on which the town is built, appear to form an insurmountable barrier, and to close it in from every danger, while the foaming ocean rolls beneath, dashing up its proud waves with furious impetuosity. The whole scene was so sublime, that we were lost in admiration. As we returned, the weather being intensely hot, we regaled ourselves with ices and cakes, in a beautiful place of entertainment, of which there are many here. As we walked homewards, Mr. Walsh bade me remark the streets covered with broad flags, over which no carriage wheels are ever allowed to pass; in consequence the ladies are great walkers. Every kind of burthen is brought in on the backs of mules and asses.

I had heard that the Genoese ladies are remarked for their great stiffness and hauteur; but here I could perceive nothing of it. Several ladies were present, as well as Madame and Mademoiselle Drago, all of whom were uncommonly animated and easy in their manners. Conversation never flagged in Italian or in English. One

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of the company was the master who taught the young ladies English; he was introduced to me, and I was told that he was invited on my account; but I soon found that some of his pupils exceeded him in the knowledge and pronunciation of the language. The dinner was a tedious business; it lasted, I am sure, two hours or more; innumerable little dishes were served up, all of which were handed round the table in succession to each guest, having been previously carved by a servant at a side table: and certainly, the cookery was much approved. When dinner was over, every one arose; and gentlemen and ladies adjourned to the garden, where coffee was prepared in a beautiful alcove; after which we separated, the ladies taking leave of me with as much affection of manner as if we had been old and dear friends. I was led into the office on my way down stairs, to obtain money for my bill; the captain of the ship being with me saw the sum which I received, and said something about its being more than I could possibly require for my travelling expenses; and from what occurred in the night, I think that he must have made this remark in the hearing of the sailors.

After my return I shut myself up in my cabin, which I ought to describe to you as having two doors; one on the outside which had no fastening but slided back; I did not go to bed as I had

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some arrangements to make preparatory to my sailing in the morning at four o'clock. Every thing was perfectly still, nor did a sound reach my ears, but the usual one from the sonorous nose of the captain in the next cabin. The night was far advanced, when I was startled at hearing the noise of a foot gently stepping down the ladder; but I quieted my fears, on the supposition that it was one of the sailors coming to steal rum or some of the captain's provisions, which I had reason to suspect was a common practice. I continued listening, when suddenly the door slided back, and looking round, I beheld the countenance of one of the sailors, the dark expression of which I had often observed; but fear of any one in the ship, from the time when I entered it, had never disturbed my mind; now however I was indeed terrified, and called the captain. The man threw himself on his knees, beseeching me for heaven's sake not to tell of him, for his only intention was to light his candle. This however was not very probable, as he could not have expected at that late hour to find me up with a light. I have hardly a doubt that his intention was to rob me of the money which he must have known I had that day received; but I concealed my suspicions, and made very little of what had happened to the captain, who immediately rose at my call. Soon after I

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lay down, but did not venture to sleep. In about two hours I again heard the foot on the ladder, and the door moving; again I screamed out, and the noise ceased, nor was it repeated. At half past three o'clock the captain called upon me to get into the boat, which was to take me to the felucca. I obeyed the summons joyfully, for I would not have passed another night in the ship for the universe; and most thankful I felt to that merciful Providence who saved me from this apprehension during the voyage, at a time when it would not have been in my power to escape. And now what a happy transition I made, though I had four hours to wait in the felucca for the arrival of the party who had engaged it; their society, after that which I had left, appeared that of a higher order of beings.

Wind and tide being favourable we immediately set sail. Mrs. O—— and her daughters vied with each other in paying attention to me; and I felt quite at home with them. As soon as we were all seated, Mrs. O—— said to me that she was in the practice of having daily prayers with her family; that she never allowed travelling to interrupt it; and that now they were just going to begin the service. Bibles and Prayer-books being produced, her son and eldest daughter, with great seriousness and devotion, read the morning service of our Church in French, that

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language being preferred because their governess and servants did not understand English. After prayers all joined in singing psalms and hymns of praise: surely a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful! Never did accents sound so harmonious in my ears; and never was there a scene better calculated to inspire harmony divine. Seated under a cloudless sky, and shaded by a light awning from the scorching sunbeams, we skimmed along the unruffled deep, close by the coast, which presented an ever varying scene of loveliness, the bay of Genoa in magnificent grandeur bounding our prospect. Mr. L. O—— amused himself by taking sketches of the beautiful scenery, which he seemed to do in a masterly style, whilst one of his sisters read aloud. Reading, working, drawing, and cheerful conversation, occupied the day so pleasantly, that it seemed rapidly to draw to a close, and after an evening hymn and prayer, we laid down to sleep—and rose again—for the Lord sustained us, and I trust with our hearts as well as with our voices we renewed our thanksgivings. The manner of these young people to each other as well as to their beloved parent showed me how Christians ought to live together; but alas! how seldom do we see it so beautifully exemplified. Every hour which I passed in their society attached me more to them, and made me feel more

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unwilling to part from them; so that I gladly accepted Mrs. O——'s invitation to accompany them to their inn, when we landed at Leghorn, at three o'clock on Wednesday. In the evening Mr. Owen took charge of the letter which I had to my brother-in-law's banker; saying that he would let him know where he might call upon me, which he thought he would without delay. This however the banker did not do; and seeing me begin to be uneasy, Mr. Owen and some of the young ladies offered to accompany me, if I wished, to his house. I gladly accepted the offer. We were received by a very fine gentleman. I told him who I was, and the business on which I came, and of which the letter I sent, if he had taken the trouble of reading it, had previously informed him; and mentioned that I had been directed to him by my friends for advice and assistance respecting the means of proceeding to Rome. He replied that a passport must be obtained, which could not be done for another day; and that he would send a young man about it, who should call upon me the next morning at ten o'clock; he then added something about the hurry of business, as if very unwilling to be troubled with mine; and, just as we were going away, recollected that he had two letters for me. They were both from my sister telling me how I was to follow her to Naples, so that I re-

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turned with a heavy heart to the inn, fearing that I should not overtake her at Rome; and finding so much difficulty in reaching even that place I despaired of being able to proceed to Naples.

The kind family party perceiving my depression on my return, tried every means to enliven me, and invited me to stand with them on the balcony to watch the fantastic groups which were continually passing in the street, some of them occasionally stopping to act the most ridiculous buffooneries. The landlord coming in and seeing how much we were amused, said in broken English, "Ah! there is no need to go to France to see spectacles, for here are more than in any other place," and this he seemed to think ought to be a sufficient inducement for us to remain. Amongst the gay groups, Turks, Greeks, and people of several other nations dressed in their native costumes were pointed out to us. We all retired early to bed, of which I enjoyed the comfort after my hard lodging on shipboard for more than six weeks.

Thursday, June 8. The bankers clerk called at 11 o'clock to know my commands, his employer having given him no directions about me. I told him that the first thing which I wanted was a passport, which I hoped he would procure for me as quickly as possible. He went to enquire about it, but soon returned to tell me that it was

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necessary that I should myself go to the English consul. I again called on the banker to request him to accompany me as he was acquainted with my family connections, and might easily have obtained my passport, but he would only give me a note to the consul. He, however, softened his refusal, by saying that he would have my place taken in the Diligence, which would leave Leghorn at eight in the evening, and arrive at six in the morning at Florence; and that he would give me written directions how to proceed to Rome, with a letter to a person to whose house at Florence I was to go. I then took leave of Mr. ———, hoping that he would at least perform this promise; and was next ushered into the presence of the consul whom I was glad to find a very different kind of person. He received me with great civility; promising that my passport should be ready within an hour, but added that I must take care to have it signed by the Roman consul before three o'clock, which Mr. L—— O—— got done for me. This kind-hearted family, amongst whom a merciful providence had thrown me, did not become weary in well doing. Mr. Owen endeavoured to find out who were to be my travelling companions in the Diligence that he might recommend me to their care, and the young ladies had made up a basket of good provisions to refresh me in the night.

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LETTER IV.

Florence, June 5th, 1819.

After a good deal of excitement and nervous agitation, I again feel sufficiently tranquillized to be able to write an account of what has occurred since I concluded my last letter. At eight o'clock the Diligenza stopped at the inn to take me up; I found that I had three gentlemen travelling companions, to one of whom, as Count Somebody, Mr. Owen, who is not, as I had supposed, a clergyman, though a Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, introduced me, but I forgot the name from the moment when I heard it: he seemed gentlemanlike in his appearance, and Mr. Owen told me could speak English. After recommending me to his care he took leave, and I then for the first time in my life found myself with foreigners alone. I sat opposite the Count who tried to speak to me in English, but his stock of words being soon exhausted, he left me to my reflections, and sleep soon compensated to him the lack of conversation. For my part I wished for neither; my first journey on foreign ground gave abundant scope for meditation: a glorious scene opened before my

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eyes, when we exchanged the busy bustling town for the tranquil moonlight scenery of hill and vale, and all the brilliancy of an Italian night. I could never contemplate "the starry firmament on high," without being struck with wonder, love, and awe of the mighty Mover of the vast machine; but now I beheld it with such cloudless magnificence as I had never before witnessed. I could not describe to you the sensations which were excited by the quiet and lovely landscape; nor can the effect be conceived by any one who has not travelled on a summer's night through this enchanting country. The balmy fragrance of the air, the soft and shadowy light, rendered more fluctuating by the fireflies, which darting forwards like little brilliant stars illuminated each side of the road, and all the beautiful scenery around, made the night appear very short; and I hardly recollected that I had any companions, when the morning sun-beams roused them from their slumbers, and me to a sense of my solitary situation. As we entered the gates of Florence, the Count, to whom I had been introduced, asked me at what "tavern" I would stop; I answered, that I did not know the name of any; the banker at Leghorn had neglected to send me the letter and directions which he had promised; but I begged that he would direct me to any one where the English language was spoken. This speech

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of mine, however, being beyond his comprehension, he did not attempt to add another word, or to have it explained, but with a most polite bow walked off. Not knowing how to extricate myself from this new difficulty, I looked around at my other travelling companions, to see whether there were any humanity in their countenances. One was a gruff looking old man, who seemed determined to take no trouble about a stranger, and soon departed. The features of the other bore a strong impression of kindness; the people at the Dogana or custom-house after having examined my passport, now surrounded me, calling aloud for the paper which had been given me, which was to have prevented my trunks being opened; but this could no where be found, so they were taken down and examined in the street, but slightly; the good-natured-looking man stood by and had them replaced. I now recollected that I had a letter from my sister to some one at Florence, and I shewed him the address; he immediately gave orders to the coachman to set me down there, but here my difficulties did not cease. After having sent in the letter, the coachman took down my trunks, and leaving them and me in the passage, he drove off. I was surrounded by a number of dirty ragged-looking men, who talked very loud and made such a clamour that I became quite terrified, and trembled from excessive agi-

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tation. To an indifferent spectator a more ludicrous scene cannot well be imagined. At length they took up my trunks and carried them off, whilst I followed as well as I was able. However, we were all soon turned back into the passage, for nobody could understand who I was. Quite dispirited, sick at heart, and unable any longer to stand, I sat down upon one of my trunks whilst the men still stood calling out, and laughing and staring at me, while I, in my bad Italian, continued to repeat, "Dovè è la padrona della casa." I began now to think it could not belong to the Baroness Schumacher, to whom my sister's letter was addressed. I remained in this suspense more than quarter of an hour, when two servants (a man and maid,) of the baroness's came down stairs, making many apologies for their delay; their mistress being in bed they did not wish so soon to disturb her by bringing in the letter, particularly as she had not been well the night before; but they said, that she was now *making her toilette*, and would be with me in a few minutes. I was conducted into an elegant saloon, where the baroness soon joined me. Her first appearance and manner of accosting me, set my heart at ease; for it was not as a stranger, but a kind friend, whose benevolent feelings were excited. She spoke of my sister and her husband with affectionate regard; but mentioned a circum-

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stance which saddened my heart, more than all my difficulties on the way, that my eldest niece was not well; for in all which I had suffered, I felt that if I found that darling child well and her parents and brother and sister, I should have nothing more to desire. Hearing that lady Katherine H—— was in Florence, and knowing that she was acquainted with my sister, the baroness kindly offered to accompany me to her house, where I heard the joyful news that Anny was quite recovered, much improved in mind and person, and the general favourite of all who knew her. Lady Katherine talked much in praise of her, and of the other children, so that I left her with a heart lightened of my cares. In the evening lady Katherine called upon us to take a drive with her; we went first to the alabaster shops, and having made some purchases, drove till nearly dark on the cascina. We returned home, and the baroness went to dress for a conversazione, while I gladly retired to bed, not having slept since I left Leghorn.

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LETTER V.

Florence, June 7th, 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Yesterday Mrs. I. Weld called upon me to take me with her to Lord Burghersh's, where we had been told Church service would be performed, but we found that it was a mistake. From this lady and her husband I have met with much kind attention. On our way home we entered several Churches but heard nothing to edify us. In the evening we strolled through the Boboli garden belonging to the Pitti palace. This garden being open to the public affords great pleasure to the citizens; the walks being always dry, and kept in capital order.

Tuesday Morning, June 8th. My impatience hourly increases to proceed on my journey to Rome; my kind friend the baroness had been doing every thing in her power to promote my wishes by finding out some eligible way for me to travel, and this morning she seems to have succeeded; she has agreed with a Vetturino to set me down at my place of destination, paying all my expenses on the way, and giving all necessary orders, so that I shall be at no loss. I

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am to have one travelling companion, an Italian gentleman, and am to set out this day at one o'clock.

Tuesday Evening, Poggibonzi. Here we stopped to dine and sleep.

Wednesday Morning, Nine o'Clock, Sienna. I was called up at three o'clock this morning, and as quickly as possible made myself ready to get into the carriage, which was at the door. Here we are delayed whilst our passports and trunks are examined. The English, in general, who intend residing some time in Italy, prefer this town for their first séjour, for the purpose of acquiring the language, which is here spoken in great purity, even by the peasantry; the air is considered good; and provisions and lodging are cheap.

Sienna is a large town, but I could not learn that it contains any thing very attractive, except the cathedral and some palaces.

The country from Florence to Sienna is an ever varying scene of beauty, but here it changes its aspect, and becomes extremely uninteresting. We have just stopped to breakfast. My Vetturino is engaged to give me two meals each day; that which has now been served up (I know not whether to call it breakfast or dinner) consists of a little black dried-up bird, some fried vegetables, and raw beans in the pod.

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San Quirico, Eight o'Clock in the Evening. I have had a most tiresome journey, a dry sirocco wind blowing hard all the way, which filled the carriage with dust; and this, with long fasting, made my head ache violently. Here we are to have our second meal, and to sleep.

Radicofani, Thursday Morning. I was travelling on my way some time before the sun rose, and enjoyed the early morning hour, now by far the pleasantest part of the day. This being the last town in Tuscany, our passports were carefully examined. In the mean time, my curiosity was excited by some extraordinary thing, which I perceived tucked under a young woman's arm: it appeared to me a misshapen clumsy doll, but, on closer inspection, I discovered that it was a living baby, rolled tight in a bandage from its shoulders to its toes, so as to render it perfectly immovable; and thus it is debarred from that which appears to give so much pleasure to an infant, the graceful movement of its limbs. We breakfasted in a wretched house, which stood alone on the road side. The fare offered us was of the same description as yesterday; however, I procured a supply of bread and fruit.

Acquapendente. The first town in the Papal dominions: as we approached this town, I was much amused at the appearance of the women riding astride on donkeys, with bright scarlet

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stockings, without any other covering up to their knees. They also wear a kind of hood, or rather, a loose piece of scarlet stuff, over the head: the effect is gay when a number of women are together. Nothing can be more romantic than the situation of this town, hanging over high rocks.

San Lorenzo, Thursday Evening. Here is our place of rest for this evening. As usual, I was shown into the sala, or public eating-room, and was delighted to hear in an adjoining apartment sounds very familiar to my ear, the voices and language of my own dear country-people, speaking in the broadest accent. A young woman, of very pleasing aspect, passed frequently in and out to give orders. I eagerly accosted her, first inquiring whether her route was to or from Rome. She answered, *from* Rome, where she and her family having passed the winter, had suffered much with mal-aria, and were now anxious to proceed to Ireland with as much speed as possible. My next enquiry was, if she had ever met the S——t family in Rome? She said that she had frequently seen them in company; but not having visited them, she could tell me nothing more than a report which she had heard, that one or two of the children were ill of the same bad fever. She then addressed herself gaily to my travelling companion, in the Italian language, which she spoke with great fluency.

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Castel Fiorentino, Friday, Twelve o'Clock. This is our halting-place; we were in the carriage at four o'clock: our road lay through a pretty country to Bolsena, and Monte Fiascone; but from thence to this place there was little to diversify the scene. After breakfast my fellow-traveller told me, that he had reached the end of his journey with me; Civita Vecchia was the place of his destination, which lay in a different route from that which I was going. I heard this news with concern, as I felt his presence a kind of protection. My regret was increased by accounts, which I had heard at the last place where we stopped, of banditti, who, should they now assail us, would meet with little resistance. My Vetturino is a feeble old man, nodding over the backs of his mules, which appear nearly as worn out as himself, while they move along step by step, at a pace so slow that I often think they will stop altogether.

Friday Fvening. Arrived at Ronciglione; as usual, we were shown into the public eating-room, where I perceived some soldiers sitting at table. I refused to sit down with them, and passed on to my bed-room, whither the waiter followed with my dinner. This evening I reflect with a thankful heart, that it is the last which I shall spend separate from my friends. Oh! how eager has been my desire to be re-united to them!

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Perhaps, too eager, since all which has happened has been disposed by the great and all-wise Ruler of events. Oh that I could unfeignedly commit all my concerns to his guidance! as some one has expressed it, "to lie passive in his hands." This, to me most painful, separation from those so very dear to me, was permitted, doubtless, to fulfil some purpose of mercy: Oh, may it be fulfilled in them and in me. The thoughts of the happiness which I shall feel if I find them all well, almost overpowers me. I will now lie down to sleep, with gratitude to that divine goodness which hitherto has preserved me.

La Storta, Saturday, June 12th. The country through which I travelled this morning, is open and barren; no appearance of cultivation to relieve the eye. This place, where I am to breakfast, does not deserve the name even of a village, consisting of two or three wretched dwellings, standing alone. Once more, for the last time, I am going to get into the carriage; my next resting-place will be ROME, where I shall very soon be surrounded by my most dear friends. They will know when to expect me, and will probably come to meet me. I can think of nothing else; my imagination still brings them before my eyes, especially the three children, much grown and improved. First, my sweet

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Anny, now twelve years old, my animated playful child, grown in intellect and stature; and Elizabeth and Richard, all bounding around me, all clinging to me, and pressing me to their little affectionate hearts. Surely my cup will run over: so much happiness will be too great for me! But now I am summoned; the mules are rested, and the carriage waits.

Rome, Saturday Night. Alas! my friend, my gay visions are flown! All my bright anticipations are reversed. As I approached the ancient city, all which I saw interested me; though I had no one to point out the peculiar objects of interest. I looked at Soracte without knowing that it was that classical mountain; and at Monte Mario, unconscious that I was not more than a mile from Palazzo Sciarra. I saw the heavy rolling Tiber, and crossed Ponte Molle, without recognizing the muddy waters of the one, or thinking of the heroes who rode triumphantly over the other. I did not expect to arrive before the evening; and when I reached the magnificent entrance of Rome by the Porta del Popolo I was awe-struck. A solemn and universal stillness seemed to pervade every object. Two beautiful churches adorn each side of the gate; and, instead of driving into a street of houses, we opened upon a large piazza, in the centre of which stands an Egyptian obelisk.

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Here we stopped; and, whilst I was looking round with great admiration, a man put into the window of the carriage my *lasciar passare*, together with a note from my sister, telling me of the alarming illness of my darling Anny, and from thence I saw no more; for my tears blinded me. When the carriage stopped at the Palazzo Sciarra, I thought it was the Dogana, until a servant advanced saying, "Sua sorella," and I perceived my sister just behind him; but the meeting was very sad, for our beloved Anny lay dangerously ill, with an inflammatory fever. After all which I had suffered in my long journey both by sea and land, I did not meet one smile to greet my arrival. Ill as the dear child is, she anxiously watched my approach; it was feared that her seeing me immediately might be too great an excitement, but she would not hear of my being kept from her, and said that I should do her more good than the doctor.

LETTER VI.

Rome, June 29th, 1829.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE Lord hath taken pity upon us; he has heard our prayers and turned away the arrow of death. Our sweet Anny recovers very slowly,

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but still she is recovering, and we hope in a short time to be able to remove her to a summer residence, which my brother-in-law has taken near Naples. Many anxious hours my sister and I have passed by her bed-side since the day of my arrival. The night after, she changed for the worse, and her existence seemed to hang upon a thread; bleeding and blistering however relieved her; or rather I should say, the Lord heard our prayers and blessed the means employed. In this interval I have taken many walks and seen many interesting sights with the two children and their father: but an "horrible dread had taken hold upon me," and I enjoyed nothing, nor had I spirits to write any distinct account of what I saw.

Almost since the birth of that child, as you well know, my heart has been bound up in her; and I felt as if, in the loss of her, almost every earthly tie would be broken. This day she was anxious that I should go to St. Peter's to see the Pope carried in his chair of state; and to gratify her more than myself, I went, but I cannot describe to you what I saw. All was show and grandeur, parade and pageantry; there was nothing to remind one of the spiritual worship of God. Here, His service was neglected while man was exalted; my heart, already sad, sickened

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at looking upon it; and I was glad to turn away my eyes from beholding such vanity.

Friday, July 9. This morning my sister went forward to Ariccia with Anny, where she purposes remaining with some kind friends until Monday, when we are to join her, and then proceed on our way to Naples. This plan will shorten the journey, and render it easy to our delicate child.

July 12. Ariccia. Monday morning at four o'clock we locked up our apartments at Palazzo Sciarra; and, with all our servants, commenced our journey to Naples, which lay as far as Albano through the desolate Campagna of Rome. I am now no longer without an intelligent guide: my brother-in-law lets nothing pass his quick observation, and being deeply skilled in classic lore, gives pleasant and useful information to all around him. Occasionally on the way side he pointed out to me the rude vestige of what was once the the magnificent receptacle of the ashes of some hero. There was little else to attract our attention until we approached Albano; then the country improves, and is enlivened by many picturesque and beautiful objects; among which stands pre-eminent Castel Gandolfo, where is a palace of the Pope proudly rising over a high hill, from whence it commands a boundless prospect. Albano appears insignificant to a passing

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traveller, but it contains some curious and interesting antiquities. Ariccia, about a mile from Albano, is little better than a village, though one of some antiquity, being mentioned by Horace. The houses are built of lava, as are all the other towns in the Campagna. It is very singular that history does not mention any volcanic eruption in this country, though traces of it are every where discovered. There are caverns under many of the houses which the inhabitants find very useful for wine vaults, and keeping provisions perfectly fresh in the hottest time of the year; in them also are deposited the flowers collected through the year to celebrate the feast of flowers held during the week of Corpus Domini. The caverns are so deep under ground that they are preserved quite fresh for the festival days; the whole road, along which the procession bearing the host passes, is embroidered in beautiful regular patterns with these flowers, and all the fresh ones which can be collected in the surrounding country. The worship of Diana, once the tutelary goddess of this place, is now superseded by that of the Virgin. Ariccia, famed on classic page, stands on the top of a hill, and on this very house waves the academic shades sacred to Diana; here is her fountain, and the site of her Temple, of which now no vestige remains. Wood and water, hills and dales,

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add their picturesque adornments to the surrounding scenery. A wide stretch of the Mediterranean skirts the horizon, and every pretty lake is rendered interesting by some classical recollection. My brother-in-law with his family, passed last summer in this place, and had an opportunity of witnessing some of their ceremonies. On St. Anne's day two little girls were brought into the Church, one to represent St. Anne, the other the Virgin, whose distinguishing badge was a crown on her head. The latter was placed on an eminence before the High Altar; and the whole congregation knelt down before this little representative of the Queen of Heaven. The children employed on these occasions are always chosen on account of some uncommon merit either of themselves or of their parents, as it is considered a peculiar honour. Under the house which my brother-in-law inhabited there is one of those vaults or caverns which I have already mentioned. In the lava of which its sides are composed, there is a curious impression of an entire skeleton of a deer with branching horns; the bones had mouldered away. Near this place were also discovered several sepulchral urns deeply imbedded in lava, which from their peculiar forms are supposed to be antediluvian, no similar urns or even models having ever been seen before. Sir W. S. wished much to have one of these,

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and offered twenty guineas for one of the smallest, but he could not obtain it for less than fifty.

On my arrival at Miss H——'s we found Anny improved by her excursion; she introduced me to her young companions, and showed me the house, which was the same that they had inhabited last summer; she pointed out to me her own play-ground; and showed me also the fabulous story of Aricia, intermingled with the real one, painted on the walls of the apartments. We shall remain here until the intense heat of the day is over and proceed on our journey in the evening.

Monday Evening, 9 o'clock. Velletri. We have had a delightful drive through a lovely country, to this mean and dirty town. The inn seems as comfortless as the town is unpromising, but I must not rob myself of another moment of rest, for we must be up betimes in the morning to enable us to cross the Pontine marshes in the day.

Appii Forum, Tuesday Morning. You would laugh were you to see my contrivances to write in this place, which is better fitted for the accommodation of pigs than human beings. The floor is strewed with straw. How we shall manage to get breakfast I do not know. There are neither tables nor chairs, nor houses near from whence

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we could procure them; Sir Walter tells me that Horace notices this place as one of bad accommodation.

We were in the carriage about four o'clock, and entered these formidable marshes, which doom to fever many of those who inhale their pestilential air. Our crossing them in July was said to be more than commonly hazardous, and we were particularly warned to guard against the drowsiness which the air induces. Anny is not the worse for her early rising, but cheers us by her gaiety; she has brought her sketch book and amuses herself by taking views. I had fancied these Pontine marshes a wild swamp of flat uninteresting ground, but was agreeably surprised to find them of a very different description; for, though in parts there are pools of stagnant water, the landscape is diversified with green fields, trees, rocks and mountains.

We passed a place where stands a vestige of what is said to be the Three Taverns mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. Our elder party were seized with the predicted drowsiness, from which the children were entirely exempt, and used every exertion to rouse us. We are now at Terracina, the first town beyond the precincts of the Pontine marshes. Its situation is beautiful, commanding a view of the sea which rolls beneath it; and behind, it is sheltered by tower-

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ing rocks, on which some of the houses are built, the highest of which is crowned by Theodoric's fortification. We were told that it was well worth a visit, as well as some other curious antiquities in the neighbourhood; but we did not think it prudent to make any delay on our journey, or in any way increase our fatigue.

We are now in the kingdom of Naples; Monte Celli is the first town. It is built on the summit of a mountain. The surrounding country is most beautiful, on all sides bounded by the lofty Appenines, sheltering groves of olives and cypress. This country is, indeed, enriched by the bountiful hand of Providence. O that we could say that it was inhabited by those who bless the Lord for his goodness, and praise him for his wonderful doings to the children of men. But, alas! the depravity of man renders it the scene of horror, a place marked for deeds of darkness; for robberies and midnight murders. Its vicinity to the two territories, Rome and Naples, renders it the chosen rendezvous of numerous hordes of banditti, who, when a detachment is sent against them from the one, take refuge in the other. They come down in troops round the carriages; and after seizing all they can, hurry the defenceless travellers off to their fastnesses, where they detain them till a large ransom is paid: where

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this cannot be procured, the prisoners are butchered in cold blood.*

Fondi is our present halting-place. The inn was once the palace of a nobleman, and Anny and I had a great desire to be acquainted with the history of its former possessors. She has been amusing me with an anecdote of a captain of a horde of banditti, who was named De Cesaris. He had for some time spread such terror in the Roman territories near Velletri, that the government were induced to employ Rottoli, who had been found useful by the French for the same purpose, to discover the hiding-place of the banditti, and to offer De Cesaris pardon if he would relinquish his criminal mode of life. The robber appeared to listen with attention, but was in fact plotting murder; for by watching an opportunity when Rottoli was turning round, he shot him dead. He escaped for that time; but Rottoli's friends took a most cruel vengeance, by killing all De Cesaris's relations, men, women, and children. When De Cesaris heard of this dreadful deed, he declared that he would murder every one whom he met in cold blood, but happily he was himself taken, and guillotined soon afterwards. This morning our Vetturino pointed out to us a village in the mountains, entirely inhabited by plunderers, which, for that reason,

* See Mrs. Graham's 'Six Weeks' Residence in Palestrina."

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was by the orders of the Roman government burnt to the ground; but, with its usual indecision, it was rebuilt the next year.

Wednesday Morning, Mola di Gaeta. We passed through Itri, a miserable mass of ruins. Mola is the prettiest town which we have yet seen since we left Rome; it stands close to the seashore, about four miles distant from Gaeta, so called from being the burial-place of Caieta, Æneas's nurse. The inn is excellent; I am now seated on a pleasant balcony, from hence we enjoy a beautiful view of Gaeta, the sea, and the mountains.

Thursday Morning. Our resting-place is a lone inn, near St. Agatha, whose bright gilt domes glitter in the distance. At Garigliano we crossed a bridge of boats, and near it saw some fine remains of an aqueduct.

Capua, Thursday Evening. I like neither the appearance of the town nor the inn; both look dirty and miserable. I am too much fatigued to say more at present.

LETTER VII.

Naples, July 17th, 1819.

Naples is a magnificent town, in beauty far surpassing any expectation which I had formed.

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We are in delightful apartments in the Palazzo Serignana, Fontana Medina. Before us is a fountain throwing up its sparkling spray. Vesuvius stands opposite our windows, and there is nothing to intercept our view of it. We sit for hours on the balcony watching, by day, volumes of smoke issuing from the crater, and, at night, bright flames of fire, and streams of red hot lava, flowing down the side of this awful mountain.

Saturday Evening. We are just returned from a delightful drive. We passed the Giardino Reale and the ruins of Queen Joanna's palace; on the other side of the road are high and precipitous rocks, in which caverns are excavated, which serve for dwellings for poor people; some of them are neat little shops. We had a magnificent view of the Bay of Naples.

Sorrento, Monday Evening. The tide serving about mid-day, we crossed the bay in a felucca, about eighteen miles, and landed at the foot of a huge rock of lava, so perpendicular that we looked in amazement for any road which could lead us to our dwelling at the summit of it; we might have looked in vain, if our guide had not pointed out a narrow path, in which steps are cut and caverns perforated in the solid rock, by which means the ascent is comparatively easy. The sea was like glass, the day cloudless, and beautiful islands on one side rose in the horizon;

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and on the other, the coast was skirted by white villages, embosomed among the Appenines. We have good upper apartments, in what had been a convent of monks, and is now converted into a summer residence. It has a terrace extending across the whole front, upon which we shall pass most of our time; and which when our English friends come to visit us, is sufficiently large for the social tea-table. An awning shades us from the scorching sun-beams: the view commands a magnificent panorama; exactly opposite, Vesuvius bounds the bay of Sorrento; on the left are the Islands of Procida, Nisida, and Ischia; behind is Cape Pollio, and a surrounding chain of Appenines; the vallies covered with vineyards and orange groves.

Looking round upon this enchanting country, one is led to imagine that an earthly paradise is prepared for the abode of man; but the charms of security are wanting; marks of the devastating earthquake, volcanic irruption, and great convulsions of nature, visibly declare that the judgments of the Lord are over the earth. "Let Him touch the mountains and they will smoke:" at his word the earth is rent, towns are swallowed up, and the plains are laid waste; but, without his permission, not a sparrow can fall to the ground. The Christian feels secure under His superintending Providence, as he journeys on

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his way; and fears no evil, even though he passes through the valley of the shadow of death.

Wednesday. Gentle exercise in the shade being recommended for our darling child, we have engaged a boat, covered with an awning, to take us along the coast in the morning; and in the evening, we go in a little carriage, drawn by a donkey. In this way we take many pleasant excursions. The coast is skirted by high rocks of lava; some rent in twain by earthquakes. Others jutting into the sea, have a cavernous foundation. Some like lofty gothic arches at a distance appear to be magnificent ruins; still the lovely panorama varies as our little boat skims along the glassy surface of the deep. Anny finds exhaustless amusement in exploring the rocky caverns, when the aperture is sufficiently large to admit the boat; or in landing upon the crags to collect shells and coral. When no such attractive objects occupy our attention, we have a book to supply their place. My little pocket hymn-book is what Anny generally asks for: still she loves to commit to memory those exalting strains which raise her thoughts to heaven. This day she selected that hymn which at sea saddened my heart with melancholy forebodings. Ah my friend I cannot describe to you how painfully they were revived when she returned to me the book and began to repeat

"Happy soul thy days are ended."

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You will think I am grown very superstitious—it may be so—but I believe it is natural, (at least to my disposition it is,) to feel a kind of dread that I am to suffer the loss of what is perhaps too dear my heart. I struggle against this feeling, because I am sure it is wrong to anticipate evil, instead of enjoying thankfully present blessings. On the top of the rocks, we are told, several churches and convents were once erected, but have been precipitated into the abyss beneath by earthquakes. We visited the palace which was the dwelling of Torquato Tasso, built on a rock overhanging the sea; and certainly the poet could not have chosen a spot more congenial to the sublimity of his genius. It is now a lodging-house. This evening we perceived a long pole fixed in the ground, round which a crowd of persons assembled; and a number of articles were suspended from the top, which were to be the prize of any one who could climb for them; many looked up with eager eyes to these desired objects, but none seemed to have skill to reach them, as the pole was greased. We continued our evening drive, and on our return, we found that two men, after many laborious exertions, had succeeded, by means of ropes rolled round the pole as they ascended, in reaching and possessing the treasures.

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Sorrento, August 28th. I scarcely know why I have let my pen lie idle a whole month.

This day the Princess Giracci came to lodge in the apartments under ours, and has already made advances of civility; having heard that we were to have some friends to tea in the evening, she sent to offer us her saloon to receive them in, as being a pleasanter room than our own. We declined the offer; but Sir Walter and my sister waited upon the princess to thank her, it being the etiquette for persons of inferior rank to pay the first visit to the superior, that is to say, if the latter intimates a desire to be acquainted. They were much pleased with the easy manners, both of the princess and of her sons and daughters, all of whom appear to have more education than is usual amongst the Italian nobility; and we promise ourselves much pleasure from their society.

August 29th. This evening the princess with one of her daughters, a pretty pleasing girl, returned the visit; the latter conversed with me for some time, in tolerably good English. The young men, her sons, amuse themselves by going about on a velocipede, with which they contrive even to ascend the mountains.

August 30th. We have just heard of the death of Dr. Slaney, the English physician, who attended Anny at Rome; he died of mal-aria fever,

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taken in consequence of having slept at Baccano. We heard at the same time, with much concern, of the death of the benevolent Baroness Schumacher, whose hospitality to the English causes her to be universally regretted, and whose kindness to me at Florence I must ever remember with gratitude. Anny is becoming quite strong; she walked to-day for an hour and a half without being fatigued; we went to see the church of St. Antonino, in the town of Sorrento; like most churches in Italy, it is overloaded with decorations. We descended, by white marble stairs, to the underground part of the church, where we saw the votive offerings suspended by the diseased, round the altar of the saint, to whose intercession their cures had been attributed. These offerings, representing hands, feet, heads, legs, &c. forcibly remind us of the similar remains in terra cotta, which are found in the excavations of the ancient temples. Children, cured of small-pox, are here represented as little wax babies covered with red spots. On our return, we found a large party assembled on our terrace, consisting of all our English acquaintances, the Princess Giracci and her family, Baroness H—— and her daughter, and a very kind little Neapoliton Cavalier, named Don Garspare Marchetti, with whom we have become acquainted lately. We sat until late on the terrace, admiring the

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splendid mountain before us, emitting flames of fire. The grandeur of an Italian night could not be seen to greater perfection; nor can such a scene of magnificence be contemplated without thoughts of reverential awe and love of the Almighty ruler of the universe, who as much watches over the minute events in the lives of his children, as he directs the rolling orbs which stud the sky in their course, and all the wondrous works of the creation.

Sunday. We have one sad want here; we have no church service. There is no clergyman to read it to us, and the Sunday appears very different from what it used to do. Both here and at Rome, the bells pealing on all sides, convey a melancholy sound, for there is none of them calling *us* to worship. We could not mingle in the worship of we know not what, for it is not merely an unknown language which we hear, but divers ceremonies are performed which I cannot understand. Oh what a privilege to be born in a land where the truths of God are declared in our native tongue, and the understanding and the heart may unite in his public worship. Our Roman Catholic servant told me to-day, that she had an advantage over me, for that the mass was the same in all countries. If such services are acceptable to God, why does St. Paul, in the 14th chapter of the 1st Epistle to the

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Corinthians, enforce the necessity of praying in a language which is understood by the worshippers?

Monday Morning. We all went in the boat to the Cape of Sorrento, and landed on a rock to explore Pollio's villa, of which there are vestiges remaining, which cover the top of the rock overhanging the sea.

LETTER VIII.

Sorrento, September 1st, 1819.

I WENT with my young companions, Anny and Richard, to visit the Piscina Mirabile, one of the antiquities of Sorrento. It is a large piece of water covered over with a solid roof, with a row of arches in front.

Sunday. There was a great Festa at Meta, held in honor of the Madonna del Lauro, an image of the virgin and child found under a laurel tree; and said, like Diana of the Ephesians, to have dropped miraculously from the clouds. The story told, is, that an old woman saw a cow in a field stop, and look intently on something; her curiosity being excited, she went to the spot, where, to her great astonishment she found the two images with

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a lamp burning at their side. The field was considered sacred, and a church erected upon it; and certainly the old woman, the cow and the images, could not have chosen a situation more appropriate to a place of worship. The scenery all around is truly sublime, commanding on one side the beautiful bay of Sorrento; on the other, it is encircled by the Appenines rising in the most picturesque forms. The calm seclusion of this enchanting spot is well calculated to inspire devotional feelings; but, upon entering the church, one sees with disappointment its gaudy decorations, better fitted to adorn a theatre than the temple of God. The miraculous images, adorned with crowns of gold and other tawdry ornaments, are placed on the high altar, under a splendid dome. Some musicians played delightfully on a very fine organ, and accompanied the music with the melody of sweet voices. This was the only part of their worship which gave us pleasure. The Gospel for the day, in Latin, was rather gabbled over than read, while guns were continually firing, as a mode of evincing the joy of the people at the event.

Monday Evening. We have had a very delightful excursion this day up one of the mountains: we rode on donkeys, and pursued a very rugged and precipitous path, over which no animal less cautious and sure footed could travel.

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As we wound along, the most magnificent prospect which can be imagined opened to our view, the bays of Sorrento, and of Salerno, the Syren Islands and many other objects so striking that our admiration greatly retarded our progress. As we ascended this high mountain, Sir Walter made me observe the Indian fig, and great quantities of aloes, growing in wild luxuriance, which with us, are the delicate plants of hot houses. The roofs of the houses are flat, composed of mortar made of the ashes of lava, which is every where dug up, and shows that this country was once a prey to volcanic irruptions. We crossed a small part of the mountain, descending on the opposite side towards the sea coast by a circuitous path, which terminates in a magnificent rock standing in the form of a noble arch. Here we seated ourselves to enjoy a prospect which, indeed, no words could convey to the imagination. Before us were the Syren islands, so celebrated by the poets; now, however, only barren rocks with a few fishermen's huts upon them. We had no inclination to leave this enchanting spot, until we had only just time to return before sunset, an hour at which every one acquainted with the climate of Italy, endeavours to avoid exposure to the external air, which is then considered more injurious to the health than at any other part of the day.

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September 16th. Yesterday we visited Pompeii, the place which appears to me the most interesting in the world. How shall I relate to you the wonders of this town, its houses, temples, and streets, all again brought to view, where, from many vestiges still remaining, the very employments of its inhabitants may be traced. In one place, supposed to have been a coffee-house, the marks are still to be seen, where the wet cups had stained the slab of marble before the door. In a shop where oil had been sold, the jars still remain. In another house, all the apparatus of a lady's toilette was discovered, combs, needles, and rouge; the last is exactly the same kind as that now made, the combs so rough and coarse that they would scarcely be used upon our horses, the needles as large as bodkins. There was found likewise a whole dessert of fruit, chesnuts, raisins, bread, wine, oil, &c. &c. The wine and oil in powder, the fruits reduced to ashes, but still preserving their forms; there were also eggs unbroken. But in my eagerness to give you an account of Pompeii, I neglected to tell you of our journey, or rather our sail to it, for I believe there is no way of going from hence by land. We engaged a boat for the day, and invited an English lady, our landlord Don Raphael Guaracini, and his son, and Marchetti, whom we found on all occasions obliging and useful in trying to save us

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from imposition. Our landlord related a number of entertaining anecdotes as we rapidly glided close to the beautiful coast; he pointed out a rock projecting into the sea, and said that any man born on that rock will be exempt from all taxes, by a law enacted by a queen of Naples, who had a son born there.

We landed at Torre Annunciata, where we hired a carriage to take us two miles farther to Pompeii. We drove first to the amphitheatre, which is in perfect preservation, and saw the arena, the seats for the spectators, of which it is said to have contained 35,000, the dens for the wild beasts, &c. Leaving our carriage, which we could take no further, we explored the other wonders of this once flourishing city, now a mass of roofless houses; but even in this state creating an interest which it could not have excited in the height of its prosperity. Conceive the effect of walking through streets, houses, temples and theatres, which for nearly two thousand years lay buried so entirely under ashes and pumice-stone, that until accidentally discovered, the place where it stands could not be ascertained. The houses appeared to me of the same description as that at Pollio's Villa, the apartments very small, surrounding a square in the centre of which is a fountain. The walls in many of the apartments are painted in fresco, the colours are

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quite vivid, the designs of most of them very elegant, light dancing figures in the most graceful attitudes as large as life, in compartments encircled by flowers. The mosaic floors in many of the houses still remain in beautiful preservation, as also the courts before the houses paved with black and white mosaic. The house of Sallust, known by his name inscribed upon it in large letters, is the most remarkable of these; the mosaic floors are of fine marbles of various colours, in beautiful patterns; in the centre a medallion, surrounded by a rich border; the ground work is white mosaic. In each house are a number of apartments on the ground floor; there is not a second story to any; and the rooms are so small that it is inconceivable how any of them could have contained a bed. Light could only have been admitted from the doors or roofs which were destroyed; only two places for windows have yet been discovered. The intense heat in the summer may have been their reason for excluding the sun-beams and external air. From the variety and beauty of their lamps, and the contrivances for artificial light, it may be supposed that it was the only kind which they admitted in the summer. The meanness of their houses forms a striking contrast with the magnificence of the Forum, or Basilica, the beautiful temples of their deities, and above all their tombs, upon the orna-

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ment of which no expense or trouble was spared. They line the road on each side, as far as has been excavated, to the great entrance gate of the city, and are in perfect preservation. The masonary work is cased in white marble, on which are sculptured the most elegant devices. One of these is a ship, the sailors lowering the sails, as an emblem of the end of life; the workmanship is most exquisite. We entered one of the tombs which is a square chamber. In the centre stands a square column, an open space on each side, in the form of windows without frames, through which we saw the single urn which it contains: round the walls are recesses, in each of which stands an urn. These are probably for the ashes of the different branches of the family, of which that in the centre may have been for the reception of the master. In another tomb, through an iron grate, we were shown the ashes, small particles of bone, and the asbestos, in which they were preserved, while the body was burnt. Though we were told that not more than one third of Pompeii has yet been excavated, there is sufficient to show it to have been flourishing and upulent. If we contrast the original state of this city, with the scene which it now presents, what a lesson does it afford! Let us picture to our imagination the busy crowd with all their various occupations, some pressing forward to the

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scene of festive joy, some filling the idol temples, some flocking the courts of justice, some standing idle in the market place, or dealing out their wares to those who bid for them; all thoughtless of the impending danger, when the decree went forth and the destructive shower of ashes overwhelmed them, In vain did they call on their gods to deliver them. They were metal and stone, they could not hear. At the omnipotent command of the Most High, from the mountain issued forth coals of fire. The thick darkness involved them, and suddenly were hurled in one common destruction, the idols, their temples, and their worshippers. In a dark cellar, under ground, twenty-seven miserable fugitives sought refuge: here they found only a prolongation of misery. It is seen, by a breach in the wall, that they had been endeavouring to effect an escape. But even here the fire penetrated, and all around was filled with cinders and ashes, on which the rain falling, formed a kind of cement, in which the skeletons were found encrusted.

Pompeii was but just recovering the effect of a great earthquake, when this visitation buried it from mortal view. Many passages of the Psalms recurred to my recollection, whilst I saw that flaming mountain before me, and marks of devastation all around. "He looketh on the earth, and it trembled; he toucheth the hills, and they

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smoke." Ps. civ. 32. "The earth shook and trembled, the foundations of the hills moved, and were shaken because he was wrath. The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice, hail-stones and coals of fire." Ps. xviii. 7. 13. "The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth. Confounded be all they that serve graven images, that boast themselves in idols: worship Him all ye gods." Ps. xcvii. These denunciations seem still to hang over this country. Oh, may the happy time soon arrive when darkness may no longer overshadow this people, that the veil may be taken from their eyes, that they may obey the ordinance of God rather than that of man, that His holy book may be in their hands, and its precepts engraven on their hearts! "Then shall they shout for joy!"

After traversing the streets of Pompeii, we quitted it by the great gate, to which the ancient Appian road leads, which was once open the whole way to Rome. The pavement of broad smooth stone is as perfect as if but now completed; at each side is a raised path-way, made of coloured stones, set in with the greatest nicety and ingenuity. Many more hours we would gladly have lingered in this spot, where fresh wonders were discovered at every step: but we were obliged to leave it, before the evening air could

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endanger the returning health of our child, who had highly enjoyed her visit to a place where every object exited deep interest in her contemplative mind. On our return, a considerable interruption arose to the pleasure of our excursion. Guaracini had undertaken to order dinner for the four boatmen, and a sufficient quantity of wine, of which he partook himself with them; but they all soon forgot the bounds prescribed. The juice of the grape, famous in this country for the peculiar excellence of its flavour, possessed a charm from which we could not draw them, until it rendered them incapable of rowing the boat with judgwent, and had, indeed, laid our landlord and his son flat at the bottom of it. There was a smart evening breeze, which although not favourable, did not prevent their putting up the sail, and we were getting fast into open sea when Marchetti perceived it. He used all the authority and eloquence of which he was master, to prevail upon them to take down the sail, and row the boat, but all which he said was in vain; until, seeing the shades of evening rapidly advance, and the sea every moment become more rough, we all took the alarm, and joined our remonstrances to his, and at length prevailed on them to lower the sails. They seemed to be asleep with the oars in their hands; our best rower, quite overpowered, sunk down by the side of Guaracini;

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so that night overtook us some time before we reached our landing-place, the high rock of lava, which I have already described.

I forgot to mention, that the houses of Pompeii are all built of lava: many of the walls and houses at Sorrento are constructed of the same materials, in which cinders are mingled in great quantities. Some large blocks of lava, at the road side, when struck upon, resound like a metallic substance.

September 20th. This evening we passed a bridal procession. The bride and bridegroom walked first, followed by a train of female attendants. At some distance behind them, the dowry-box was borne on the back of a mule, its head and neck adorned with gay-coloured ribbons, from which were suspended many tinkling bells. The dowry-box is a large chest, with drawers of fine wood, beautifully inlaid, which contains the corredo, or wardrobe of the bride, which is generally to last her life. In the drawers are her ornaments and bridal presents, given previously by her friends and relatives. Next followed two men, carrying a square basket with the shoes of the bride, of every gay colour, arranged in order round from the centre to the edge: this group closed the procession.

The jewellery is preserved in every family from generation to generation, with so much care, that

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the most abject poverty will not tempt them to part from it. This accounts for our frequently meeting the most miserable looking women, in wretched clothing, without shoes or stockings, in piteous accents imploring alms, yet having in their ears solid gold ear-rings, reaching to their shoulders, strings of coral, or gold chains about their necks, and every finger loaded with rings. On gala days the Contadine display all their finery; we often meet them with gold chains, and many rows of pearl round their necks, their silk bodice with loose white sleeves, richly laced and embroidered with gold, the petticoat of a different colour, very much trimmed and ornamented. In general, they are handsome women; they have dark penetrating eyes, and a quantity of glossy black hair, which they wear combed up off the forehead, and twisted round the crown of the head, where it is tied with a string, then folded back, and fastened with a long silver skewer: nothing can be more unbecoming than their manner of dressing the hair. A gentleman at Naples told us, that it is not uncommon to see gold chains, of 600 crowns value, round the neck of a Contadina, on the festival days. Silk is the manufacture of Sorrento. Before the door of every house, women are employed in winding, or weaving it into ribbons. Many of the simple occupations of these people reminded us

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of scenes represented in Homer; we also find it recorded by an authority much more ancient and honourable, that women of the highest distinction mingled in the occupations of their maidens; and although princesses are no longer washer-women, and drawers of water, in this Magna Grecia of the ancients, females most respectable in birth and situation are frequently to be seen with their women performing many rural tasks.

At this time of the year all the orange-groves and vineyards are covered with nets, in which, as well as on the island of Capri, quails are taken in great numbers; they form a lucrative part of the bishop's revenue, and of the traffic of this country. Here is a peculiar breed of very small pigs, without hair; the skin of a light brown: the flesh very delicate; they are chiefly fed on acorns., and are never permitted to enter the towns, which is the case all over Italy, as well as here. The character of the people is certainly rather avaricious; they are exceedingly civil when paid to be so; but without payment they have no idea of doing the smallest thing, even of allowing us to take a walk in any of their gardens. To extract money in every way they can, is their system. Sorrento oranges and Sorrento pork are famous all over Italy. In a

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few days we are to return to Naples, and shall not feel much regret at bidding adieu to Sorrento. We have become so much accustomed to our beautiful terrace, from whence we often heard distinctly the rumbling of the internal fire of Vesuvius, as well as saw its volumes of smoke by day, and flame by night, that it was no longer accompanied with the same sensation of pleasure; and we are all heartily tired of the dry stone walls.

Naples, Monday, September 27th. Here we are, once again returned to our old lodging in Palazzo Serignano, wafted across in the same felucca, by the same boatman (Epifanio) who conducted us to Sorrento. In the evening a grand funeral procession of a Sicilian general passed under the windows. The bier was carried by twelve men, who were concealed under a covering of crimson velvet richly embroidered with gold: the body dressed in full regimentals, lay on the top, and was preceded and followed by long files of military, with bands playing a solemn funeral dirge, and also by the monks and priests of several convents bearing lighted torches. The relatives of the deceased never attend at these processions. The countenance was exposed to view, and looked serene, indicative, it is to be hoped, of a peaceful exit from this transitory life. There is much parade and

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ostentation in carrying the poor senseless clay to its last tenement, where soon it will be mingled "earth to earth, and dust to dust." But has there been as much attention to the immortal part, the never dying soul, while it lingered between time and eternity? or was it allowed to depart amidst vain outward ceremonies, without once turning its regards to the sinner's only refuge? The lifeless body, after having been thus exposed in grand procession through the most public streets, is taken to a church, and placed on a catafalque, erected higher or lower, according to the rank of the deceased, where it remains for two or three days, that as many as choose may see the body lying in state, the face being painted to prevent any disagreeable impression from the sight. During this time, masses for the soul are constantly performed by different officiating priests. When interment takes place, all respect for the dead seems to vanish. If the person had been poor, the body is completely undressed, and dropped by a rope into the grave. A coffin is never provided, but when particularly requested; and even for the rich, is made in the roughest manner.

Tuesday, 28th. We walked in the Giardino Reale, where we greatly admired what is said to be the finest statue of a beast in the world, the Farnese Bull, which stands on a pedestal in the

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central walk: two young men, of graceful figure and attitude, are represented holding it in. The garden is abundantly ornamented with white marble statues. The walks on all sides are shaded with rows of acacia, and lead to a beautiful Ionic temple, adorned in front with a double row of white marble pillars. This evening Mr. R——, our medical attendant, introduced us to his wife, who is a Maltese. Their little baby, of a few weeks old, was carried in by its nurse. Its papa, seeing us look with wonder at the conspicuous ear-rings, which were suspended from its little ears, said laughing, "Advantage was taken of my absence two hours after the birth of the infant to do that business." He then told us that it is a Neapolitan custom to pierce the ears of the children as soon as they are born.

Wednesday, 29th. We were much interested by a visit to the Museo Borbonico, where is deposited a magnificent collection of statues, vases, lamps, &c. from Herculaneum and Pompeii. Amongst these ancient forms we discovered from whence our modern tea-urns, chairs, lamps, &c. have been modelled. One of the latter we particularly admired for the peculiar elegance of the form and design. It is a stump of a tree, with extended branches, from each of which hangs a beautiful lamp. All these things being made of bronze, escaped uninjured from under their bed

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of lava. Two beautiful equestrian statues finely proportioned, were found nearly calcined in the theatre at Herculaneum. We were shown a horse, which had been broken into six hundred pieces, and has been again put together with indefatigable labour and ingenuity: it was the only one of four which could be saved with the chariot. This horse is greatly admired by connoisseurs, and is thought well deserving the trouble of thus preserving it.

LETTER IX.

Naples, September 30th, 1819.

My dear Friend,

During the summer months the Neapolitans carry on in the street their different occupations. Just opposite our windows there is a row of smith's forges at work, which, being in the open air, has at night the most brilliant effect imaginable. During the heat of the day every one retires to sleep. From twelve until four o'clock, the silence of night prevails, and forms a striking contrast to the unceasing din and clamour, which, during the morning and evening hours, allow no rest to our ears. At this time of

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day, when a universal drowsiness seems to weigh down every eye-lid, persons are seen lying fast asleep on the steps of doors, and in every corner of the streets. At their employments it seizes upon them: and I have seen women asleep still holding the spindle. Except during these hours of sleep, the number of carriages driving rapidly is incredible, which renders walking the streets unsafe, as well as unpleasant. The drivers go at a furious rate, seemingly regardless of the foot passenger, however respectable in appearance. The great luxury in this, as in most towns in Italy, is the possession of a carriage. The Italians in general will deny themselves absolute necessaries, rather than be without this useful appendage. Well dressed women are seldom seen on foot; but their passion is, to drive backwards and forwards the same dull round every evening on the Strada Toledo, watching all who pass and making observations on their dress and equipages, for no other subjects seem to occupy their thoughts or conversation. They drive until the sun sets, then pay their visits and go to the theatre. When they appear out of doors, they dress in all the finery which they can procure, of which they immediately divest themselves on their return; and nothing can be more slovenly than the home appearance of the Italian ladies. We were told by our physician that a common

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practice with the Neapolitans in hot weather, is to lock the doors and sit almost without clothing: he being admitted professionally at all hours has many opportunities of observing customs and manners which to the English would appear very strange. Dishonesty, as we are told, is quite a national characteristic.

I have heard that there is a regular school at Naples, for teaching the art of picking pockets. A figure is dressed with several bells attached to it, and the pupil is never pronounced dexterous at his trade, until he can entirely undress the figure without ringing any of the bells. After having related this, which is only a hearsay account, I must, in justice add, that we met with no instance of dishonesty, except the general kind of imposition practised on all foreigners, perhaps deservedly, if they have no better motive for visiting other countries, than being weary or dissatisfied with their own, where a wide field of usefulness is open to all those who will feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and instruct the ignorant. How much better would the time, the talents, and the money be thus employed which are so often lavishly squandered away by English residents in France and Italy.

Naples, October 1st. We paid a second visit to the Museo Borbonico, the grand receptacle of the treasures which have been for so many cen-

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turies entombed in the earth. We saw paintings, Etruscan vases, and curious models of those ancient tombs in which they were found. They are separated into small apartments; the skeleton of the body extended on the floor, and the vases placed around; the lachrymatory on the breast, money to pay Charon in the mouth, a patera or round vase containing a sop for Cerberus, and a lamp near the head. The other vases lay at the feet, and probably contained delicacies with which the wandering spirit should be regaled until its destiny were fixed. In the tombs of the meaner class, the vases were plain black, without figure or ornament; in those of the higher, the figures represented some story in ancient mythology. The Sicilian vases, and those of Nola, are esteemed the finest, and are sold at an extravagant price. They are now so well imitated, that it is hardly possible to discern the modern from the ancient, except by rubbing on aquafortis, which, if they be genuine, will brighten the colours, if not, will destroy them. When the urns are first found, they are encrusted with a hard substance, which, with great difficulty and trouble is cleansed off; in which operation they are often broken, but are so nicely mended again, that the fracture is not to be discerned. Whilst we were at Sorrento, a tomb was discovered by some labourers, who offered two of the

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vases which it contained to Sir Walter, at twelve crowns each, though worth, perhaps, forty; but they were content to ask the smaller sum, because it is contrary to law to excavate for them. The expense of doing it is too great for the Neapolitan government, and their own collection is already so numerous, that they do not desire to add to it, yet such is their illiberality, that they will not allow others to make, even at their own expense, these excavations, or to possess the fruits of them. But enough of the tombs; I am afraid that you will be as tired of the subject as I am of writing upon them, yet we are far from being wearied of seeing them. Indeed I fear there is too much amusement and interest in these curious investigations; at least, in my own case, I find my thoughts often occupied with them, to the exclusion of better things. Yet here too, a lesson of instruction may be received, where we are forcibly reminded that generation after generation passes away. And where are now the crowd of immortal spirits once inhabiting this earth, who busied themselves with vain and fleeting things, and trifled away the remnant of their existence, knowing neither from whence they came, nor whither they were going? Can we behold and reflect, without blessing the Lord, for causing the light of revelation to dispel these clouds of darkness, in making known

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to us Himself as our Creator, his Son as our Redeemer, and his Holy Spirit as our Sanctifier?

October 2nd. This day we heard of a young Neapolitan prince being carried off by the banditti into the mountains, near Fondi; his tutor, who was travelling with him, is sent back for six thousand piastres, which is demanded for a ransom. It will be immediately sent by not more than two or three persons, as a greater number would excite the suspicion of the robbers, and probably cause the death of the prince.

Tuesday, October 15th. This evening I made an attempt, with a party of English, to visit Vesuvius; but only reached the hermitage, so dense a cloud rested on the cone; there we were obliged to remain till the moon rose, and enabled us to retrace our path. The good hermits busied themselves in making us comfortable, and seemed well furnished with the means; they brought us some flasks of the Monte Somma wine, but as we preferred tea, with which we had supplied ourselves, they provided us with a pitcher to make it in, boiling water, and glasses to drink out of, for they were unacquainted with the use of a teapot, cups, or saucers.

They did not seem to live like the anchorites of old, but to enjoy the good things of this life. There are several apartments in the hermitage,

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but the one into which they showed us was their own room, as being the best furnished.

LETTER X.

Naples, October 6th, 1819.

WEDNESDAY. We have again been at the Museum, which seems to possess an inexhaustible store of interesting materials. Our attention this day was particularly occupied by the Papyri, from Herculaneum, burnt so as to look like rolls of charcoal. We saw the machine at work which was invented to unroll them. It is a wooden frame with screws at the top, to which narrow ribbons are attached and brought through the frame to the bottom, where the Papyri are laid on cotton. Gold-beater's leaf is slightly fastened with gum, in very small bits, to the burnt scroll; with the greatest caution the screw is turned, and the words are seen. About one inch of the Papyri is unrolled in two hours. It is then copied out with half the words wanting, which are afterwards inserted from conjecture, in red ink. About three hundred volumes have been copied in this manner; and whether they repay the toil and expense, those who understand them can best judge. At pre-

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sent a large volume is unrolled in six months; one thousand and sixty scrolls still lie untouched in the glass cases, in which they are kept round the rooms. One of them was taken out to show us, and I found it so completely a cinder that it blackened my fingers. Nine volumes of Epicurus have been discovered, but nothing of any great consequence; still, however, they are in search of the lost books of Livy and other valuable classics.

Thursday. We wished to see the royal palaces, but were first obliged to obtain permission from the Lord High Steward; we then went to the palace at Naples, which is as splendid as a royal residence is expected to be. The audience chamber alone cost 16,000 ducats; the walls are covered with crimson velvet, studded with fleur de lis of gold. In the centre of the ceiling are the arms of Naples, and around are fourteen golden figures as large as life, representing the fourteen provinces subject to Naples. We next saw the apartments of Prince Leopold, one of which is entirely furnished with the spoils of Pompeii; the bed-posts are Corinthian marble pillars, and two beautiful little white marble heathen altars ornamented each side of the bed. After having seen the palace, our next visit was to the church of Saint Severo, which belongs to a prince of that name. The church itself has

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been nearly rent asunder, by an earthquake, but the statues which adorn it escaped uninjured. One of them is a female figure veiled to her feet in light folds of drapery. Another statue, representing Hypocrisy under a net, half drawn aside, is also well executed, but the finest statue in the church is a Deposition. The benign countenance of the recumbent figure of our Lord, is most striking through the drapery which is gracefully thrown over it. Having still some hours of a fine autumnal evening to dispose of, we drove to the coral manufactory; and next visited a very noble institution of Murat's, for orphan girls. We saw them all at their several employments, ribbon weaving, embroidering, spinning, &c. All the beautiful embroidery in the Audience Chamber was executed by these girls. We heard with concern that the number of girls employed here is greatly diminished within the last few years. Some pious nuns are appointed to watch over their morals, and communicate religious instruction. I liked the appearance of these women, particularly of one amongst them, who had the mild and chastened look of an humble Christian. On our return home, we were invited to enter the church of Viara, where is the royal burying-place. In an adjoining chapel or reclusario, the religious ladies belonging to the royal family

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assemble to perform their devotions. We saw them through a grate, on their knees, praying audibly. We are told, that at this time of the year, their relations are making their villegiatura; and they shut themselves up here, keeping the most profound silence for eight days, never even uttering a word to one another, or allowing their voices to be heard, but at prayer.

Saturday, 9th. We have been at another palace of the King of Naples, called Capo di Monte, from its elevated situation; the drive to it is stupendous. Nothing can be imagined equal to the magnificence of the prospect, in which all the grand objects of the surrounding country are viewed at a glance; the bay, the mountains, the islands, and the beautiful city of Naples. The road, one of Murat's great works, is lined with acacias, and is cut through rocks and over precipices with indefatigable labour; a kind of undertaking in which he followed his great colleague and kinsman, Napoleon. There is great taste discernible in this work, and in the repairs and decorations of the palace, so far as he carried them on; they were completed by Ferdinand. In this palace there are 150 spacious apartments, some of them splendidly furnished. But the chief ornament of this palace is its stairs, which are of Brecia, very broad, and the admiration of all who see them. This evening,

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at the Fiorentine, there was a theatrical entertainment, a kind of satire on the English character. *Mi Lord Inglese* was the hero. Tea and punch were introduced, of the latter of which he partook so freely, that in a state of intoxication he fell under the table. Another of the scenes represented him in a fit of desperation, firing a pistol at his own head; which, however, fortunately missed, and he was persuaded by his friends to live a little longer. Nothing could be more ridiculous than the whole entertainment; yet, to the English present, it might have afforded an instructive lesson, inasmuch as it is degrading that those vices should be attributed as characteristic of the nation. I have here mentioned the theatre in such a manner, that if you did not know my principles, you might suppose that I did not at least disapprove of such entertainments. I think them so contrary to the spirit of the Gospel, that no person professing Christianity should ever be seen at them.

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LETTER XI.

Naples, October 12th, 1819.

I HAVE now to give you an account of a most interesting day, having been at length successful in ascending Mount Vesuvius. I am astonished at my own strength and resolution, for had any one told me three years ago, when I believed myself but a step from the grave, that I should live, and regain strength to endure such fatigue, I could not have believed it. My sister had heard so much of the difficulty of ascending the mountain on foot, that she wished to dissuade me from making the attempt; but, yesterday morning, with the same party as before, I set out at nine o'clock, that we might have the day before us to visit Herculaneum, and the Museum at Portici. At the former place nothing is now to be seen but the theatre, which hardly repays the risk and inconvenience incurred, in descending from the hot external air through a long subterraneous passage to the cold and damp of a vault. The pale light of the torches, as we traversed the wide and spacious galleries, gives a very indistinct conception of their former magnificence; nor would it be possible to form an idea of this once noble pile of building,

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but for the beautiful model of it in the Museo Borbonico.

It is to be lamented that when the excavation of Herculaneum was stopped, the whole which was then explored was filled up again. In the museum of Portici its treasures are deposited, as well as some brought from Pompeii. Painting had not attained the same degree of perfection as sculpture among the ancient artists, yet many of their performances here called forth all our admiration. The designs are elegant, though the execution is defective, particularly in perspective. The colouring in durability exceeded any which modern ages can produce. Of this a gentleman made an experiment, by using at the same time some carmine and some red paint found in a small pot at Herculaneum. He exposed both to the sun, which faded the former while it had no influence on the latter. In one of the lower apartments stands a fine full length portrait, by Davide, of Buonaparte in magnificent robes of state, as well as portraits of many other members of his family, amongst whom is Murat. In this now neglected chamber, are representations of those persons who lately filled the world with admiration and terror. So passes away all human grandeur! While contemplating the likeness of Murat, I was reminded of the many institutions which he founded, and works of extensive use-

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fulness which he set on foot. These remembrances should excite a feeling of gratitude which would give his picture a better place. But no—he is gone! His short lived power is at an end, and even those who are benefited by his institutions seem neither to care, nor to think, whether such a person ever existed.

From the present appearance of Mount Vesuvius a grand eruption is so much apprehended that orders have been issued to remove the collection of ancient paintings from this museum to that of Naples. A few years ago the lava flowed to the very gates of Portici; and that it did not destroy Naples itself is attributed to its patron saint, St. Januarius, whose statue is placed on the great bridge leading into the town, the right hand extended towards the mountain, as if commanding its flames to proceed no further. The blood of this martyred saint is preserved in two cruets in the Church dedicated to him. Three times a year it is produced, and from a solid substance by degrees liquifies in the presence of crowds of persons who come from all quarters to witness the miracle. Nobody seems to know how the deception is managed, but a liberal Roman Catholic told me that it had been a very ancient one, practised by idolatrous worshippers. That it is a trick, none of the reflecting amongst them appear to doubt.

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It was now time to begin our ascent of Mount Vesuvius. No cloud veiled from our eyes the smoaking furnace on the top of the mountain, from whence every ten minutes there was a burst of fire and red hot stones. At three o'clock we mounted the donkeys which stood ready, and exactly as the sun set, we reached the summit of the mountain, when the most sublime prospect which imagination can paint, opened upon us. The declining sun-beams rested on the island of Ischia, shedding a long and glorious train of light over the sea. The silvery clouds tinged with its rays were skimming over Monte Somma, just under us, while volumes of smoke and flame, accompanied by a torrent of liquid fire, issued from the great crater which is half a mile in circumference. The guides told us, that without the greatest hazard we could not approach nearer to it, and we had not the imprudence to venture one step further than they said was safe. We stood on the edge of the old crater, which had the appearance of a great well of sulphur, the heat of the ground under our feet, prevented our remaining long in the same place; smoke issued out from every cavity around us; the explosions from the great crater sounded like the firing of cannon, accompanied by a hissing noise; while the red hot stones thrown up with amazing force burst in the air,

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and fell again on the ground. We stepped cautiously along with a kind of dread, lest the ground should burst open under our feet; and as we heard that new craters frequently open, we might well have such apprehensions. As every one knows who visits this country, the sun has no sooner set than the shades of night come on. We had now no light to illumine the way, but that of the torches previously provided by our guides, except when the bursts of fire from the crater rose in awful magnificence. The fatigue of the ascent over the rough lava is inconceivable. We had two guides, a man and a boy; they had each leathern girdles about their waists, and stout sticks in their hands. I held fast by their belts while they pulled me along, exclaiming "Corággio, Signora," as often as they perceived my strength was failing, whilst I implored them to stop that I might take breath. They sang as we went along, the charms and virtues of macaroni, leading me on without much labour to themselves. We were, I think, about two hours and a half ascending. Our descent was rapid, being impelled forwards by the ashes and cinders rolling after us every step; but I need not call stepping what was rather a continued slide, ankle deep in ashes, to the bottom of the cone, where with some difficulty for want of light, the torches having gone

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out, we found our little donkeys, and trusted to their sagacity more than to our own, to retrace securely the rugged way, which was frequently illuminated by splendid explosions from the crater. We rested a short time with our hospitable friends the hermits both ascending and descending the mountain. The midnight hour was past before we arrived at Naples, so fatigued that we concluded that we should not recover it for some days.

LETTER XII.

Naples, October 14th, 1819.

My dear Friend,

I am so far recovered from my expedition to Mount Vesuvius, as to be able this day to visit the Military Hospital, a noble specimen of Tuscan architecture, once the convent of St. Martino. It is one of the most striking objects to strangers entering Naples. The situation is so elevated, that in looking from a terrace on the town, the great streets appeared like little narrow lanes, the people, carriages, and cattle, like moving pigmies and toys. But the effect of the voices of the people is not to be described, for

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it was unlike any thing which I ever heard before, all blending in one shrill discordant sound. The most admired ornaments of the beautiful church attached to this building are roses of Egyptian basalt, which when struck with a key ring like a clear toned bell. The workmanship is exquisite, and ought to be so as they cost 1000 ducats each.

October 19th. We again visited our favourite Studio Borbonico where we always discover something new and interesting. This day we saw a curious collection of jewellery and various ornaments, combs, childrens' toys, besides numerous articles of common use, found at Herculaneum and Pompeii; and also a variety of provisions, bread, fruit, fish, eggs, and vegetables, all burnt to cinders, yet so retaining their original form, that it is easy to perceive what they were. The utensils of a kitchen, saucepans, and ladles of all sizes brought from Pompeii, were of solid silver embossed, as well as a pestle and mortar, and large water buckets all of the same beautiful workmanship. We also saw a large collection of articles found in the Farnese Garden at Rome. This garden is still supposed to contain certain valuable treasures of antiquity; but the Royal family of Naples to whom it belongs will not permit any further excavations to be made, until another prince of the Farnese

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family shall occupy the papal throne; as there is a regulation in Rome positively prohibiting the transport of any antiquities of great merit from that capital.

The Lazaroni form great part of the population: if in the morning one of these can earn five grains, (equivalent to two-pence half-penny of our money,) he will live on it the remainder of the day, and though offered three times the sum to do another job, will refuse, saying that it would be too much fatigue to do any thing more. The air of Naples is pure, but the climate from its variableness is considered trying to delicate constitutions. One day we can hardly support the heat, when the next, or perhaps in the evening of that day, we are shivering with cold. The town possesses one incalculable advantage in being perfectly free from smoke. The fires are made out of doors, and only when absolutely necessary, and all employments are generally carried on in the streets; in the evening it is very common to see the cook on one side busily preparing supper for which the table is spread on the opposite side of the street. When the theatres are over, every evening the long line of supper tables well covered with provisions, and well surrounded with guests; the busy cooks and blazing fires, with the incessant concourse of persons on foot and in carriages, form altoge-

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ther a scene the most extraordinary and enlivening that can be imagined. During the day are to be seen every where moving shops in the form of beautiful little temples, decorated in the most elegant manner, with the articles to be disposed of, which could not be displayed to greater advantage. The fruit is particularly beautiful from the manner in which it is arranged.

We have been to Portici to see the king's palace there, and the Favorita near it. The furnishing and fitting up of the apartments were done under the direction of Murat and his wife, and display striking proof of their taste and magnificence. Murat's bedroom still remains as he left it. The soft blue satin, disposed in graceful folds which covers the walls, and the elegant drapery suspended over the bed by a golden eagle with spread wings remain unfaded and untouched. One of the rooms Madame Murat had painted by a French artist after the manner of the ancient fresco painting at Pompeii; each wall is covered by two graceful female figures as large as life, infolded in light drapery, and surrounded by a wreath of flowers. The floor of this apartment is of beautiful mosaic removed from Pompeii. We were next shown the king's private chapel, and his theatre, separated by a thin partition wall; on the Sunday morning he hears mass in the one, and in the evening of the same

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day is entertained by actors from Naples in the other, the Sunday evenings being always appointed for that purpose. In the garden of the Favorita there is a table covered by mechanism; on entering, it is seen empty, but in a few minutes the cloth, plates, dishes, glasses, &c. &c. appear to rise from the ground, and place themselves in order.

October 21st. We left home to-day intending to visit the lake Agnano; our route lay through the grotto of Pausilipo, that extraordinary perforation through the mountain called by the same name. The entrance is a high arch, through which at noon-day you can discern the light glimmering like a star from the further end; but you lose it on entering, and as you advance would be in total darkness but for the faint light afforded by four pale lamps suspended from the top. It is nearly a mile in extent. We drove briskly through, and emerged into an open country, not at once so strikingly beautiful as Eustace describes. We were disappointed at finding the road on each side lined at first with dirty, tottering habitations. We soon however left these, and were charmed with the enchanting prospect, as we advanced towards the sea-shore, and saw the island of Nisida, rising like a rock in the ocean, covered with wood, intermingled with houses, which

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are there built to serve as a Lazaretto, where ships perform quarantine. The hospital for the sick stands on another high rock close beside it.

October 22d. We again passed through the grotto of Pausilipo on our way to Pozzuolo, (ancient Puteoli,) and had a delightful drive of four or five miles, when we alighted to view the grounds and villa of a Neapolitan prince. It commands a most magnificent prospect, including the bay of Pausilipo, the islands of Capri and Nisida, cape Misenum, Pozzuolo, and Monte Nuovo, so called from its being thrown up in one night in comparatively recent times, in 1538, by some convulsion of nature. No situation could be better chosen than that of this villa where every circumstance seems to combine to render it an earthly paradise. Art has also done much for it: on the projecting point of rock or high ground, from whence we saw at a glance all the striking objects just mentioned, there is a cool grotto, in which are several small apartments built of the same lava, or volcanic substance, of which Monte Nuovo is composed. The chairs and tables are of the same material beautifully cut and polished. We next saw the amphitheatre, upon the arena of which we were told the martyr St. Januarius was brought to be torn by wild beasts, but when presented to the lions, they looked mildly upon him, and passed on;

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nor could they be provoked to be his executioners, so that others were employed more merciless, even his fellow-men! Not far from hence are the ruins of the temples of Diana and Neptune. At a distance we saw the famous grotto of the Sybil, the mole or bridge of Caligula, Nero's baths, and the magnificent remains of the temple of Jupiter Serapis, where three noble Corinthian pillars stand forlorn monuments of its ancient grandeur. The ground on all sides is strewed with beautiful pillars and fragments of marble. The floor of inlaid marble remains entire.

The local advantages of Pozzuolo once attracted to its delightful shores thronging multitudes of the votaries of pleasure. It was covered with Roman villas of which many vestiges still remain. But it is now rendered desolate by earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and pestilential air, the scourges of Southern Italy.

Monday 24th. We have had another delightful excursion through the grotto of Pausilipo, on our way to Baiæ. We alighted from the carriage and sat for some time on an eminence which hangs over the lake of Avernus, to watch if any bird hovered on the margin or skimmed over its smooth surface. Its waters appeared quite stagnant, unenlivened by any living form. A sombre shade seemed to rest on

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every object. At a little distance stood the dark remains of what the guides told us had been a temple dedicated to Apollo. Twelve pillars of equal beauty were removed from this interesting ruin by the late King Charles of Spain, and his brother Ferdinand of Naples, to adorn their villas near Rome and Naples. On the death of the former, the pillars were taken to the Spanish ambassador, either to be sent into Spain or to adorn the court of some convent. Such barbarous want of taste in the two monarchs excited universal indignation, the interest of such monuments being in great measure attached to their locality. Before us was the grotto of the Sybil, and just beside us Monte Nuovo. "Look," said one of the guides, "there once stood the flourishing town of Tripergoli:" it contained two monasteries, one of monks, the other of nuns, but no one had time to escape. In one night all were buried under that mount. In the morning the inhabitants of Baiæ beheld from their windows, that their sister town had disappeared, and saw the new mountain which had risen in its place. "O how were all those unhappy victims occupied when in a moment their doom was sealed? Had they been forewarned to flee from the wrath to come? Had they been told that their days were numbered? that they might be summoned at a moment they thought not of?

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When sudden destruction overtook them, did they seek shelter in the arms of an Almighty deliverer—or had they made their hearts harder than a flint? set at nought the counsel of the Lord, and would none of his reproof, so that when desolation as a whirlwind came upon them, and in their distress and anguish they called upon the Lord, he would not hear, but mocked at their calamity; for the day of mercy was passed when wisdom cried in the streets and none would listen?" Prov. i. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28. The answer to this awful question is known to Him alone from whom no secrets are hid, and who we are assured willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live.

Leaving this melancholy spot, we proceeded on our way, and passed under Arco Felice, another relic of antiquity, calculated to remind us of the fall of human grandeur. It is said to be the gate of entrance to Cuma, the only vestige now remaining of that town, and even this is uncertain. Here we came upon a piece of the ancient Appian pavement which seems to bid defiance to time. The next object which attracted our attention was the lake of Fusaro, where we stood for some time watching the myriads of little fish which sported in its limpid waters.—A small island rests on its glassy surface, on

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which the king of Naples has erected a lodge for the advantage of fishing, and the accommodation of strangers. Here we hoped to obtain some refreshment; but the persons who have the care of the house were absent, and it was shut up. On the road to Baiæ we passed several remains of ancient temples. We entered that of Mercury to hear the echo, which is singularly loud and clear. The ruin of this building though crumbling is fine. The form is circular as are the temples of *Venus Genetrix*, and *Diana Lucifera*. The walls of the former still remain, but stript of all their marbles and pillars. From an eminence just above these temples we enjoyed a delightful prospect, for which no traveller should fail to enquire. The day was far advanced before we reached Baiæ where we were obliged to leave the carriage, and proceed five miles farther, mounted on donkeys, and chairs carried by men. We went first to the Pescina Mirabile, of much more magnificent dimensions than that we had seen at Sorrento; it is a grand reservoir for the Aqua Sabata, constructed by Lucullus. The descent into this wonderful edifice is by broad stone stairs, from whence we saw a number of high arches but had not time to explore them; nor yet the labyrinth; nor the hundred closets which are dark vaulted subterranean cells, said to have been Nero's prisons, and well suited to

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that ferocious mind which could find pastime in acts of cruelty. Leaving these, we proceeded to the Stufe di Tritola, or baths of Nero; but before we reached this horrible place we were overtaken by a shower of rain so heavy, that we were drenched in a few minutes. It was nearly over when we arrived at the entrance of the baths, a kind of grotto from whence branch six long dark caverns, out of the mouth of each of which issues a steam as from a great boiling cauldron. One of the guides, giving me a lighted torch, invited me to enter one of them, which he said I might do without apprehension, provided I stooped very low; I did so, but as soon retreated, from fear of suffocation. Two of the men entered half undressed, with buckets in their hands, in which they first put cold eggs; in about two minutes we heard them returning, groaning dreadfully, so that we might really imagine that we had arrived on the confines of the infernal regions, from whence these miserable beings issued as if parboiled and all dripping with steam. They had filled the buckets with the boiling water, by which the eggs were sufficiently dressed to be eaten. The water which supplies Nero's baths roars like a steam engine underground while its thick fumes ascend into the air. Near it is the Solfatara, which is evidently the crater of a volcano. Hot sulphureous steams issue through

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crevices in the ground, and saline efflorescences whiten the rocks which stand on the arid plain. In crossing it, the traveller must feel conscious that a tremendous element rages beneath his feet, and that in a moment when he is not aware, it may burst through its confines to destroy and devour all within its reach. From Nero's baths we proceeded to the grotto of the Sybil, but did not enter as the evening was fast approaching. We went on to the lake of Lucrino which is said to be the crater of an extinct volcano, and which communicated with the sea until the rising of Monte Nuovo interrupted it. Here we found the carriage waiting, and being much fatigued, gladly made use of it, to convey us back to Naples, without visiting any more of the objects of interest with which this country of wonders abounds. The most remarkable of these is the Point of Misenum, the burying-place of him from whom it takes its name. From thence Pliny sailed to return no more, when he went to observe the grand eruption of Mount Vesuvius which destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii, covering the one with lava and the other with ashes. On our return, we saw the grotto of Pausilipo to great advantage:—it was beautifully lighted up by a row of lamps, extending from one end to the other, we could discern its height and dimensions,

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which could not be seen by the faint glimmer of day-light.

Tuesday 25th. We have had much pleasure in visiting some of Murat's noble institutions, particularly one for the education of the orphan daughters of officers and gentlemen, which is conducted in a manner truly admirable. One hundred young ladies are fed, clothed, and instructed, not only in all that is useful, but in the accomplishments which belong to high rank. Masters of every kind attend them, under the superintendence of governesses, most respectable in appearance, and in manner perfect gentlewomen. For each branch of education there is an appropiate apartment. We were particularly pleased with the room where English is taught, in which we saw our best classic authors; but there was not a Bible to be seen any where. The whole establishment is large and well furnished, the dormitories elegantly neat; the entire accommodation good enough for the daughters of the first nobility. The only part of the education which does not accord with our ideas of propriety, was the theatre; for which a part of the building was fitted up, adjoining the chapel, and in which the young ladies are regularly taught to act entire plays, an accomplishment deemed indispensible among the nobility and gentry of Italy. The funds of this noble institution are supplied from

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the revenue of a suppressed convent of nuns, and one hundred crowns, which each pupil must pay on being admitted. The only objection made to this plan of education is, that it is above the condition of persons who have no means of their own, and who return accordingly from it, much too highly accomplished for their situation in life.

The Reclusario, another of Murat's institutions, includes a seminary for the education of youths designed for a military life; a school under the superintendence of pious nuns, for the instruction of orphan girls in works of industry, by which they are afterwards enabled to earn a subsistence; an extensive coral manufactory; and an hospital for the sick; the whole forming one spacious building, which covers a large tract of ground.

LETTER XIII.

St. Agatha, October 27th, 1819.

We quitted Naples this morning, at half-past six o'clock. Our first stage was Aversa, where we saw another of Murat's grand institutions, an asylum for insane persons, conducted on the most

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humane plan, in all points superior, perhaps, to any other of the kind in the world. The ease, comfort, and even amusement of the unfortunate maniacs, are studied in every possible way; every source of irritation is removed, and they are treated as if they had no malady: even the use of knives and forks is permitted; and though the maniacs appear to walk about at large, and think they are under no controul, a watchful guardian attends all their steps, so that no mischief ever occurs. Their tastes and inclinations are studied, and whatever has power to charm or soothe is resorted to;—if music, there is a great variety of instruments, and a number of good performers; and if reading, there are books. We were acquainted with one instance in which this humane treatment succeeded admirably:—a countrywoman of our own, whose intellect failed under the pressure of a variety of afflicting circumstances; she was found, by a gentleman who had previously known her, a wretched and forlorn wanderer in the streets of Naples; he brought her to Aversa, where, in a short time, she recovered her reason, and was restored to her family.

From Aversa to Capua the country is uninteresting. Here, profiting by past experience, we proceeded without loss of time through the enchanting country which I have already described. The hedges on either side are perfumed with sweet

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myrtle, and enameled with cyclemen, growing in wild luxuriance. The richness of the prospect which varies at every turn of the road, would induce the traveller to linger, but that a cross marks the spot where a murder has been committed, and the scull of an executed assassin reminds him that he must hasten through a country where the fate of many a defenceless traveller may await him.

Thursday 28th, Fondi.—I am now retracing my old route; you may, therefore, find some repetitions in my account of our journey. This morning we quitted St. Agatha at a very early hour. The master of the inn advised Sir W. to to take a guard; but as he had heard that the ordinary number, three or four soldiers, even if bold and honest, would be of little avail against the usual power of the banditti, or, perhaps, would even increase the danger, since they might be in league with them, he resolved to proceed without any escort: and we journeyed safely more than two hours in the dark, the weather being damp and gloomy. Two or three times we were startled by a moving light among the trees. At length the clouds broke in a heavy shower of rain, accompanied with flashes of lightning; but day-light cleared the sky, and displayed the surrounding scenery in all its loveliness—hill and vale, covered with rich groves of figs

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and olives. &c. Sometimes the road wound among surrounding Appenines, at other times they skirted one side, while on the other lay the blue expanse of ocean.

When we entered Fondi we were accosted by dogana men, who were, however, very civil. One of them told Sir W. that the roads were very unsafe; for that the small detachments of military which are every where placed to guard them, rather increase the danger, since from the badness of their pay, they are easily tempted to enter into league with the banditti. A lady with whom we are acquainted, saw one of these detachments broiling and eating part of a dead horse, which lay by the road side. She could not help stopping to enquire what could induce them to make use of such disgusting food. They answered, that they had no other resource, being nearly starved; for their pay is insufficient for their support.

Friday 29th, Velletri.—Last night we slept at Terracina, and at half-past four in the morning had entered upon the Pontine marshes. The weather was fine, but the air rendered heavy, by exhalations from the stagnant water. We travelled twenty-four miles before we stopped to breakfast at Treponti, where there is now a miserable inn, in what had once been a large pile of building, consisting of a church, a convent, and a post-

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house. Richard called me to look into the stable, where I saw the horses standing between a double row of beautiful granite pillars of Tuscan architecture. Large fragments of white marble pillars strewed the ground, on some of which are ancient inscriptions. Every thing around bore marks that this deserted wilderness was once the habitation of men, but the unwholesome atmosphere causes its desertion. Many efforts have been made to render it more salubrious, but in vain; a heavy denunciation seems to rest upon this spot. The marshes terminate at the wood of Cisterna, where there is a village of the same name. We sleep here (Velletri), and to-morrow hope once more to reach Rome.

LETTER XIV.

Rome, October 30th, 1819.

THE country is very beautiful between Velletri and Albano, particularly about Gensano, built on the edge of the sweet lake of Nemi. But here, too, the pleasure of security is wanting, where we see that all around has been a prey to earthquakes. At Aricia there is a fine palace and grounds, belonging to Prince Chigi, who

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dares not reside there on account of the banditti. There is a very extraordinary block of lava at his gate. Near Albano, on the road-side, leading to Rome, are some curious remains of a tomb which is square, with five pinnacles, or towers, one at each angle, and one in the centre. It is generally called the tomb of the Horatii and Curiatii, though supposed by some to be the tomb of Pompey; but as, like the rest of the tombs which stand on the road-side on the way to Rome, it bears no inscription, it would be difficult to ascertain the point. One thing, however, is easily discerned, from these remains, as well as from the triumphal arches, the temples, aqueducts, and other ancient buildings which spread over miles of ground, that Rome had attained a degree of magnificence of which, in these later days, we can have no conception. But how are the mighty fallen! Where now are those heroes whose achievements once rendered this proud city the arbitress of the world? Even their splendid sepulchres are fallen into dust; and the solid marbles indented with lofty inscriptions, designed to record to the latest posterity their mighty acts, have disappeared. So man passes away, with all his works!

At half-past three o'clock we once more entered the gates of Rome: but four days ago we left Naples, where all was bustle and animation;

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here, scarcely an individual moved along the silent streets, where solemnity and gloom mark the abode of fallen grandeur. Black clouds and growling thunder added sublimity to every object as we passed the Coliseum, and the majestic pillars in the deserted Forum. Just as we reached Piazza Sciarra, the storm burst in louder claps of thunder, vivid flashes of lightning, and torrents of rain, from which we were glad to take shelter at home.

We heard this evening with pleasure of the arrival of Mr. Owen, with his friends at Rome.

November 1st. This evening, for the first time, I saw the Coliseum, by moonlight, and must refer you to Lord Byron's description, to give you an idea of the effect:

Arches on arches, as it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Coliseum stands; the moonbeams shine
As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
Should be the light which streams here, to illume
This long-explor'd but still exhaustless mine
Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
And shadows forth its glory. There is given
Unto the things of earth, which time hath bent,

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A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
And magic in the ruined battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp and wait till ages are its dower.

A ruin—yet, what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half cities, have been reared;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.
Hath it, indeed, been plundered, or but cleared?
Alas! developed, opens the decay,
When the Colossal Fabric's form is rear'd,
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all years, man, have reft away.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the low night-breeze waves along the air
The garland forest, which the grey walls wear."

The Emperor Vespasian, after his return from the Jewish war, in the year 72, of the Christian era, caused this wonderful amphitheatre to be built in that part of ancient Rome, where were the ponds and gardens of Nero. It was completed in four years, and his son Titus dedicated it, by the slaughter of five thousand wild beasts on the arena. Adrian caused the collossal statue of Nero to be removed from the vestibule of his own palace, and placed in this amphitheatre,

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where it was worshipped as Apollo. The Coliseum derives its name from its colossal dimensions, being above 1700 English feet in the circumference. The form is oval. It was built of immense blocks of Travertine stone, and consists of four stories. The first is adorned with Doric columns, the second with Ionic, the third and fourth with Corinthian. The entrances were eighty in number, seventy-six being for the people, two for the gladiators, and two for the emperor and his suite. Within the walls were twenty staircases, leading to seats appropriated to the different classes of people. The seats are said to have held eighty-seven thousand spectators, and the portico or gallery above them, twenty thousand. There was an awning which covered the whole edifice, in case of rain or intense heat. In the wall of the uppermost story are open holes, supposed to have contained the rings for fastening the cords of this awning.

Chateaubriand, in his Martyrs, says, "There were rails of gold before the seat of the Roman senators, to guard them from the attacks of the wild beasts. The air was refreshed by means of machines, ingeniously contrived to throw up wine and saffron water, which again descended in an odoriferous dew. Three thousand bronze statues, fine pictures, columns of jasper and porphyry, chrystal balustrades, vases of precious

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workmanship, decorated this scene of savage cruelty.

"An hippopotamus and some crocodiles swam in an artificial canal, which surrounded the arena. Five hundred lions, forty elephants, tygers, panthers, bulls, and bears, kept for the inhuman purpose of tearing human beings, to afford amusement to their savage species, were heard bellowing in the caverns of the amphitheatre."

Such were the sports of human nature before it had any knowledge of the true God; and such would it be now, but for that Divine Revelation!

We spent two hours in the Coliseum wandering through its broken porticos and arches. Every feeling of veneration and of horror was excited, as we contemplated this interesting ruin. How degrading when we think of the purpose for which the enormous pile was reared—when we reflect that human creatures could look with pleasure on their fellow beings, writhing under the grasp of ferocious beasts, or inhumanly mangling each other! The gladiators are said to have been criminals; but even so, be their crimes ever so aggravated, a Christian would turn with horror from the barbarous spectacle, nor could conceive the possibility of finding pleasure in witnessing the agony even of the vilest reptile that crawls

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on the ground. What has brought about the marvellous change? The Son of God descended from the mansions of glory, from the throne of his brightness, to dwell among this degenerate race, to make the light shine in darkness. By his example and precepts, he taught the law of love—"Love *to all!* even to those who despitefully use, and persecute us." He suffered for his betrayers, and even in his last agony, said, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!" and here, in this very spot, his example was followed. On this ground consecrated by the blood of the martyrs, Christians remembered and followed the example of their Lord. Strong in faith, they yielded up their lives a willing sacrifice, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer, even while held in the grasp of the lion and the bear; enduring with meekness the taunts of hearts more ferocious than either. Through faith they conquered, and through faith were triumphantly borne to the arms of their Redeemer, whose testimony they had sealed with their blood, and joined the noble army of martyrs, in the everlasting realms of light.

Many other beautiful ruins, and triumphal arches adorn the Forum. Those of Constantine and Septimus Severus are uninjured. The arch of Titus is almost a ruin, but is the most ad-

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mired of the three, for its beautiful proportions, and the most interesting from the representations on the inside, in basso relievo, of the candlestick, table of shew-bread, and other spoils, taken from the temple at Jerusalem; and on the other side, the triumphant return of the conqueror. For this reason, no Jew will pass under the arch, which is built over the ancient Via Sacra, now the common pathway; and another has therefore been made for them.

Three noble arches still remain of the Temple of Peace, where it is said, Vespasian deposited all the sacred vessels and treasures which he brought from Jerusalem; and that soon after, an earthquake shook it to its foundation. Mr. Metz says, that the French, by their excavations, did not improve the appearance of this place: that the Temple of Peace looked much more interesting, surrounded by its fallen honors: the ground being strewed with beautiful fragments of sculptured marble, stucco and pillars, most of which they wantonly carried away and threw into the Tiber. However, in other places their excavations were of use. To see all these beautiful objects, and many more, at a glance, you should look down upon the Forum from the top of the capitol, a very accurate and eloquent account of which Madame de Staël gives in her Corinne. The ruin of the palace of the Cesars,

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though too much levelled to the ground to be a very striking object, is conspicuous from the commanding situation which it occupies on the top of the Palatine hill. The famous Tarpeian rock is close to the capitol: it is formed of Tufa, and is now only sixty feet high, being considerably lowered by earthquakes, and still more, perhaps, by the rubbish which has accumulated at its base. It is said, that fragments of it fell in the fifteenth century. At some distance is the beautiful temple of Vesta, built in honour of the Sabine women. It is now a church dedicated to the Virgin.

In a church near that of S. Giovanni Laterano, there is a staircase which S. Helena, the mother of Constantine, is said to have brought from Jerusalem. There are twenty-eight marble steps, called holy stairs, supposed to have been taken from the house of Pontius Pilate, on which (tradition says) our Redeemer repeatedly passed up and down. They are now only ascended on the knees. On each side is another flight of stairs for the convenience of those who wish to ascend or descend in the natural posture. The stone is indented with the knees of the numerous devotees, who vainly imagine that they are performing a meritorious service. To preserve the steps from being quite worn away they are cased in wood. This ceremony is not confined to the

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superstitious peasantry, the carriages of the first nobility may be frequently seen in waiting, while their corpulent owners are laboriously heaving up their ponderous knees from stair to stair, pausing on each to say a prayer. Should Penelli exercise his pencil here, he might form many grotesque figures. The stairs leading to the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, now the church of Ara Cœli, are said to have been equally venerated, in that manner, in the times of heathenism. The prince of Saxe Gotha, a weak-minded young man, conformed to the Roman Catholic religion about two years ago, and did not content himself with ascending the holy stairs on his knees, but these also; and farther, to show his deep humility, prostrated himself on the ground to lick the form of the cross in the dust.

Thursday, November 4th. We have just seen a grand procession pass, of the Pope and Cardinals, &c. &c. attended by all the military in Rome. The bustle continued from ten in the morning until one o'clock. The Pope was in his little ugly gilt carriage. I hear it was a religious procession, or else I should have supposed it a mere parade of some state business. As soon as the streets were cleared, we went to see the "Church of the Dead." This church belongs to a fraternity, calling themselves "The

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Company of the Dead," who make it their business to search for and bury all the dead bodies of unknown persons in Rome and its environs. A regular list, divided into months, specifies how many are found in each month of the year. The number of victims of whose untimely end no notice is taken by the ruling powers, is truly astonishing. How thankful may we be for our laws, where the dead body of the meanest beggar thus found, would excite the strictest investigation. Such occurrences here are never permitted to be mentioned in any of the public papers, far less commented upon. In our privileged country, though the freedom of the press may be abused, we know that no such event could be concealed, even if it were to happen. The church is open only during the first eight days of this month in every year, to say masses for the dead, for which a collection is made at the door; every one who enters must give something. On entering, you descend some steps as if into a vault, but not a dark one, for the church is well lighted up, that its ornaments may be seen to advantage; these are human bones, with which the walls are well covered. On the centre of one wall, a skull is fixed, surrounded by a frame of bones, to contain holy water; and infant bones form an à la Grecque border, in compartments on the walls. A branch chandelier,

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entirely formed of bones is also suspended from the roof. The vertebræ of the back and sockets of the joints, are strung together for loops and chains, and form wreaths round the walls. In an inner apartment adjoining, was a representation of our Lord raising Lazarus from the dead; the figures in composition as large as life, and remarkably well executed.

The Church del Santo Spirito, something similar to this, is also to be seen at this time of the year. The entrance is through a burying ground, the graves as close as possible; they are little mounds of clay. No green sod, nor stone, lies upon any of them; a scull and cross-bones are laid on each, and at the head grows a cypress. Before the church door there is a pillar of bones; the vertebræ of the back and jaw-bones linked together, surround it, and form a frieze at top. The walls enclosing the burying-ground are ornamented in the same manner. On entering the church we saw a group, which, for some seconds, I mistook for living persons. It was a representation of St. Peter raising Dorcas; a number of women and children in the back ground hold up the garments which she had made. These representations are changed every year. We were obliged to pass through the burial-ground of an hospital (in which above one hundred persons have died this year, to see another

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fine representation of our Lord crowned with thorns, but were so disgusted at this place, that we could hardly stay to look at the figure. A little cavity is made on the surface of the ground, in which the dead body is laid without a coffin, or any covering but a small proportion of earth, over which a stone is so lightly placed, as not to prevent the most offensive exhalations, which, must of course spread contagion in the adjoining hospital. In another part of this building, there is a receptacle for foundlings, which is also badly managed. Nuns are appointed to superintend the care of the children, three of whom are committed to the care of one nurse; but few are reared.

November 7th. Elizabeth, Richard and I, have had a delightful walk on the Trinità di Monte, between rows of acacia. This garden, &c. is one of the magnificent works of the French. The sun shone so brightly, and the influence of its beams was so powerful, that we could bear no heavier clothing than that which we generally wear in summer.

LETTER XV.

Rome, 1819.

November 18th. This day the Abbe Taylor's funeral procession passed down the Corso, at the

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head of it were a number of priests in long black cloaks and hoods, their faces covered with a cowl; after them came a great company of barefooted Carmelites, their garments of coarse brown cloth descending to the feet, and tied with a rope round the waist; the cowl of the same material, covering the head and face, with holes cut for the eyes and mouth, and sandals on the feet; they were followed by another company like the first, and after them a larger company of priests; then the bier on which the body lay dressed as when living, the face and feet uncovered. Priests surrounding it, bearing lighted torches, and all the while singing a solemn requiem, in which the whole procession joined, as they passed slowly on to the church, where the body will remain on a catafalque, until a sufficient number of masses shall be said for the soul, and then the last rights will be performed. Processions of this description pass daily along the Corso, and only vary in the dress; that of the monks and priests according to their order, and that of the deceased according to rank and circumstances: sometimes the poor inanimate form is decorated with jewels and richly embroidered satin. We have been told that the first nobility, as a penance, frequently walk in these processions in the dress of the barefooted Carmelites; and, by that slight punishment, unknown to any but themselves and their

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confessors, make expiation for manifold and aggravated offences. O what a religion of gross errors! When will the light of truth dawn upon these benighted minds, to teach them that vain ceremonies will never appease the wrath of an omniscient Judge, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and will not pass by the transgressor.

Tuesday, November 23d. We visited Gabrielli's studio, rich in its collection of specimens of inlaid marbles, vases, cups, and urns. After we had seen this, he displayed, what we admired above them all, his beautiful landscape paintings, one of which is a superb view of the Forum Romanum; he then directed our attention to views which he had taken of Killarney, during his residence in Ireland, and with no little satisfaction we saw that they were strikingly beautiful, even among Italian scenery. He spoke of our country and of his *delightful* abode there, in a rapturous strain; and added, that nothing but the climate, which did not agree with his health, should ever have forced him to leave the Emerald isle.

November 25th. I have had a pleasant walk with the children, to see the interesting spot allotted as a burying-place for Protestant foreigners. It is just on the outside of the ancient walls of Rome, part of which still remain in the

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place where stands the pyramid of Caius Cestius. We wandered among the tombs for a considerable time, reading the inscriptions on the stones, which record the early death of many an English youth and maiden, who probably had left their native home with all the buoyant expectation of their years: but the gay visions are flown. Here in this narrow spot, their deserted bodies moulder in the dust, while their mourning parents are obliged to retrace their solitary journey, deprived of those for whose sakes they were probably induced to visit foreign climes. Many such reflections occupied my thoughts as I lingered around this sacred repository of the dead, where no inclosure is permitted to guard the tombs from the insults of bigotry. Many of them have been broken and defaced with mallets by an unrestrained rabble, who claim merit to themselves in thus evincing their detestation of *heretics*. During the time of their saturnalian festival, elated with wine, they pour down from Monte Testaccio, and conclude the revelry of the day by this sacrilege. The English and German Protestants could not witness this without the most poignant feeling; and they have been instigated to use every effort in their power, (first raising a liberal subscription, which they lodged in the hands of Torlonia, the banker,) to have the place which contains the remains of

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beloved relatives or friends, enclosed by a wall, railing, or sunken fence: but their repeated applications have hitherto, under different pretexts, met with a decided negative.

Of Monte Testaccio, which beautifully shelters this sequestered spot, I will insert an account written by a friend.

"A festival is held at Monte Testaccio, little known to travellers, but well worthy of observation, from being a remnant of the ancient Saturnalia. Here are the general wine vaults of the city. The air penetrating through the crevices of the broken fragments of pottery, of which this hill is composed, preserves a constant freshness beneath the surface, which fits it peculiarly for this purpose. Each Sunday and Thursday during the month of October, almost the whole population of Rome, rich and poor, throng to this spot, where innumerable tables are covered with refreshments, and the wine is drawn cool from the vaults. It is impossible to conceive a more animating scene than the summit of the hill presents. Gay groups dancing the saltarella, intermingled with the jovial circles which surround the tables; the immense crowd of walkers who, leaving their carriages below, stroll about to enjoy the festive scene; Rome and its environs spread in wide expanse below; the tomb of Caius Cestius, and even the tombs of the Pro-

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testants, which, though forming a contrast to the general gaiety of the scene, add a touching interest, not unpleasing to a feeling mind. Here Pinelli regularly attends to obtain subjects for his characteristic pencil, and may be seen every afternoon, accompanied by his two faithful mastiffs."

Saturday, November 27th. The clergyman who has so kindly officiated for the English every Sunday, received a message this day from the Duchess of D———, expressing a wish to see him without delay, on a business of the utmost importance. On his obeying her summons, he found that it was to inform him that the Roman government had taken umbrage at the conduct of the English, in so openly having a fixed place of worship:* from which, if they did not desist "the storm would burst upon their heads." Mr. —— came to consult Sir W. on the occasion, who said that he could not conceive that the words of the duchess were of so much consequence as to make us desert our place of worship; that as surely as we did, we should

* During the Easter-week, there was a Sermon preached in the presence of the Pope, in Latin, (the language always used on these occasions,) complaining of the relaxed discipline of the Church, against which the preacher inveighed with much asperity, asserting, that at the very foot of the capitol, a temple was permitted for the worship of false gods. As this justly gave offence so several English present, it is said that he received a severe reprimand for the temerity of his assertion.

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not find it easy to re-establish it; that if the Roman government had taken offence, it was not a proper mode of communicating the information; that he could not understand what storm was to burst over our heads; that we should, at least, wait till we saw it approaching; and that he was certain that the duchess was not authorized to deliver any such message. However, this judicious advice was over-ruled; and it was determined, that henceforward we should have our service in the lodgings of the clergyman, or in other private apartments, in which we might assemble; but we are well aware, that this will not be possible, for the concourse of English is so great, that numbers must be excluded from attending it at all. The rooms at the Colonna Trajana were spacious apartments hired for the purpose, and paid for by general subscription. Last year we were informed that the English and Irish Roman Catholics did all in their power to have our church service put a stop to; and many of the cardinals were against us; but the Pope said, we gave no offence to any person, and that he would not make enquiry about what passed in our private apartments.

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LETTER XVI.

Rome, November 29th, 1819.

We had service yesterday in the clergyman's lodgings, where we could not hear distinctly, being obliged to assemble in three separate apartments, the doors of which open into each other.

Being the first Sunday in Advent, there was a grand illumination of the Pauline Chapel at St. Peter's. The Pope himself performed mass in the Sistine Chapel, where is the celebrated picture of the Last Judgment, by Michael Angelo, which is now nearly obliterated, and would be totally lost but for the exertions of Mr. Metz (and perhaps other artists) to rescue it from oblivion. After mass, the Pope was placed in a chair highly gilt and ornamented; a white satin canopy, deeply fringed with gold, was held over him, while he was borne from one chapel to the other, attended by a number of cardinals and bishops in gorgeous robes. The illumination was very splendid: altogether, this pomp and show appeared very inconsistent with the religion of the meek and lowly Saviour.

During the advent the shepherds come in from the country playing sacred strains on their pipes, in commemoration of the glad tidings first

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announced to the shepherds "abiding in the field keeping watch over their flock by night." Not to the rich or powerful, the renowned or the learned, was this message of peace, but to lowly shepherds to gladden the lonely hours of the night watch.

December 8th. Day and night the shepherds' pipes are heard in every street.* The harmonious strain lulls me to sleep at night, and interrupts my morning slumbers reminding me of the message of peace and good will to man; to offending man, pardon, peace, and love.

December 10th. We have been at the Pope's palace, the Quirinal, or as it is generally called Monte Cavallo, from the celebrated horses: one of the sculptures is said to represent Alexander and Bucephalus. It stands on the hill in front of the palace, which is not so splendidly ornamented as many in Rome, but a more comfortable residence than any of them. The apartments best worth seeing, are those fitted up for Buonaparte, of whom, in the ceiling of one, there is a fine portrait, which rather than destroy a good painting they call Augustus Cæsar. Having seen the palace we were conducted to the Pope's private chapel, where is a much admired Ma-

* I have been since told that the shepherds stop before the shrines of the Virgin which are to be seen in every street, and that their hymns are all in her praise.

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donna. I think it the most beautiful representation of the Virgin which I have yet seen. There is something which might almost be called heavenly in the expression of the countenance.

December 16th. Mr. Metz went with us to the Vatican and as we approached St. Peter's made us remark a little altar at one side of the street. "In that spot," he said, "a boy daubed a figure of the Madonna on the wall, and one day an unfortunate man, in casting away part of an unsound orange, chanced to hit it, and leave a mark, which some persons present endeavoured unsuccessfully to rub off. Immediately a cry was raised; a miracle! a miracle! and crowds collected to behold it. Even the Pope and Cardinals were induced to visit the spot, where they added to its sanctity the ceremony of consecration. And to appease the wrath of the offended Madonna, the poor delinquent, who unintentionally sullied her image, was condemned to the galleys for the remainder of his life, for the crime of profanation." He related many other similar anecdotes exposing the superstitions of this false religion; for, though he pretends to be a Roman Catholic, he is a thinking one and sees into these vain absurdities. I say he *pretends*, for having dismissed that religion, he has, I fear, adopted no other. We have reason to believe

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that infidelity is sadly prevalent, and have met with it even amongst our servants. When, indeed, the reflecting among them begin to doubt, without instructor or guide, what else is to be expected, the Holy Scriptures being excluded in the vulgar tongue? Mr. Metz was one of the first foreigners introduced to me at Rome, and is certainly a desirable acquaintance for those who wish to be instructed in all that relates to the fine arts, which in fact have been the subject of his laborious research for nearly threescore years and ten. We could not therefore have had a better guide to the Vatican, where he did not allow us to pass any thing worthy of observation. In directing our attention, for instance, to Raphael's transfiguration, he pointed out its peculiar beauties, and glaring defects, in representing two events totally unconnected, both, however, recorded in the ninth chapter of the Gospel of St. Mark. At the top our Lord is seen resplendent in glory, talking with Moses and Elias, while the awe-struck disciples lie prostrate on the ground. At the bottom, the subject of the possessed boy presents a very different scene. No sooner do you catch a glimpse at the horrible expression of demoniac despair so strongly depicted, than you turn away with indescribable horror, and feel almost afraid to look again; but that feeling must be con-

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quered, and each countenance in this interesting group be attentively studied, by means of which the thoughts and conversation of each by-stander may be clearly traced. One looks with awe and pity upon the wretched maniac, while another relates his sad history. A third, with an upbraiding gesture, looks up to the transfiguration, endeavouring to draw every eye towards it, as if no minor object should for a moment distract the attention of those who had an opportunity of contemplating so glorious a sight. The next picture in point of excellence is by Domenichino, the Communion of St. Jerome. In the same room is a picture considered the masterpiece of Guido, in his first style; that is to say, before he imitated the colouring of Michael Angelo Caravaggio. In this picture, the subject of which is Fortune flying over the globe, the colouring is very faint. Caravaggio's style is to me exceedingly unpleasing—the subjects are so much so, that however fine the paintings may be, we turned from them with disgust. Many of them are martyrdoms, most horribly and exactly represented. The dark shades of Guercino's pictures, distinguish his style of painting from all others. Benvenuto Garofolo excels in small figures.

We have been at the Church called St. John Lateran, in which is the beautiful Corsini Cha-

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pel; underneath is the burying-ground of the family, and a fine group of the deposition cut out of one solid piece of white marble. We next saw the Baptistery, which is a circular building, the walls in the inside are painted in fresco. It is said that Constantine was baptized here.

Monday. Certainly Rome still possesses an exhaustless store of amusement for all who take pleasure in works of taste or refinement, but I fear that too much valuable time is lost in the pursuit. This day I visited the Capitol accompanied by some intelligent friends. The first room which we entered is covered with fine historical frescos, representing the battle of Horatii and Curiatii on the left wall: the sister of the former weeping by the side of her slain lover, is stabbed by her enraged brother. On the opposite wall Horatius Cocles is seen swimming across the Tiber, &c. The figures are all as large as life. Ancient statues and busts fill the other rooms. Among these is the much admired group of Romulus and Remus receiving nourishment from their uncouth nurse, the wolf; and the ducks of the Capitol, too good ducks to be mistaken for geese. Both these are of bronze; that of Romulus and Remus was struck by lightning on the night of Julius Cæsar's assassination. It was found in the temple of Romulus and Re-

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mus, now the church of St. Theodore. Of many things which I see, I give you a very cursory narration, because they have all been described by persons of much greater ability. I shall give you the account of a person who saw the Improvisatrice, Rosa Tadee, exhibit in public. She appeared on the stage simply attired in white muslin, with no other ornament than her own black hair, beautifully disposed, a black belt round her waist, and black velvet bracelets. She presented herself with the most modest gracefulness. A subject was drawn from a large silver urn, she folded her arms, paced over the stage, and began with much ease to compose in a poetic strain, warming by degrees to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Any one of the audience is at liberty to give her a subject, and even dictate the rhymes. It is a wonderful talent, peculiar I believe to Italy. Scricci, the famous improvisatore, composes whole theatrical pieces in this manner.

Tuesday. I have been visiting palaces and Churches accompanied by the friends who yesterday took me to the Capitol. We hope yet to have an opportunity of making you acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Beaty; they are our own country people, and promise, should we all live to return, to visit us in Ireland.

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Of all which I saw this day, I was most pleased with the view of Rome and the surrounding campagna from the Janiculum Hill, on which stands the Church called San Pietro, in Montorio, and a convent from whence issued a friar to be our guide to see the Church, &c. First he brought us into a beautiful little circular temple adjoining, surrounded by sixteen Doric pillars of the purest white marble, said to have been erected over the spot where St. Peter was crucified with his head downwards. They show a hole where the cross is said to have been fixed, and on which a lamp is kept always burning. From hence we walked to the Fontana Paolina, which, next to that of Trevi, is the most beautiful fountain in Rome. An arcade, shaded by a deep evergreen foliage, and supported by six pillars of granate, stands conspicuous on the brow of the Janiculeum; through the three principal arches as many noble rivers rush impetuously from the summit of the hill, fill an immense marble reservoir below, then flow down the mountain side, bestowing their bounties on all which need them, turning mills, &c. &c. as they pursue their useful course.

The fountains of Rome excite universal admiration, every Piazza, or open square, is supplied with one, the very sight of their cool pelucid streams is refreshing in this sultry climate.

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The Fontana di Trevi is the first which I saw, and never can I forget my amazement when it burst upon my view, after having passed through a dirty close street. Picture to yourself a magnificent palace standing upon a rough rock, supported by Corinthian pillars and pilasters. Between the columns stands Neptune, elevated on his car, drawn by two sea horses, and two tritons, which appear to emerge from the caverns of the rock, on which are seen dolphins, shells, corals, &c. &c. the waters tumble over these, and empty themselves into a vast semicircular basin of white marble, steps of the same lead down to it, but so polluted with the refuse of the vegetable market held in the Piazza before it, that one could scarcely conceive them to have been formed of that beautiful material. This noble fountain would have graced the finest situation in Rome, but the effect is ruined by its being shut in among dirty mean looking houses.

The Fontana Felice is another of the much admired fountains: it was built, or restored by Sixtus V. and derives its name from his happy destiny, who, from a shepherd boy, or pig herd, was raised from one step to another, until he filled the papal chair. In the cloister he was called Fra Felix. Eustace's account of this fountain is inaccurate, he speaks of Moses,

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striking the rock from whence the water issues, and of four lions hanging over the basin as if in haste to slake their thirst. Moses, it is true, stands in a niche with a rod in his hand, but there is no rock for him to strike, and the lions, instead of appearing thirsty, are dribbling the water out of their mouths. They were taken from the Pantheon for this unnatural purpose.

The fountain which adorns the Piazza Navona was designed by Bernini, and considered his masterpiece. A great mass of artificial rock stands in the centre, on the top of which is an Egyptian obelisk, four collossal statues occupy each corner of the rock, representing the four finest rivers in the world, the Danube, the Nile, the Ganges, and the Plata. From caverns in the rock cascades issue and form a copious body of water. They contrive to make this fountain overflow during the month of August, so as to cover the extensive Piazza two or three feet deep, through which it is a favorite amusement to drive about for some hours in the evening. It has been observed that this may be the remains of the sports of the Naumachia, held in honor of the gods, at this time of the year, and in this very place.

There are two very beautiful little fountains, one is in the Piazza Barberini. A Triton of stone sits upon four dolphins and throws up

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the water from a great shell. The other is in the Piazza Mattei, and is called the Fontana Tartaruche, from four tortoises which are its chief ornaments. The water flows from a vase supported by four graceful bronze figures.

I have now done with the fountains, after having merely mentioned the two which adorn the Piazza in the front of the finest Church in the world; they throw up their silvery spray refreshing the air with their sparkling showers: within the magnificent colonnades of St. Peter's; no one can imagine their beautiful clearness and simplicity, who has not seen them.

It would be tedious to describe to you the different palaces which I have seen; besides, you will find in other tours, already published, a more accurate account than any which I could give you.

Wednesday. We have visited the tomb of Augustus, now converted into a kind of theatre; where, every Sunday evening, during the summer months, all classes of persons assemble to be entertained with bull and buffalo fights, fireworks, &c. Ladies of the first distinction in their finest dresses, are to be seen witnessing these sports.

I have just heard an anecdote, with which I shall conclude this letter, in the hope that it will amuse you as much as it did me. Some months

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ago, the English and Roman antiquarians were ludicrously taken in by a Jew, who pretended that he had invented a machine, by means of which he could draw from the muddy bottom of the Tiber treasures of antiquity which are supposed to have lain buried there for ages. To prove the truth of his assertion, he drew forth one or two statues, in the presence of some persons; but said he could not proceed in the work without a considerable sum of money thirty thousand crowns at least; which was nearly raised by subscription, when the cheat was discovered by a gentleman, from whose villa these statues had been stolen, and who, happening to see them, recognised them as his property.

LETTER XVII.

Rome, December 24th, 1819.

THE Pantheon is the finest and most perfect of the ancient heathen temples, perhaps, in the world. It was dedicated to the worship of all the gods and goddesses, as it now is to the Virgin, and all the saints. An image of the former is the principal object of adoration, on account

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of a miracle which they told us was wrought there. A woman in great apparent distress knelt before the statue of the Madonna, tears flowing from her eyes as she offered up her supplications. Two young Englishmen advanced towards her at the moment, and with characteristic liberality gave her some money, and hastened out of the church to avoid her exclamations of gratitude. She declared that her prayer was heard, and that in the hour of her calamity the Virgin had sent two angels from heaven to relieve her. The miracle resounded from mouth to mouth, and attracted round the image the adoring multitude, who decked it with splendid robes, and put a crown of gold on its head; and to pay farther homage, the Pope and Cardinals attended, going through the usual form of consecration. At present, it is hung round with the votive offerings of many who ascribe to the Madonna the miraculous cure of various maladies*.

Our dear Anny, talking over these things, opened her Bible at the 4th chapter of Deuter-

* The magnificent busts of modern painters and artists which Canova had presented to this church as an appropriate situation for them, were considered a profanation of the sacred edifice, and with the exception of that of Raphael, all were removed by night to the Capitol, where they are seen to much greater advantage. The only reason for mentioning this circumstance, is to point out the character of the government which dared not make this judicious arrangement of their own property by daylight, for fear of offending the populace.

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onomy, 15th verse, and said, "If these people were permitted to study the Scriptures, they would not bow down to worship before the likeness of any thing. In this chapter I read that God did not appear to the people, (in that day that he spoke to them in Horeb out of the midst of the fire,) in any manner of similitude lest they should corrupt themselves, and make a graven image or any *likeness* of what they saw to bow down before it." The child is right, if they read and meditated upon these words they would not dare to make representations of the Almighty himself, which may be seen, not only in St. Peter's church, but pourtrayed in several places on walls in the streets. How futile is the argument so frequently used in vindication of this breach of an absolute command, when they say, that they do not worship the image or the picture, but merely regard it as a representation to bring the Deity before their imagination, and to heighten their devotion when addressing Him, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain. Did not the idolatrous nations of the earth, likewise, believe that their gods inhabited the heavens? And were not those images likewise, before which they bowed, supposed to be representations, and as such worshipped? Was not the commandment given, that the children of God might in nothing imitate idolaters? There

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are many more customs and ceremonies in which may be traced the remains of Pagan worship*.

On the evening of Christmas-day we were invited to Eugenio's festa. Eugenio is a boy of eight years old, the son of Baron Kniested, High Chamberlain to the King of Wirtemburgh. Curiosity to see a German custom, induced us to accept the invitation; we were shown into a spacious apartment, in which a platform was raised, covered with moss, on which were a number of Lilliputian horses, cows, sheep, and lambs, as if in the act of grazing. In the centre was fixed a tree with spreading branches, from which were suspended Eugenio's Christmas gifts; on a table in the same room, lay all his new and best clothes: at the farther end, a kind of stage was fitted up for the performance of *Marionetti*, with which the evening's entertainment was to close, and many a little eager eye was fixed on that spot, whilst the elder part of the company adjourned to another apartment, where they seated themselves in a formidable silent circle, from which I was glad, as soon as possible, to escape, and share the amusement of the little ones.

December 26th. During the remainder of this month, there is a Presepio, or representa-

* See Conyers Middleton's Letters from Rome.

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tion of the manger in which our Saviour was laid, to be seen in many of the churches. That of the Ara Cœli is best worth seeing. That church occupies, as I have already stated, the site of the Temple of Jupiter, and is adorned with some of its beautiful pillars. On entering, we found daylight completely excluded from the church; and, until we advanced, we did not perceive the artificial light, which was so well managed as to stream in fluctuating rays from intervening silvery clouds, and shed a radiance over the lovely babe and bending mother, who, in the most graceful attitude, lightly holds up the drapery which half conceals her sleeping infant from the bystanders. He lies in richly embroidered swaddling clothes, and his person, as well as that of his Virgin Mother, are ornamented with diamonds and other precious stones; for which purpose we were informed, the princesses and ladies of highest rank lend their jewels. Groups of cattle grazing, peasantry engaged in different occupations, and other objects enliven the picturesque scenery; every living creature in the group, with eyes directed towards the Presepio, falls prostrate in adoration. In the front of this theatrical representation, a little girl, about six or eight years old, stood on a bench preaching extempore as it appeared, to the per-

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sons who filled the church, with all the gesticulation of a little actress, probably in commemoration of those words of the Psalmist quoted by our blessed Lord, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, thou hast perfected praise." In this manner the Scriptures are *acted*, not "read, marked, and inwardly digested." The whole scene, however, had a striking effect, well calculated to work upon the minds of a people whose religion consists too largely in outward show.

December 29th. I am just returned from seeing some churches. That of Santa Cecilia Trastevere interested me very much; it covers the site of her dwelling, where the bath remains in the same state as when she was found in it, after her martyrdom. The floor is inlaid marble. Here may be seen the manner in which the ancient baths were constructed, cased with copper, and the water admitted through pipes, which are still perfect. Four hundred soldiers are said to have been converted to Christianity, by the sufferings and death of Saint Cecilia. Her monument in the church is Bernini's chef d'œuvre. It is a lovely recumbent statue, in the same posture as that in which she was found in the bath, three days after receiving the stab of the executioner in the throat. Under this church

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are the tombs of nine hundred martyrs. The priest, who was our conductor, took us down a flight of stone steps, to show us the stone sarcophagi, which contain the silver cases or coffins, in which their remains are interred: and in so doing, told us that the French, in all their researches, never discovered these treasures, or they too would have been added to their robberies.

In a part of the church railed in, many coffers and vases are filled with the relics of these martyrs; two of them contain the clothes of Saint Cecilia, and the cotton dipped in the blood which flowed from her wounds.

While I am on the subject, I will mention one or two exhibited at St. Peter's at this season only. One of them is a little shirt, made by the Madonna for her son, and some of the identical straw on which he was laid in the manger. They also show the finger which St. Thomas thrust into the Saviour's side.

This evening I joined a party to see the Vatican, by torchlight, and was, indeed, pleased beyond my expectations. One of the ladies on entering St. Peter's, being the first time she had ever seen this most magnificent of all temples dedicated to the worship of God, said, that she felt an irresistible impulse to fall on her knees, and offer up a silent act of devotion. O that it

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were indeed a temple dedicated to the unmixed worship of the only true God!

We saw the statues to great advantage by the light of the torches, which was judiciously managed, so as to fall on that part of the statue which was most finely proportioned, throwing the rest into a soft shade. The effect was very beautiful.

December 31st. The year closes this day with a solemn service at the church of the Jesuits. We went there for a short time, and heard some very fine music.

LETTER XVIII.

Rome, January 16th, 1820.

January 16th. This being St. Antonio's day, all the animals are taken to be blessed, at the church dedicated to his service.—Horses, mules, and asses, in succession, have been passing and repassing down the Corso the whole morning; their heads gaily decorated with flowers, ribbons, and tinsel. The blessing is, to secure them from accidents during the ensuing year. We were told, that by paying for it, we also might have even our cats and dogs blessed. Thus do these

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priests exact contributions from their poor deluded followers. Two lambs are, at this time of the year, blessed at the church of St. Agnes, and afterwards committed to the charge of nuns, who tend and feed them with the greatest care until Easter, when one of them serves to commemorate the Paschal Lamb, and is served up whole at the pope's table. Two lambs are kept for this purpose, in case an accident should befal either of them.

January 17th. Being the anniversary of the finding of St. Peter's chair, or as is more generally said, that on which our Lord delivered to him the keys of heaven, a grand festival is held at the church, only to be surpassed in show and ceremony by those of St. Peter's day and Easter Sunday.

The bronze statue of Jupiter Capitolinus, now called St. Peter, having undergone no other change than that of the keys, instead of the thunderbolt, in the right hand, was dressed in the richest papal robes. The tiara is studded with precious stones, or rather, I should say, with paste, in imitation of them, for the French had dexterously substituted the one for the other. The quantity of finery with which this black figure is loaded, makes its ugliness more conspicuous. It is seated on a chair, the right foot extended forwards, which is worn bright with

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kissing, for that homage is paid by every Roman Catholic, man, woman, and child, who approaches it; children, when not tall enough to reach it, being held up for the purpose by some one present.

The chair, suspended over the high altar, is cased in brass, and was this day illuminated with greater splendour than usual, as well as the shrine in the inside of the Baldechino. It was left open to discover the golden sarcophagus of superb workmanship, which is said to enclose the remains of St. Peter. Large golden lillies hold the lights which are kept always burning round it. The Baldechino stands under the dome. It is one hundred and twenty-two feet high, supported by four spiral bronze columns.

The pope was carried on his chair in grand procession; two great fans of white peacocks' feathers were held waving above his head. He was thus conveyed to the foot of the statue, (or idol, may I not call it?) until he too should offer adoration. I was shocked at seeing on the back of the pope's chair, a dove painted, surrounded by rays, to represent the Holy Spirit.

Saturday Evening, January 27th. We have had another moon-light ramble through the solitary arches and galleries of the Coliseum. The silvery moon-beams shed a soft light peculiarly adapted to the solemn grandeur of this beautiful

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ruin, the broken arches of which are festooned by wild plants. I stood in silent awe, contemplating that arena, once the scene of savage barbarity, where the cries, the dying groans of the martyrs, re-echoed in vain. But soon for them all suffering passed away, and the courts of heaven resounded with their endless song of praise. Round that arena, in which flowed streams of their blood, little altars, called stations, are erected, representing the sufferings of their Redeemer. Every Sunday and Friday evening during the summer, this interesting spot is visited by a procession of priests, bearing the cross, who kneel to pray at every altar, and sing, in pathetic strains, the Passion of the Redeemer, in which they are joined by a full chorus of men, women, and children, who follow in the procession. If they confined themselves to the revealed Word of God in the performance of this service, many serious Christians would delight to join them: but so many additions, not contained in the Gospels, are inserted, that even here also it is impossible not to discover the mixture of falsehood and error which governs the religion of this country.

It is said that 30,000 Jewish slaves were employed in erecting the Coliseum, all of whom were slaughtered on its arena, when their work was completed.

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My Letters being a journal of daily occurrences, you must find them a strange medley, and frequent repetitions, but as you are desirous of hearing my own reflections, on all which I see and hear, I am induced to continue them.

LETTER XIX.

Rome, February 6th, 1820.

SINCE I wrote last, I have been at a very fine show, which I thought very ridiculous, and worse than ridiculous indeed, for part of it was impious. It was the blessing of the candles in the Pope's chapel at the Quirinal; and a representation of our Lord's triumphant entrance into Jerusalem. The Pope, in his pontifical robes, was seated on a throne beside the high altar, cardinals, bishops, and the senator, being all present, in vestments splendidly embroidered. A long procession, formed of the orders of monks from all the different convents and monasteries, entered the chapel singing, each holding in his hand a large wax candle, which was laid aside until after the celebration of mass, when each monk resumed his candle, and presented it kneeling at the foot of the throne, while the

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Pope blessed it. The number of candles being very great, and each separately blessed, much time was wasted, which, I could not help thinking, might as well have been spared, by blessing the whole at once. The poor feeble old Pope was nearly exhausted with the frequent repetition of the same words, when he was placed in his fine chair, and carried out of the chapel, followed by the cardinals, bishops, and senator, attended by his pages, and a long train of priests, monks, and friars, walking in grand procession round the Sala Regia, and returning, through the chapel, again to the throne, singing as they went. The Pope, on this occasion, as on all others when he appears in public, is surrounded by the Guardia Nobile, which always immediately attends his person, and is composed entirely of persons chosen from amongst the most ancient nobility of Rome. When he drives out, they ride close to his carriage, their horses richly caparisoned at their own expense: and when carried in state, they are nearest his chair. Most of them have the rank of princes. Their dress on state occasions is magnificent.

February 7th. This day the carnival begins. The streets are crowded with groups of masks; but until the day's entertainment is over, I shall not attempt to describe it to you.

Well may it be said that the carnival is a time

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of madness. Each person seems to vie with the other who will be most ridiculous. For a short time the numberless grotesque figures as they pass, excite laughter, but soon disgust and weariness take place of amusement at seeing rational beings transform themselves into idiots, madmen, and monkies, which animal in face and gesture they delight to imitate. Just now a kind of open carriage with a gay canopy adorned with green wreaths, passed along, filled with creatures resembling dogs and monkies; the charioteer also being of the same description. A huge boot was seen marching along up the Corso. In short it would be in vain to attempt giving you an idea of the buffooneries performed from one until three o'clock, when, at the firing of a gun, which is the signal, the long line of carriages in continued succession file off in different directions to leave a free course for the horse race, before which a party of cavalry gallop twice backwards and forwards to clear the Corso; then guards being placed to keep back the crowds which line the whole length of the street, all in silent expectation watch the appearance of the horses, which is announced by a loud and universal shout. I counted thirteen of these wretched animals without riders, impelled forwards by goads fastened to their backs, and squibs which are so contrived that they go off with the motion

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and frighten them. The backs of the horses are ornamented with tinsel. In their fright, I hear they frequently turn quickly, and break in through the crowd, from which many dangerous accidents arise; but these are hushed up.

February 10th. The carnival will continue until next Tuesday, the 15th. Every where, excepting at Rome, it lasts three weeks, Sunday being the great carnival day; but here it is not permitted either on that day or Friday. The actors of these ridiculous buffooneries are not confined to the foot passengers: you see coachmen and footmen dressed in white, as women, the carriage being filled with great coarse-looking men. This day a hideous mask appeared representing the Devil; he had great horns was dressed in scarlet, a long flowing garment, and marched along with head erect and dignified step, the people exclaiming as he passed, "Ecco il Cardinale."

Although masks are not permitted to assemble in the streets on the Sundays, they meet on that night at a place of public amusement, where they dance till morning. The French Ambassador gave one where I hear the character best supported was an antiquary. He had the Coliseum on his head, and his legs were Corinthian pillars. Being asked where he was going in that strange dress, he answered, "To fish in

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the Tiber," alluding to the imposition of last year.

Ash Wednesday. I have great pleasure in telling you the carnival is over. It has been an interruption to all our usual employments; unfortunately we have eight large windows looking upon the Corso, which were constantly filled with spectators, for we could not avoid inviting the numerous circle of our acquaintance, to partake with us the pleasure of witnessing one foolery more absurd than another; and this by way of making amends for abstinence from pleasure during the succeeding days of Lent. Wherever there is space, stages are erected for spectators, and every balcony and window are filled. From each of the latter a banner is suspended of some gay colour; many of them are richly embroidered and trimmed round with gold and silver. Every evening's amusement closes with a masked ball.

I was grieved to find that our own countrymen did not content themselves with being spectators. but entered with perhaps more eagerness into all these follies than the Romans themselves. Last night, at eleven o'clock, the *death* of the carnival was announced by the moving of a cart covered with lights through the streets; the lights round the cart were so arranged as to form letters which inscribed, "The triumph of fools."

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Every person carried a light; the great fun for one hour is, putting out these lights, and lighting them again; and in this most delightful pursuit, men, women, and children are seen running in every direction like mad people. To this delirium succeeds the mourning of Lent; and now scarcely an individual, who is not dressed in black moves along the quiet street.

A few days ago, we heard of an accident having happened through the carelessness of a cardinal's coachman, who, by driving furiously, threw down and killed a little boy. The law on such occasions is, to bayonet the horses. But the cardinal, supposing that his dignity would exempt him from the penalty, cried out, "Sono un Cardinale!" The indignant populace answered, "say rather you are an executioner." His horses were poniarded without mercy.

LETTER XX.

Rome, February 28th, 1820.

Our walk this day was to see the mosaic manufacture in one of the buildings connected with the Vatican; where are also the prisons of he Inquisition. Our Cicerone was the children's

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drawing master, who appeared afraid to speak aloud as he pointed them out to us, lest, as he said, he should be overheard by some lurking emissary of that infernal power, which yet works, though not to the same extent as formerly. Still some wretched prisoners groan out their melancholy days in these dark and dismal dungeons, even the exterior of which cannot be contemplated without horror. The prisons only are here: the councils of the Inquisition are held in a different part of the city.

In the lower rooms, belonging to the mosaic manufactory, there is a quantity of beautiful mosaic pavement to be repaired which was found at Tusculum. In the upper rooms are many splendid copies of the paintings of the old masters, which, by this immortalizing art, will be preserved for the admiration of remotest ages. Amongst these copies was one which particularly engaged my attention, the subject being a Jewish High Priest in full dress, as described in the 28th Chapter of Exodus. Many very beautiful mosaic tables were finished for sale, some of which were valued at 300 louis. The mosaic colours are arranged in glass cases in the nicest order, occupying several rooms. There are 18,000 shades. The paste used for setting the mosaics is made of powdered Tivoli marble, or rather stalactite, with lime and linseed oil.

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For the ground Peperino, a volcanic stone is preferred.

Our next drive was to San Paolo fuori le Mura, one of the most ancient of the Christian churches. It was built by Constantine, and adorned with one hundred and twenty of the rarest marble and granite pillars, the spoil of ancient temples. Twenty-four of these beautiful fluted Corinthian columns of Pavonazzato marble, bases and capitals of Parian marble, were taken from Adrian's mausoleum, which was said to have been the finest in the world. This very beautiful marble is white, reticulated with black veins.

In niches at the top, all round the Church, are busts of all the Popes who have ever reigned; about which there is an old prophecy, that when all the niches shall be filled, the Papal power will be destroyed. There is room at present but for one or two.*

The most superstitious legends gain implicit credit here, and are often related by persons who, it might be supposed, would have understanding and reflection to discover their absurdity. A few which I have just heard, I will write down while fresh in my memory, as you may probably never have imagined that rational crea-

* This church has since been burnt down.

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tures, professing the Christian religion, could be so led away from the simple truth, as it is in Jesus, as to believe them. He certainly never delegated power to his followers to perform miracles which could not possibly tend to any good purpose, such as, a blacksmith (being a saint) to save himself trouble, taking off the legs of the horses, that he might more conveniently shoe them at his forge; and that operation being performed, dexterously fastening them on again. Again, they very seriously tell you, that at the Ara Cœli, there is a little wooden image of a child, to represent the infant Saviour, which was painted by the Virgin Mary, who descended for the purpose, from her ethereal abode, when the carpenter had finished his part of the work. Miraculous powers are attributed to this little figure, such as the cure of many diseases. One lady, in particular, applied to it in behalf of her child, who was seized with some desperate malady, the cure of which made her eagerly desire to have in her own possession a treasure of such inestimable value. She caused to be made so accurate an imitation, that the nicest observer could not distinguish the difference, and she secretly substituted the one for the other. But that very night the sleeping monks were roused from their slumbers, by the violent peals of the convent bells, and loud knocking at the outer

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gate, which opened of itself, and discovered the little wooden image, who requested that the usurper might be deposed, and itself restored.

Just under our windows in the Corso, the punishment called Cavaletto was inflicted on a shoe-black, for having committed some dire offence against the valet of a Cardinal. A kind of stage was first erected, upon which was a chair without a back, across which the delinquent was made to bend forward, and while a man held down his hands, he underwent flagellation; after this, his feet were loosed from the stocks in which they had been placed, and he was permitted to walk down the steps, but no farther, when he was again seized by the soldiers, who fastened a board upon his breast, on which was printed his crime, in large characters; and his hands being previously tied behind his back, he was placed on an ass, and conducted through the streets.

I remarked some days ago to an intelligent Italian governess, who instructs the children, that I had never observed in any place so deformed and dwarfish persons as at Rome, which I attributed to the swaddling clothes, in which miserable infants are bound from the moment of their birth, with an amazing quantity of bandages, which I have been told are never unbound more than once in the twenty-four hours. She answered,

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that this was the cause, together with a degree of carelessness evinced by the mothers, which would scarcely be credited by those who have no opportunity of witnessing it. She told me, that in consequence, many children born strong and healthy soon pine away; and, when death puts a period to their misery, the mother in general evinces no feeling; but with the most perfect indifference exclaims, "Sono andati a Paradiso!" If a strong constitution enables them to drag on their existence, they have no sooner acquired the use of their limbs, and their tongue, than they are sent out to beg, for no other means of subsistence will be granted them. Formerly, she added, these evils were in a measure remedied by the interference of government, which allotted a yearly pension to the mother who produced the most healthy and thriving family. But since that law has been abrogated, neglect and cruel treatment of children are become inveterate habits.

Signora G—— related many more customs and habits, relative to the several classes of society, which give a sad picture of the depravity of manners here, particularly among the priests.

Mr. ——, who, from his long residence here, is well acquainted with the state of Italian society, in which he mixes more than the English do in general, comes to us frequently of an evening,

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with many an amusing anecdote. A Roman lady of distinction, jestingly invited him to be her cavaliere servente; he said, that he must be made acquainted with the duties of one, before he entered into any engagement. She answered, that the business of a cavaliere servente, in the first place, was to be at the door of his lady in the morning, as soon as her night's repose was at an end, to inquire after her health; to be ready to attend her toilette; in case she dropped her pincushion or gloves, to pick them up; to read to her when she reclined on a sofa; to drive out with her in the carriage; to accompany her to the conversazione, and the theatre; to exert himself to find out amusement for her all the day; to carry her fan, and nurse her lap dog, &c. Mr. —— answered, that these employments would never suit an Englishman; he must therefore decline the honour which she proposed. He gave us a ludicrous account of the ignorance of an Italian Signora, at whose house he was, at a conversazione, a few evenings ago. Marquis C—— said, in her hearing, that the Conde de F—— being sent by the King of Portugal from the Brazils on an embassy to the Pope, to congratulate him on his restoration from his exile and captivity under Buonaparte, found, on being presented to his Holiness, that he had forgotten his credentials; "but," added the Marquis,

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"luckily he had only left them at the Farnese palace, had it been at the Brazils, months must have elapsed before he could have performed his embassy." "You astonish me," cried the Signora, "I had no idea that Corsica could be so distant; are not the Brazils part of Corsica?" "No, Signora," answered the Marquis, (with a gravity which, at least, an *Irishman* could hardly have commanded,) "The Brazils are in America." "America! and where is America?" "America is the new world." "Is there a *new* world?" "Yes, surely, discovered by Christopher Columbus." "*O che bella nuovita!*" And she called aloud to the company to announce the wonderful intelligence. "A new world is discovered by a certain Christopher Columbus, and an ambassador has been sent to congratulate the Pope." "From whom have you heard this?" exclaimed different voices, "*Eccolo,*" cried the Signora, directing every eye to the Marquis, as she said "*Signore, Marchese, le prego mi dica da chi l'ha inteso?*" "*Dal mio nonno,*" answered the Marquis, "*ed il mio nonno l'ha inteso dal nonno suo.*"

Some of the nobility, when reduced in their circumstances, think it no degradation to go about soliciting alms; and will thankfully receive the smallest contribution. Count G., accompanied by his daughter the Contessa were an-

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nounced to Mr. —— as visitors. He received them with pleasure, recollecting the name as belonging to an ancient Roman family. After some conversation, the Count told Mr. ——, that the mere ceremony of a visit was not what he had in view, but to ask some relief for his distressed family. Mr. —— answered, that he had so many demands upon him lately of the same nature, that he could contribute little, but that if he would accept of a crown, it was at his service. The Count received it, and to testify his gratitude, ordered the young Contessa, who was a very pretty girl, to kiss the hand of the *Signore Inglese.* In a few days they repeated their visit, with the same story of distress.. They received another crown, for which the same acknowledgment was given. Pleased with their success, in a very short time the young lady returned without her father, to whom Mr. ——, again giving a crown, said, that any further application would be unnecessary, as he could give no more.

LETTER XXI.

Rome, March 2d, 1820.

Mr. Metz having obtained permission from Canova, was our conductor to see the statues in

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the Vatican, which are kept locked up, until their final arrangement is completed; the workmen having received orders to continue their labours even on the Sundays that the whole may be finished on a stated day, when the Pope is to see them. The greater number are Egyptian idols, hideous, and unlike any thing which was ever seen in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath; and how any being, in whom the Almighty Creator had breathed an intellectual soul, could bow down to worship before them, is beyond the comprehension of any rational creature. They must have formed a strange idea of their gods having represented them neither as man nor beast, but a deformed mixture of both; gigantic in size, with heads like birds and beasts, the rest of the body upright, like the human figure. Several cases were filled with mummies of animals which had been worshipped, and after death were thus preserved. Two large glass cases are filled with penates, also brought from Egypt, diminutive forms, as ugly and mis-shapen as the larger ones. We saw the much admired statue of the Nile in another room, covered with little children, to represent its fertility: and in another a statue of Euripides, greatly prized on account of the rarity of statues of this poet.

I have had a very pleasant excursion in company with Mrs. S., Mr. Metz, &c. &c. Our

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first visit was to Grotto Ferrata, where we saw Domenichino's *Possessed Boy*, and, by the same masterly hand, the other beautiful frescos, which adorn the church. In our way from Grotto Ferratta to Frescati, we passed over a rough road, but were well repaid for the jolting by the beautiful country through which it led. We had brought a cold dinner, and stopped to eat it at the Villa Aldobrandini; but had not much time to spare at our repast, as we had three miles to walk, through the heat of the sun, to Tusculum, a great part of the way up hill. The ruins of this once spacious city can hardly now, in some places, be discerned; but in others they are very interesting, and give some idea of its ancient magnificence. The amphitheatre is filled up, except a small part which was excavated by Lucien Buonaparte. Part of the walls of Cicero's Villa are still standing. Had we been less fatigued, and the weather cooler, we should have wandered over the extensive ruins with great interest; but now, our anxiety was to obtain a place of rest. We returned by a different route, which led through what appeared to have been once the pleasure-grounds of a villa. At the top of a hillock, covered with box-wood, Mrs. S. told us, that we were going to descend Mount Parnassus, so called because the names of all the ancient poets are cut in it; in the

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same manner as Pliny* describes in the garden of his Tuscan Villa, which was decorated with figures of various animals cut in *box;* evergreens shaped into a thousand different forms; sometimes into letters expressing names. Here was a favorite retreat of Lucien Buonaparte, until driven from it by the banditti, who carried off two of his people to the mountains, one of whom they had mistaken for himself.

We have been to the top of St. Peter's, and never was my admiration so much excited. I had till now formed no idea of the vastness of this pile of building; it appears like a town in the air. The workmen employed to keep the huge fabric in order, have their houses built on the roof. There are sixteen cupolas, including the great dome. The twelve apostles are represented, of collossal size, above the pediment of the great front; the height of them is thirty-seven palms, or nine yards, and yet from below they do not appear to exceed the common size of a man. One of them holds a pen in his hand, ten palms and a half long. The steps up to the ball are 427. The stairs which lead to the roof are well lighted, and so gradual, that beasts of burden go up without difficulty. The inside of the ball, it is said, can contain eighteen persons.

* Lib. v. 6.

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The church, Vatican gardens, &c. are described as occupying the same extent of ground as the city of Turin.

The museum is enriched by collections which the different Popes have made of the rarest and most admired treasures of antiquity, all of which are arranged, and kept in the most beautiful order. On our way home, we visited the Church of St. Onofrio, where Tasso is buried. Near the church is his garden, from whence the view of Rome, &c. is very delightful. We sat under the spreading branches of the same oak which had shaded him.

My sister had a visitor to-day, of whom I must give you a description before I forget his appearance. Seeing him accidentally in the hall. she requested that he would sit down until she was at leisure to go to him. The servant Guiseppe followed her into the room, to inform her who the person was, to whom she paid so little respect. "O Signora don't you know that is *the Marquis C.*, one of the most ancient of the Roman nobility?" My sister, quite shocked at her inadvertent rudeness, desired that the Marquis might be shown in. Immediately after, a very shabby-looking little man was ushered in with all due ceremony. He was dressed in a dirty thread-bare coat, old boots, and a little brown wig, which looked as if it had lain from

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generation to generation among the family antiquities. He sat about quarter of an hour; his business was, to request that my sister would recommend his palace as a lodging, for her English acquaintances, and then with the usual Italian expression, "Signora, bisogna levare l' incommodo," took leave.

We next went to the castle of St. Angelo, once the tomb of Adrian.

From the top of the castle we had a fine view of Rome, and its surrounding campagna. There was nothing worthy of admiration in the bronze statue of the Destroying Angel sheathing its sword, placed here in remembrance of the plague being stayed, which nearly depopulated Rome. They tell you that it represents an angel who appeared at the time on that spot.

Mr. M. inquired for one of the nails which had fastened the bronze cover of the dome of the Pantheon, but heard that it had been melted down. We were disappointed at not seeing it, for it is said to have been of a size so extraordinary, that no man could lift it, as it weighed 750 lb. Most of the cannon here and the pillars supporting the Baldechino at St. Peter's, were made out of that great bronze dome. The inside of the dome was lined with plates of silver. The splendour and wealth of ancient Rome can with difficulty be conceived.

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LETTER XXII.

Rome, March 18th, 1820.

I SAID that I would enter into no more descriptions of churches, yet I cannot forbear telling you of a church which I have just seen. It is part of the baths of Dioclesian, the entrance preserving its original form. The inside is circular, in which are eight magnificent columns of porphyry. All who see them are astonished at the contrivance by which they were erected. This church, called La Chiesa Maria degli Angeli, contains some of the fine decaying frescos, of which there are mosaic copies in St. Peter's.

We were greatly amused this day passing through the market, to see things exposed for sale which we should hardly suppose human creatures would voluntarily use as food; amongst these were many baskets of frogs and shell-snails, the latter crawling out while boys were employed to put them back with rods; the former had been skinned, and looked white like chicken. There is, indeed, hardly any description of bird, beast, or fish, known to us, which may not be seen on the stalls; such as owls, vultures, kites, bitterns, tomtits, cats, hedge-hogs, ravens, sharks, &c. &c.

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Some days ago our cook sent up a hare at dinner, ornamented with the hairy paws, as they had been cut off before it was dressed. Being asked an explanation, he said it was done to prove that he had roasted a hare, not a cat, for dinner.

March 20th. Mrs. S. accompanied me to the Rospigliosi palace, in which is the ceiling adorned with Guido's Aurora. I strained my eyes with looking up at it. Apollo sits in the chariot, preceded by Aurora, lightly borne on clouds, and twelve aerial female figures representing the hours, dance around; Cupid is the charioteer.

March 21st. Mrs. S. C. O. Anny, and I, took a very interesting drive, first to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, where we left the carriage, while we walked over the Circus of Caracalla, wherein we could trace the circuit of the chariots, the benches for the spectators, and the towers in which the umpires sat. We next visited the Temples of Honour and Virtue. They stand close together, and are so contrived, that to arrive at the former, you must pass through the latter. These fields were once the scenes of Hannibal's battles. Mrs. S. is a delightful guide to these places; she takes pleasure in searching out, and explaining, every thing to us. Our dear Anny took the deepest interest in all which she saw; and that it strongly affected her con-

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templative mind, appeared from some verses which she produced the next morning.

March 28th. The ruins of the baths of Caracalla are within a walk of us. We have just been exploring them, in great admiration of their extent, which from the top of a high tower in the midst of them we could perceive.

Opposite these ruins are the subterraneous galleries accidentally discovered by a man digging in his garden, in which was found the beautiful tomb of Scipio, now in the Vatican. It is of brown Travertine stone, the sculpture is rude but the form very elegant. We traversed some of these galleries by the light of the torches which we held in our hands, and could easily discern various inscriptions on the walls, which prove this to have been exclusively the place of interment for the several branches of the family of Scipio.

We next visited the Catacombs which these galleries represent in miniature. The Church of San Sebastiano covers the entrance of this most extraordinary receptacle for the dead, which also served as a place of imprisonment for Christians during the time of their persecution. Numberless dark, low caverns branch off in intricate mazes, farther than human feet have dared to penetrate. A priest who was our conductor showed us a map of them so far as they have

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been yet explored, which he said comprehended an extent of twenty miles. He told us of a young Englishman who had had the temerity to enter this winding labyrinth with neither guide nor clue to get out, and of course was seen no more.

Having left these gloomy regions we directed our steps towards the fountain of Egeria, or what is called so, for little remains for conjecture to fix upon as the spot to which Numa Pompilius resorted, to hold secret conferences with the nymph. Part of a reticulated wall with arches, seems to have enclosed a piece of marshy ground, which may once have been a fountain or pond, at the upper part of which there is a recumbent statue, but so mutilated that no one can ascertain what it was intended to represent.

Mr. Metz drank tea with us this evening, and brought in his pocket a letter which he had written to a lady, a mutual acquaintance of ours. The style and manner are so original that I obtained his permission to transcribe it for you; but that you may understand it, I must first tell you that the lady to whom it is addressed is a young woman of great eccentricity, who being seized with the universal mania of seeing foreign countries, did not wait for guide or conductor, but with a truly independant spirit sallied forth alone, and arrived

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at Rome about a year ago. Her connections being highly respectable, she brought letters of introduction to several persons here, who after a first visit showed no disposition to cultivate any intimacy with her. Wherever she appeared the singularity of her dress, (particularly her straw hat of unusual dimensions,) and the wildness of her manner, attracted universal observation, and made her avoided by her country women. Some one among them however pitied her, and ventured in a spirit of Christian kindness to give her a gentle remonstrance; but the lady did not take the friendly hint as it was intended, and indignantly quitted Rome for Sorento, where in retirement she ruminated on the degeneracy of the world, and her own superiority in every mental endowment. From hence she addressed several letters to Mr. Metz in German, which is his native language, in French, English, and Italian; displaying not only her knowledge of those languages, but her criticisms on the customs and manners of those various nations, and the merits and demerits of the authors whom they had produced. In these criticisms she showed more erudition than generally falls to the lot of females; and though Mr. M. thought her writing to him extraordinary, as he was very slightly known to her, he encouraged her to continue the correspondence. She railed against

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the world, and mentioned the circumstances which were the cause of her being slighted, and undervalued, concluding her letter with a request that he would freely give his opinion of her character, and tell her why, being naturally gay, she had become serious, and why, loving society, she passed her days in seclusion. Mr. Metz's answer was dictated by common sense advising her to descend from the pinnacle of philosophic excellence on which she had mounted, and to consult her own peace of mind, by conforming in things indifferent to the general mode of acting, rather than to give offence by needless singularity. This answer had not the desired effect in restoring her good humour: she once more addressed Mr. M. in a spirit of bitterness including him also in her invective, to which the following is his answer:

My dear Madam,

It seems I have not been successful in the solution of your enigma! I am not an Œdipus you say! but the truth is, you are like the artists in Rome who sometimes desire my opinion of their works; when, instead of paying the compliments they expect, I point out their defects; but disappointed in their expectations, and assisted by their vanity, they seldom want reasons to reconcile themselves to their own im-

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perfections. I cannot but think, that the frightful description you give of the world, savours more of misanthrophy than of philosophy; but remember, my dear madam, that this world is a flower garden overgrown with weeds: and if like children we expect nothing but pinks, daisies, and violets, we shall be disappointed when we are sometimes stung by nettles. This world is a picture, where deep shades and subordinate tints are necessary to give relief and brilliancy to the most important objects: it is a chain, where every link is necessary, and destined for the general support. If pearls were to drop like hailstones form the clouds, or diamonds were not concealed in the bowels of the earth, they would have little value; but we must not condemn the sea, nor the mountains for concealing them. So, we are to search for virtue, friendship, and morality, though incumbered by vice, folly, and ingratitude. These shades, as I observed before, are necessary to form the perfect picture; and are we then, my good lady, to rail at this wonderful perfection, though incomprehensible master-piece of the Creator? Dare we insignificant peevish insects, called mortals, to criticise the Great Architect because he puts a rustic basement to support a Corinthian superstructure? Our journey through life is through a thick forest without a beaten path, through which we must

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pick our way, with pain and difficulty, and not give way to spleen and discontent!

But to recur once more to the singularity of your situation; during this journey, we must with patience, prudence, and a little good humour, endeavour to avoid the thorns and thistles we are destined to meet with, and not suffer our nice feelings and over-stretched delicacy to throw unnecessary stumbling-blocks in our way. It is the trick of tormenting ourselves with trifles that puts the rich and the poor on a sort of level; else we might tax Providence with having distributed good and evil with a partial hand; but industry is a remedy against distress to the poor, while the rich will find relief for their self-coined distresses in a little indulgence for the frailties, follies, and various imperfections of their neighbours. "Bear and forbear," says Epictetus. These words well considered would contain a powerful remedy against many of those evils we complain of. When I recommend to you a degree of hypocrisy, do not take my words too literally—for I hate that vice as much as you do, nor has a good heart and upright disposition any need of it; but a little compliance with the manners of a corrupt world will blunt the arrows of malice and envy. If the frivolous part of your sex find your hat too large, or will not let you walk alone, and no agreeable companion is

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at hand; the first is soon remedied, and for the other, get a dog like St. Filippo, or a pig like St. Anthony, or like Proserpine let a duck waddle by the side of you.

Society consists chiefly of triflers, to whom singularity gives offence. But let your hat exceed the cupola of St. Peter's in diameter; I should be happy this summer to live in the shade of it. In the mean time, with all your oddities, I shall ever remain,

Most sincerely, your friend,

MARTYN CONRAD METZ.

Rome, March 20th, 1820.

You will easily perceive that the writer was unacquainted with that which can alone change the heart. You must remember too, that as he is a German, he wrote in a foreign language; but on the whole, you will be pleased with the good sense and liveliness of the letter.

LETTER XXIII.

Rome, March 26th, 1820.

PALM SUNDAY: the ceremonies of the holy week commence at the Quirinal chapel, with the bless-

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ing of the palms. The ceremony was the same as the blessing of the candles; the Pope was carried in and out in procession.

Wednesday, March 29th. I went to St. Peter's to hear the Miserere, which was fine beyond my expectation. We sat opposite to the altar, before which thirteen candles burnt bright for a time; by degrees they were all extinguished but one, which was placed burning behind the altar, to represent the undying faith of the Virgin, whilst that of the twelve apostles entirely failed.

This evening we saw a curious ceremony at the Church of the Pilgrims; princesses and ladies of the first consequence, washing the feet of female pilgrims, and afterwards attending them at supper. For the first, warm water was brought in large tubs or buckets: the ladies, dressed in black, tucked up their gowns, and girded themselves with napkins; after which, they pulled off the stockings of the poor women: and having placed their feet in the tubs, washed and rubbed them carefully, and then wiped them with the towels.

When this was over, we were ushered into a grand sala, where long tables were laid out for supper. In a few minutes, a number of women entered, dressed as pilgrims, with staves in their hands, and bundles girt to their backs, and

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arranged themselves, standing round the table. It occurred to me that this ceremony is a commemoration of the Passover, which the Israelites ate hastily before their sudden departure from Egypt. The same ladies who had been employed in washing the feet, served the pilgrims at table, handing round macaroni, vegetables, and such other provisions as Lent permitted. Between the tables, at a convenient distance, a long form was filled with spectators, many of whom were descanting upon the meritorious deeds of the princesses. A little Italian girl, who sat next me, observed, that "those ladies would obtain many indulgences;" (in other words, they were earning a pardon for past offences.) The ladies of the Buonaparte family particularly distinguished themselves in their observance of these ceremonies. We were next conducted into a long gallery, from whence we saw several cardinals going through the same ceremony with male pilgrims. The gentlemen of our party had permission to enter the room where they were, but we were only allowed to behold them at a distance.

Thursday. I have now to relate to you the occurrences of a most fatiguing busy day. Immediately after breakfast we drove to St. Peter's, having first obtained tickets of admission; and went with the crowd to the door of the Sistine

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chapel, which did not open for half an hour; and then the squeezing and pushing became quite dreadful. At last, we all got in, and procured seats on high benches, erected on purpose for foreign ladies, the gentlemen standing below. The Pope and cardinals went through some ceremonies, which I could not, in the least, understand; and then passed on in procession, bearing the Host to the Pauline chapel, where there is some ceremony of burying it, which I did not see, the crowd being too great for us to approach. As soon as the procession began to move, the people, eager to obtain a good situation for seeing, pressed forwards until repelled by the Swiss guards, who shouldered them unmercifully.

Both to-day and yesterday, during the interval when the music ceased, there was a noise like the clashing of swords, to represent the Jews coming with swords, and staves to take our blessed Lord. After burying the Host, the Pope was carried up to a balcony, from whence he pronounced the blessing; which scene I also lost, having missed my party, and being pushed along by the crowd, I knew not whither, until I saw again the poor feeble Pope carried through the long galleries to the place where he washed the feet of thirteen pilgrims. The Pope prefaced this operation by reading a portion of Scripture

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in Latin, in a clear and audible voice. I believe that it was the narrative of our Lord washing the feet of his disciples, to set them an example of humility. A kneeling cardinal presented to the Pope a silver basin, in which he dipped the towel, and slightly rubbed one foot of each pilgrim. After having witnessed this for a few minutes, we all moved to the supper room, where the Pope was to attend the same pilgrims at table. We were fortunate in procuring good seats opposite, when the pilgrims came in and seated themselves on one side of the table. The Pope followed, and, as before, began by reading a portion of Scripture in Latin; he then advanced to the table, and served them with macaroni, soup, vegetables, sweetmeats, &c. and goblets of wine in abundance, all of which he first received from a cardinal on his knees. Every thing which is laid on the table becomes the property of the pilgrims, the silver goblets, spoons, knives, forks, plates, napkins, &c. and the residue of the provisions. We waited until the conclusion, and then hastened on to the Pauline chapel, which was splendidly illuminated. The lights were beautifully disposed round a full length picture of our Lord. After seeing this, we returned home; but, as the grandest sight was yet to come, the carriage waited, while we hastily ate our dinner; and then drove quickly back

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to St. Peter's, to see the illumination of the cross. It was, indeed, very beautiful; and yet, after having read Eustace's description, I was rather disappointed; since, though fifteen feet high, it looked diminutive, comparing it with the magnitude of the place from whence it was suspended. Being all formed of lamps, and no lights being seen around, it sheds a soft radiancy on every object; and tired as we were, we remained above an hour, walking about in the church, admiring the varied lights and shades. It was well for the poor Pope, this busy day, that he could command other people to carry him about, for his own strength would most certainly have failed; as it was, he looked nearly exhausted.

Notwithstanding Eustace's enthusiastic attachment to his own religion, the Roman court is so watchful, that his work is among the number of prohibited books, on account of the freedom of some of his strictures. He appears to have had no faith in the liquifying of St. Januarius's blood, nor in many other of the pretended miracles.

Good Friday. We did not go this day to see the adoration of the cross, which, I have been told, is a very impressive ceremony; the Pope and cardinals, dressed in flowing garments, kneeling a long time before it. We preferred attending our own Church service, which a clergyman performed in his rooms.

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At twelve o'clock this night I heard a rattling sound, of which the maid servant in attendance explained the cause. It is made in several of the churches, to represent the shock of nature when our Saviour yielded up the ghost.

Saturday Morning. Before twelve o'clock the resurrection service begins at the Quirinal chapel. Exactly at that hour a curtain is drawn back, which concealed a picture of our risen Lord. Then begins a universal peal from all the bells, accompanied by the beating of drums and firing of guns: and joy succeeds to mourning. O that it were not a mere semblance, an outward show and ceremony! That every heart could feel, and every tongue respond to the glad tidings, "The Lord is risen, He is risen indeed." During the week, until this moment, a universal stillness prevailed in the streets: not a bell was heard to ring in any of the churches. The drums, and all instruments of music, were silenced, and scarcely a loud word was heard from the mourners as they traversed the streets. The churches were all hung in black; and nobody, not even the English, appeared except in that sable garb.

Easter Sunday. Our own service was put off until after the ceremonies at St. Peter's. The show was, indeed, very splendid, but much more like a theatrical representation than an acceptable

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service in honour of that glorious Being who inhabiteth eternity, and who wills that his worshippers adore Him in spirit and in truth.

The scene was gay and animated. Every one looked pleased at being disencumbered from their sombre garments, which were now exchanged for all which fashion and finery could display. The church, and the whole piazza before it, were crowded with all classes of persons in gala dress. The Pope was carried, in magnificent state, through the church, shaded by waving peacocks' feathers, attended by his guardia nobile, in princely uniform, glittering with gold, their helmets adorned with plumes of feathers; the ambassadors and their wives, the Senator and his train, the Armenian bishop and priests, in very splendid robes, the cardinals, bishops, and all the Roman troops, in grand procession. In short, every one around "was clothed in fine linen, and purple and scarlet, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls!" The ceremonies concluded with the blessing which the Pope pronounced from the terrace, as before; and the people below received it on their knees, looking up, with eager eyes, for the indulgences which are scattered among them by some of the cardinals.

About two o'clock all was at an end; and we, and the rest of the English met at the clergy-

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man's apartments, to hear our own service. The contrast was very striking, from the scene of gaiety and bustle which we had just left, to the quiet assembly of two or three gathered together in the name of the Lord, where some hearts at least, we trust, were drawn to him in fervent prayer, meek humility, and love. In the evening the festivity was concluded by a grand illumination of St. Peter's, and fire-works at the castle of St. Angelo. It can hardly be conceived how human invention could devise an object so sublimely magnificent as that we now beheld. The dome, façade, pillars, architraves, colonnades, &c., illuminated in such a manner as to show the order of Corinthian architecture. The dome is covered with lamps placed in regular lines, between which are interspersed starry patterns. The effect on the mind is indescribable while contemplating this noble Temple of light, which sheds a soft radiance around, not dazzling but soothing to the eyes; and while they remain fixed on an object so perfectly beautiful, a deep toned bell tolls, and suddenly, as if struck by a magic wand, the whole fabric bursts into a blaze of indescribable splendour: 300 invisible hands are employed to effect the transition, which no sooner takes place, than the thronging multitude, as if borne by an irresistable impulse, move from the piazza and get into windows, bal-

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conies, or wherever they find convenient situations for seeing the girandolo, which first displays an imitation of a grand irruption of Mount Vesuvius, the effect is grand beyond what I can describe; a great volume of fire issuing from the top of the tomb of Adrian, now called the castle of St. Angelo. The fire-works were continued for some time, and were the finest I had ever seen; but on driving away I could not help asking myself, "how have I been spending the Sabbath day?"

The cardinals keep up an amazing style of magnificence in their equipages, &c. &c., not only their liveries, but their carriages are scarlet and gold. We saw a grand ceremony in which the Pope presented hats to two new cardinals. His drapery, the design of Michael Angelo, is wonderfully fine. The cardinals in their long scarlet robes, look like so many kings; all, all is scarlet and purple, and gold. No words could paint the scene in truer colours than you will find in the 17th chapter Revelations, verse 4: "And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold, and precious stones, and pearls." "And the woman was that great city." verse 18.

The poor old Pope looks as if his earthly splendour was nearly over; he is pale and worn out, more from infirmity than old age, there is

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scarcely a grey hair mixed with the black which shades his forehead.

Our *compatriots* are in general so repulsive in their manner to strangers, that they are not much liked. If you are placed next foreigners, they at once show an inclination to converse, and think it an indispensable piece of politeness to bow or curtsey, but the cold look of suspicion they frequently meet in return, has procured for us (the English) the character of being *savage*, which is the literal translation of the term applied to such forbidding manners.

Multitudes of persons come here who speak not a word of French or Italian. They run over the beautiful and venerable specimens of antiquity and art without either understanding or admiring what they see, and have been heard to exclaim with pleasure, "well, that's over, we have killed so many lions to-day, and in a fortnight or three weeks we shall get through all." We heard of one young man, (I shall not say to what country he belongs,) that on first seeing the Coliseum, remarked, that it would be a pretty thing when *finished!*

Saturday. There is a baptism of Jews at the church of St. John Lateran, at which every year one or two are induced to receive baptism, either for the sake of the thirty pounds, given on the occasion, or from some other motive: but very

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few, if any, are supposed to be real converts. I have even been told, that the same Jew has been baptized more than once, when no other could be persuaded to come, that the appearance may be kept up.

LETTER XXIV.

Rome, April 4th, 1820.

THE palace in which we have apartments is called Palazzo Nuovo di Sciara: the one adjoining is the old palace, also belonging to the same prince. We saw it to-day; it contains some fine paintings by Leonarda da Vinci. A picture of Vanity and Modesty fixed our attention. The sweetest, mildest expression, is depicted in the countenance of Modesty, whose attire is simple and neat, while Vanity is loaded with ornaments and finery: she turns away her head with a scornful and self-satisfied air from Modesty, who addresses her with a gentle persuasive look, as if saying, "that women should adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works."

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We next saw the paintings in the Doria palace. Poussin's landscapes cover the walls of the first sala; and the adjoining apartment also is filled with his works. But this palace is most famous for its landscapes by Claude Lorraine. In the gallery are two, considered the most beautiful which the pencil of that celebrated artist ever produced. One of these is the famous Mill.

In the same gallery is a Belisarius, by Salvator Rosa, which, when seen, cannot easily be forgotten; and many other exquisite paintings, of which the description would fill a volume instead of a letter. If you find my details tiresome, blame yourself, for having requested that I should not keep to the rule which I prescribed for myself, of referring you to the accounts of others about palaces, &c., but give my own impression of those which particularly attract my attention.

April 5th. We are just returned from a visit to the Vatican library, which, at first sight, greatly disappointed us; the books are all locked up in close cases, unless the sight of them is particularly requested; and then, only one book at a time is produced. We saw the Old Testament in letters of gold, and some very curious MSS. We then walked through the beautiful suite of apartments belonging to this branch of the Vatican. Some of our party having expressed

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a wish to see Mai, who recently discovered a lost work of Cicero, we were shown into the apartments where he sat, surrounded with old books and parchments. His manner was intelligent and obliging; he seemed to take pleasure in explaining to us, with the greatest accuracy, how the discovery was made, at the same time showing us the ancient manuscripts. We were told that the library contains 30,000 manuscripts, besides an immense quantity of books, in almost all written languages. Eleven Pontiffs have formed the collection, and two centuries have past in completing it. There are two very fine statues, one of Aristides, the other of S. Hippolytus, on the pedestal of which is written the ancient Pascal Calendar. There are also some very ancient Greek paintings; the famous Etruscan boy found in the Via Tarquinia whose captivating smile is so much admired; and many other curious and beautiful specimens of the productions of antiquity, adorn this noble part of the repository.

April 10th. We have had a delightful evening drive to Monte Mario; we walked to Villa Madama on the brow of the hill. It must have been once a noble residence, though now nearly a ruin. Some frescos by Raphael are mouldering on the walls, and a few neglected statues remain in their niches on the terrace, where we stood

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contemplating a magnificent view of Rome, and its desolate Campagna, watered by the slowly rolling Tiber. In descending, the children picked up some curious specimens of petrified seashells every where to be found on this mount. When we returned home the children still longing to enjoy the outward air, prevailed on me to accompany them to the top of the Temple of Peace. The ascent is easy through a garden; but, having arrived at the top, and being warned of some dangerous apertures in the time-worn arches concealed by a thick carpet of wild weeds, I felt apprehensive that some of my little heedless companions should fall through; but they went safely on, occasionally calling upon me to admire our garden flowers growing in wild luxuriance. The prospect from this spot is very interesting; here Gabrielli sketched his beautiful picture of the Coliseum in the very best point of view from which this ruin can be taken.

In one of my letters I think I told you that the Temple of Peace was destroyed by an earthquake; that, however, was an error; its more correct history records it to have been burnt by Commodus, and that its destruction was attended by some mysterious circumstances which were attributed to divine vengeance, on account of its having been made the repository of the sacred spoils taken from the temple of Jerusalem. This beau-

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tiful edifice was erected by Vespasian, as a pledge of the peace with which the Jewish war was concluded. The prediction of war and disasters seem to have been fulfilled in the subsequent events. Centuries of tumults and rebellions succeeded the fall of the Temple of Peace.

I have merely mentioned some of the arches which adorn Rome, but have forborne any particular description, from the conviction that I should not do them justice. The base of the arch of Trajan was excavated by the French, and is now seen to great advantage, though stript of its decorations, by order of the senate, to ornament the arch of Constantine, as if Trajan's conquests in Dacia could represent Constantine's exploits in Britain. How strong a proof was this dereliction of taste, that the arts were then on the decline.

The triumphal arch of Septimius Severus also evinces the declining state of the arts; the sculpture in basso relievo, representing the triumphs of the Emperor over the Parthians is rudely executed.

The arch of Titus is, I am sorry to say, now taken to pieces, to be re-built: from its tottering state, this was considered the only means which could be taken for its preservation, but it must, I should apprehend, lose much of its just proportions, and the barbarous manner in which

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they are making these repairs, must destroy its beautiful symetry. I think I have already told you that it crosses the Via Sacra, so called, it is said, from the oaths and vows between the Romans and Sabines, to keep the treaty. It was the road on which these two nations walked in solemn procession to the Capitol with Tatius, the Sabine king, when he held his regal seat.

April 16th. The Church dedicated to the proto-martyr, St. Stephen, is adorned with frescos representing martyrdoms, at the different periods of the Christian persecution. Some of them are almost too horrible to look upon; yet still in contemplating them, the Christian inwardly rejoices in the certainty that those sufferings were comparatively but for a moment; that enduring to the end, and undauntedly sealing their testimony with their blood, they passed into that glorious rest which remaineth for all the people of God. Their afflictions were indeed light and transient, affecting only that mortal part which must soon put on immortality. O blessed Redeemer of fallen man, how then can we in these latter times basely deny Thee! we, whose privilege it is, in security and peace to sound thy praise.

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LETTER XXV.

Rome, April 20th, 1820.

We have had a very pleasant excursion to Tivoli. Our own family party with the addition of Mrs. S. who is always an acquisition; on this occasion she has been particularly so, being previously well acquainted with all which we were to see, and very willing to communicate information. We waited at the tomb of Plautius till Anny had taken a sketch of it, and then pursued our way to Tivoli; once the favourite resort of the rich and powerful, where luxury, splendour, and magnificence, added every imaginable improvement to natural beauty. The latter still remains to render it one of the most enchanting spots which imagination can paint, while the former has passed away! The town in itself seems the abode of wretchedness and poverty, as it is of crime; from the earliest times this place has been renowned for the wickedness of its inhabitants. There are two inns, wretched in appearance; we preferred the one nearest to the Temples of Vesta and the Sybil. The former, like all the other Temples of Vesta, is circular. It is constructed of Parian marble

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surrounded with very beautiful Corinthian pillars; the sculpture of the capitals is of unrivalled workmanship, lilies and olive leaves in perfect preservation. Part of the ancient inscription is still visible on the outside. Just opposite is the beautiful waterfall, and grotto of Neptune. The water gushes through the rocks forming a number of cascades, which meet in a kind of basin, and from thence rush with tremendous impetuosity down the precipice, into a grand reservoir below, the spray rising like a silvery cloud arched over by a rainbow, which the sun's glittering beams rendered too dazzling for the eyes to rest on.

In the evening, mounted on donkeys, we took what is called the tour of the hills, four miles in circumference. But here all my powers of description must fail to convey any idea of the varied, and lovely prospects. Though this part of the creation bears in a peculiar manner a divine impress, yet it is in exterior things only; for it is inhabited by a degenerate race of beings, the air is pestilential, and its waters, from their petrifying quality, are unwholesome. They encrust all which they touch; weeds, fruits, an ass's head, a cart wheel, were among the curious specimens which we saw. We passed over a bridge, where on either side the ivy which covered its arches was partly petrified, the green leaves

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mingled with those which had undergone the change. The water is of a milky colour from a mixture of some sulphureous particles. On our way home we passed the villa of Mæcenas; nothing can be imagined more picturesque than its situation on the brow of a rock, from whence several cascades impetuously dash themselves into a foaming river beneath. From the top of the building you command an extensive view of the country, bounded by a chain of Appenines.

We returned to the inn very much delighted with our evening's excursion, and with a good appetite for the supper which had been prepared. Notwithstanding the wretched appearance of the inn, we found the accommodation excellent, and slept profoundly on very comfortable beds, until the morning sunbeams roused us to visit the interesting objects around us. We assembled to breakfast in the Temple of Vesta, surrounded by young artists, with their pencils and sketch-books, taking views of the enchanting scenery before us. There were our two little ones, Anny and Richard, and two English children, whose parents, like ourselves, sat contemplating the occupation of their darlings, with a pleasure which only those who have experienced can understand; observing, that some Italian artists, at the same employment, would every now and then come forward to examine their progress with a smile

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of approbation. Parents' hearts will be vain, and listen with satisfaction to encomiums lavished on their children, though they may not *always* be sincere.

After breakfast we drove to the magnificent remains of Adrian's villa, extending over three miles of ground in length, and one in breadth, including temples, theatres, baths, and porticos. Mrs. S——e seemed well acquainted with the whole, pointed out to us the Lyceum, the Academia of Plato, the Greek theatre, the seats, &c. But so little of any of them now remains, that a great deal is left for conjecture. One thing, however, is certain, that these ruins now crumbling into decay, were once the seat of luxury and splendour, to which the spoils of half the world contributed, but all is past away! the busy crowd which revelled within its walls, and all those vanities which occupied the immortal spirits during their transient days of probation.

On our return home, we received intelligence of the serious illness of Mr. W. Owen, and were summoned to watch by his sick bed. He was lying dangerously ill in a strange land, with none near him but foreign attendants; for his friends had been forced to leave him on account of the severe indisposition of one of their party. About three months ago he had burst a blood

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vessel, and when every one around seemed unable to give directions, evinced the most calm self-possession, thence showing that life and death were alike to him. The evident marks which he had uniformly and consistently given, that he was a real Christian, made me think it a privilege to be now permitted to administer relief or alleviation to his sufferings. He seemed very ill and weak, and apparently near his dissolution. He was cheered in this lonely situation on seeing a friend, and with an overflowing heart praised the God of consolation, who did not permit him to be wholly deserted. He seems pefectly aware of his danger, and never breathes the slightest wish that his life should be prolonged, so entire is his resignation to the will of God. On his countenance beams the same meek expression, "Not my will but thine be done, O Lord." Indeed, I think his will is rather to depart, and be with Christ. He will not speak nor be spoken to but on spiritual things as if he had done with this world and all its concerns.

I do not now mark daily occurrences, they are so uniform. In the morning I walk out with the children to the Trinitá di Monte, or to the Coliseum; the greater part of the remainder of the day is spent with Mr. Owen, who likes to see any of us who can come to him. He is also favoured daily with the visits of an excellent

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clergyman, Mr. Musgrave, and some other pious persons, amongst whom are Mrs. B——, and the German minister, Dr. Schmeider, who is a Lutheran.

Sunday, May 7th. We partook of the Holy Communion with Mr. Owen, and found it indeed an ordinance of mercy and peace. Before receiving the Sacrament this day, he quoted the second verse of the 131st Psalm, "Surely I have behaved and quieted myself, as a child that is weaned of its mother; my soul is even as a weaned child." "I wish," he added, "to wean my affections from every earthly object, and to fix them exclusively above." A deep interest is attached to every word which he utters, as proceeding from the lips of one just hovering on the brink of eternity. He sometimes desires to see the children, to whom he speaks when able, in such a manner, that I am sure the impression will not be soon effaced from their minds. Dear Anny, in particular, listens to him with rivetted attention. He often tells me that I remind him of his mother, in my care and attentions towards him, in which he gratifies me exceedingly. I wish so much to supply to him, her place, and trust that I may in future keep in view his example of resignation and peace.

This evening I was sent for in haste; the Prince and Princess of Denmark having signi-

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fied their intention of coming to our house, as our windows looked into the Corso, that they might from thence witness the funeral procession of a Cardinal, which was to pass that way. They did not, however, arrive until sometime after it had passed. They were accompanied by Baron Schubart, two other noblemen, and two ladies; they all remained conversing pleasantly about an hour and half. The princess is very affable and pleasing in her manner. She addressed each of us in French. When she spoke to me, Anny, knowing my inability to answer fluently, replied for me with a timid blush, making my excuse. The princess looked much pleased and continued to converse with her for a considerable time. On taking leave, she invited us to attend her weekly soirées; but this we could not do without mixing more in the world than suits our inclinations.

We spent the next day most delightfully, in wandering through the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars. The dinner-table was spread under a high arch, which excluded the sun-beams, but admitted a most beautiful prospect; fine music all the time resounding from caverns below. Never was there a day of greater enjoyment: the children appeared beside themselves as they bounded through the time-worn breaches. Miss C. was one of the company. Her passion for painting

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fixes her at Rome. She sat opposite to Anny, whose sweet expressive countenance she studied with an artist's eye, observing to a person who sat next her, that if Leonardi da Vinci had seen the face of that child, he would have taken the likeness for that of an angel. Every one seems struck with the appearance of our dear Anny, who improves daily in every grace and beauty.

At Lucca baths, where they passed the first summer after their arrival in Italy, the children enjoyed unrestrained liberty. Anny, in particular, bounded over the wild and lovely scenery, like the young mountain kid, with unwearying pleasure, and gathered the flowers which, with eager delight, she would display to her mamma, when called in to take her lesson from a priest, who was employed to instruct the little ones in the Italian language.

The appearance of our dear child on these occasions, her joyous countenance brightened by rosy health, so much excited the admiration of this respectable old man, that he made it the subject of the following lines, translated by a friend. Addressed by the Rev. Martino Martini to A. S., Bagni di Lucca, March 26th, 1817.

" Signorina, perchè con tanto impegno
Incirca, andate di fioretti aprici?
Perchè son vostri amici,
Il colle, il monte, e la foresta opaca?

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Voi arrossite tacendo?
Intendo, intendo.
Di cittá popolosa odiato il fasto,
L'invidia nequitosa, e l'ozio molle.
Al monte, al bosco, al colle
Viva innocenza, candida e vermiglia,
Che a, mirarla ben, ben, vi rassomiglia."

Translation.

" Little damsel, tell I pray,
Why eager o'er these wilds you stray,
Collecting every opening flower,
On sunny bank, in leafy bower?
Thy chosen friends, these hills, these woods,
These mountain rocks, these falling floods!
A timid blush o'erspreads your cheek:
Silent you stand, then let me speak.
I know, I know you hate the strife,
The pomps, the cares, the idle life:
And from the city's crowded scenes,
You turn to these romantic glens.
For in their deep sequestered dell,
Fair innocence and candour dwell.
The more I gaze, the more I see,
Here all around resemble thee."

LETTER XXVI.

Rome, May 15th, 1820.

Mrs. O. and her family returned from Frescati, to make arrangements for their final departure. Mrs. O.'s lovely daughter A., who is just seven-

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teen, looks like a shadow which is departing. Since we saw her last, consumption has made deep inroads. Her mother has performed the painful but necessary duty of making her acquainted with her real situation; and, through grace, she has learned to turn her thoughts from the gay expectations of youth, to the cold and cheerless grave, not only with resignation, but with the joyful assurance, that though in Adam all *must* die, in Christ, all *who believe* shall be made alive. In consequence of the precarious state of Mr. William Owen's health, for his life now seems to vibrate between time and eternity, we were convinced that it would be better to save him, as much as possible, the pain of bidding adieu to his friends, and we therefore kept him ignorant of the day fixed for their departure.

May 16th. Not seeing them come as usual this morning, Mr. Owen guessed that they were gone; and when in answer to his interrogatory, he was assured of it, with a look of calm acquiescence, he lifted up his hands and eyes, imploring blessings upon them; he then sunk into silence, but the expression of his countenance evinced how deeply his thoughts were engaged. After some time, he said, "it was only the grace of God that could enable him to bear what he heard." Again he seemed absorbed in meditation, which

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I did not attempt to interrupt; till he broke the silence himself by saying, that he wished to have as few wants or desires as possible, that his thoughts might with more constancy and freedom rest on God. He then asked me to read to him the first and second chapters of the Epistle to the Ephesians. At the words, "and what is the exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of his mighty power, which he wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead," he remarked, that the change brought about in those who believe, by the mighty power of God, is here compared to the miracle of raising the dead. At the words, "and you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins," he said, "*I* was, indeed, dead in trespasses and sins, until quickened by the Spirit of God."

In the evening he was in the same quiet state; a heavenly peace was spread over his tranquil countenance. When I asked how he felt, he answered, "I feel, when every earthly comforter is gone, that there is One above which never faileth." He talked a great deal of his mother; called her his blessed mother, and said, that he should like a journal to be kept for her of his own observations on the daily portions of Scripture read to him. On the fifth and sixth verses of the eighty-fourth Psalm, he observed, "To a

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believer, every trial is salutary: by faith he is enabled to realize the presence of Christ under every dispensation; to follow, as he leads beside the still waters of comfort."

Psalm lxxxv. 8. "I will hearken what the Lord God will say concerning me, for He shall speak peace unto His people, and to his saints that they turn not again." "That," he said, "marks the Christian watching with humble resignation to the will of God, who, at length condescends to speak peace to his waiting servant, and to bestow upon him grace and strength, to turn no more out of the narrow way which leadeth unto life. The word *hearken* seems to imply attention to the intimations of God's will. 'Speak, Lord for thy servant heareth.' With the obedience and docility of a child, he listens to the voice of his heavenly Father, by whom his soul is kept in peace. How different from the conduct of those who are emphatically called 'careless ones' in the first chapter of Proverbs. 'The Lord will laugh at the calamity of the one, and mock when their fear cometh as desolation; but those who hearken unto him shall dwell *safely*, and shall be quiet from fear of evil.'"

I could fill many letters with Mr. Owen's reflections, but these will show you the uniform direction of his thoughts; his voice and hearing being nearly gone, it is with difficulty sometimes,

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that his meaning can be understood, which I exceedingly regret, as the repetition of what he says appears so much to exhaust him, that I often forbear to ask him questions, though I know that it is an opportunity which I must soon lose. In a few weeks we must fly the pestilential air of Rome, as most of our English acquaintance have already done; and, as Dr. Clarke, the physician, who has attended Mr. Owen here from the commencement of his indisposition, must shortly do, on account of the calls which his other patients have upon him. This painful intelligence he intends this day to communicate; but I am well assured that Mr. Owen will bear this trial also passively, so entirely does he repose himself, like a child, on his heavenly Father. He said to me one day, "Let us have no wishes, but commit ourselves entirely to the disposal of Him who so well knoweth how to order all things right."

Saturday, May 20th. Dr. Clarke, after much consultation with an Italian physician, determined that Mr. Owen shall be sent by water to Leghorn, as being the least hazardous mode of travelling. This news he received with his usual calmness: if ever there were a meek and quiet spirit inhabiting this turbulent world, it is his. We are about to lose the benefit of an example, such as it is seldom our privilege to witness; O

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may it not be altogether lost, but while we continue sojourners in this vale of temptation and tears, may it still serve to guide us on our way.

Whitsunday, May 21st. Mr. Owen had several times during this week spoken of the importance and solemnity of this approaching festival, hoping that, though debarred the privilege of attending public worship, or of having a clergyman to administer the bread of life, we should enjoy spiritual communion in commemoration of the fulfilment of Christ's promise, in sending the Comforter. He reminded me of the last Whitsunday, when we, with the O——t family, received the sacrament at Genoa. He talked a great deal to Sir W., to my sister, and to the children, and exerted himself, I fear, beyond his strength, to improve the time. He requested my sister to read to him the 6th chapter of St. John, and then expressed a wish to hear the whole service for the day; he remarked how appropriate the 104th Psalm was, showing the superintendance of God's providence over our temporal wants, as emblematical of our spiritual wants being supplied by the influence and operation of the Holy Spirit. When I read to him the 20th verse of the 3d chapter of Philippians, "For our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the

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Lord Jesus Christ;" he said, "Let it be so with us; let our conversation be constantly in heaven, for the short time that we shall be together." And so it has always been I can truly say, for no other kind of discourse would he now hear. It had been the constant subject of his prayers, to be directed by the will of God, and perfectly resigned. This evening, after some time passed in meditation, he said, "I have been thinking that if a judicious friend were to point out to me an eligible mode of proceeding, I would implicitly abide by his opinion, though not altogether conformable to my wishes; and if to my friend I pay such deference, shall I not yield a much more willing obedience to my heavenly guide?" This he said in reference to his leaving Rome, where he would much rather have remained. We all dreaded the hour of separation: we feared that not having left his bed for some weeks, he would not have strength to bear the removal.

Monday and Tuesday I was employed in writing letters for Mr. Owen, to apprise his different friends of the plan of removing him to Leghorn.

This evening he is to sail in a felucca for Leghorn. Being the last day, in all human probability, when we shall ever see him, he appeared very desirous to make the best use of every moment. The children came to pay their last

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visit, and remained longer than usual. He spoke to each separately; Amy could hardly be persuaded to leave his bed-side, where she stood listening with the deepest interest to all which he said, while tears streamed from her eyes.

Tuesday Evening. The trying hour is over; and we are now returned from seeing Mr. Owen borne like a helpless child on board the felucca: we supported him almost fainting in the carriage which conveyed him to the river side. Our progress was very slow; consequently when we arrived, day-light had given place to the shades of evening. Sir W., my sister, and the children, had been waiting a considerable time, and had every thing arranged as comfortably as possible on board. He looked sick unto death, as the sailors laid him on the little bed which had been prepared in the felucca. We were now obliged to leave him, when I said, "Farewell Mr. Owen, may God of his infinite mercy conduct you to the haven where you would be." He opened his languid eyes, and looked up, with an expression of prayer which he had not strength to utter. We returned home very sad at heart at leaving this excellent young man in a state which appeared so precarious; we feared that his removal might hasten his death; but Dr. Clarke by assuring us to the contrary, in some measure calmed our apprehensions.

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His child-like disposition and eminent spiritual-mindedness, have endeared him in a peculiar manner to us all. In all human probability he will not recover from this indisposition: and we could have wished to remain with him until he peacefully sleeps in Jesus, that we might have had the consolation of soothing his last moments; but the Lord will order all things well.

May 28th. We have had accounts of Mr. Owen. Mr. Hall, the clergyman to whose care he had been recommended writes thus:—

"Mr. Owen arrived on the 25th, at 5 o'clock in the morning. He is placed in comfortable lodgings, where he will be well attended to by the mistress of the house, who is a pious widow, an English woman, and who promises to spend as much of her time with him as possible, daily reading the Scriptures from which he derives his only consolation. The calm sun-shine of a heart at ease shows itself in every look, and every word which he utters breathes love and good-will to mankind. What a blessing would it be to many should it please God to restore him to his former health. He appears not to spend a single thought on that which regards the body or any temporal affairs; but at the same time, no living soul is more interested in the welfare and happiness of his friends, and none more desirous

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of instructing the ignorant, relieving the indigent, and comforting and consoling the afflicted."

Of this last-mentioned disposition he gave me a proof the day before we separated. Taking from his pocket-book a list of the names of poor people whom he had been in the habit of visiting, when his health would permit, to administer to their wants spiritual and temporal, that I might do the same, he gave me some louis d'ors and Italian, and French tracts, directing me how I was to distribute the money in weekly allowances.

LETTER XXVII.

Rome, June 2d, 1820.

My Dear Friend,

We have not yet determined where to pass the summer. I am rather inclined to think that it will be at Orvieto, a place strongly recommended as possessing many advantages. The situation is beautiful, the air good, provisions and lodging excellent, and very reasonable, the English not yet having found their way thither.

The weather here is at present so sultry that we can seldom stir out of doors; even in the early morning or in the evening we have no cool

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air. The utmost extent of our walk is to the Quirinale, where the children have great pleasure in going to see the Pope get into his carriage to take his afternoon drive. I must tell you an anecdote of our darling Anny which happened a few days ago on one of these occasions. We were standing amongst the crowd watching for the signal by which we were to know that the Pope was advancing. It was given, and a poor woman, anxious to present a petition which she held in her hand, endeavoured to make her way to him, but was rudely repulsed by the Swiss guards. In a moment Anny sprang forward, and shielded the poor creature in her arms, while she drew her on through the midst of the guards close to the Pope, to whom the woman presented her petition on her knees. The guards, seeing the benevolent and graceful action of the child, made way for her with a smile of approbation.

June 16th. Orvieto, is at length decided on as the place of our summer residence. Apartments are engaged in a palace, formerly belonging to the Pretender, and lately fitted up for the queen of Etruria. The name of its present possessor is Cavaliere Manicucci, to whom we have been introduced. Mr. and Mrs. Beatty have also determined on being our companions, having heard that they can have apartments in the same spacious mansion.

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June 21st. We left Rome this morning at four o'clock, on our way to Orvieto. For about twelve miles we journeyed through a pretty diversified country, but the remainder, until we reached Monte Rossi, was flat, desolate and uninteresting. Here we stopped to breakfast, twenty-six miles from Rome, at a wretched inn, to which the entrance is a stable. We remained here during the hottest part of the day, and then pursued our way to Viterbo, where we are to sleep. We had a pleasant evening drive, winding round the wooded lake of Ronciglione, which continued long in view. At Viterbo the accommodation is excellent.

June 22nd. Again on the road. At Monte Fiascone we stopped to visit the tomb of the bishop, whose memory is connected with the pre-eminent excellence of the wines of the place. On the tomb are drawn three wine-glasses, and the word *Est* thrice repeated, that significant word, which was his precursory signal on the casks, at whatever inn he found the wine good. A warning voice seems still to proceed from that cold monument. Whatever be our besetting sin, we can indulge in it but for a moment: and for that moment shall we barter eternal happiness! O, let us watch and pray.

Some of our party had a curiosity to taste the wine, which, from the above-mentioned circum-

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stance, is called *Est.* Cavaliere Manicucci undertook to procure it, first inviting us to take a walk through the town, to a place from whence we could command an extensive view, which we found enchanting, the lovely lake of Bolseno being just beneath. Leaving the town, we descended a high hill, at the bottom of which we were accosted by a gentleman, who, in the most polite and pressing manner, invited us into his house, which stood close by the road-side, where he hoped that we would take some refreshment, and drink of the famous wine which we had failed to procure for money. On our declining to go into the house, in a moment he produced a flask of the wine, which he insisted on putting into the carriage; and we all partook of the beverage, pronouncing it to be super-excellent.

As we approached Orvieto, we became every moment more delighted with the surrounding country. Within a mile or more of the town, the road became so rugged, narrow, and steep, that we were obliged to leave the carriages, and proceed on foot the remainder of the way. No scene can be imagined more beautifully picturesque than the situation of Orvieto, which crowns a huge rock of Tufa, standing in the centre of a basin, completely encircled hy high hills. We found the ascent to the gate of entrance very laborious, but at length we are ar-

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rived, and fatigue shall not prevent my giving you a description of the apartments of which we have just taken possession. First, we have a large sala, or eating-room, the walls beautifully painted, next to it, an ante-room to the drawing-room, hung with yellow flowered damask, the furniture the same; then the drawing-room, walls of scagliola, in compartments, imitating giallo antico; ceilings of bed-rooms, &c. painted very beautifully; satin covering on the beds; seven apartments, besides those for servants; linen and plate: all found for thirty crowns per month. Had this been an English place of resort, we should hardly have procured such apartments for four times that sum. We possess many advantages which we have not had at any other place where we have been in Italy; one is, a spacious walled in garden, belonging exclusively to the palace.

Orvieto, June 28th. Our facetious landlord, Manicucci, seems to have no inclination to leave us: he regularly takes his seat at the table, though uninvited; he is, however, of so much use to us, in various ways, that we make no objection. He has introduced to us a Canonico of the church, from whom Richard receives lessons in Latin; and who also, at Sir W's. request, daily takes a seat at our dinner-table. We find his society an acquisition, as he is a man of much

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information, talent, and gentleman-like manners. Every day he and Manicucci accompany us to see what is worthy of observation in this town, the records of which they brought to Sir W. In them it is related, that a travelling German priest having reached the small village of Bolseno, on the borders of the lake, while celebrating mass, was disturbed with a doubt as to the truth of transubstantiation; when, in a moment, the bread and wine in his hands underwent the miraculous change, and became flesh and blood which he took to Orvieto, followed by the whole congregation in triumphant procession, and deposited in the duomo or cathedral, in a very beautiful silver ciborio, made on purpose, in the form of a temple. This ciborio, as a very great favour, Sir W. and my sister were permitted to see, probably the first who were considered heretics, on whom such a favour was conferred. From this supposed miracle originated the ceremony of Corpus Christi, and the fine painting on the same subject in the Raphael gallery. Did I mention to you before, that even in all the small towns of Italy, records are kept of their history from their foundation, which any one may see? The town is three miles in circumference; its walls are hewn out of the perpendicular rock, varying from one to two hundred feet in height; apparently inacces-

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sible, and, till the invention of cannon, impregnable. It had once been the last town in Tuscany: it has long since been added to the papal dominions; and, inclosed in its natural and impenetrable barrier, it became the favourite retreat of the popes, by whom its cathedral was embellished, and rendered one of the most beautiful of the Gothic churches of Italy. The façade is adorned with mosaics, the ground-work gilt; the lower part is ornamented with bassi relievi of white marble: on one side of the door is the creation of the world; on the other, the birth, life, and sufferings of our Redeemer. The door-case is very magnificent; above it is a very beautiful circular window, surrounded by twenty-four marble statues. The building of this church commenced in the year 1290. The fresco paintings in the inside have been nearly destroyed by time. Over the high altar, Sir W. observed a little door, which Manicucci, who was asked for an explanation, said, was the door by which the Santo Spirito entered on Whit Sunday; we requested a clearer explanation, and heard that a dove, surrounded by fire-works, to represent the Holy Spirit, was made to enter at that door, and so contrived, that it takes a circle round the church, lighting as it passed on the heads of each of the white marble statues of the apostles, and resting on the high altar, where it kindles, or

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seems to kindle, a flame; the fire-works making a noise as it flies, to imitate the "rushing mighty wind," mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles.

This town was once very flourishing, but its prosperity is passed away, and its population does not now exceed six thousand, among whom are thirty noble families, generally, I believe in reduced circumstances. There are no carriages in use, on account of the steepness and ruggedness of the roads, except one, belonging to the Bishop of Orvieto, who never drives in it beyond the streets. The principal entrance is a massive arch of considerable depth, secured by three gates, one within another. The outer gate is exceedingly strong, being plaited with iron, and studded with huge iron nails. The citadel, now a ruin, is surrounded by a deep moat, wherein the fig-tree flourishes in wild luxuriance. Near it is the famous well of St. Patrizio, made by Antonio Songello by order of Pope Clement 7th, when fearing a siege he took refuge in this well fortified town in the year 1527. The well attracts the observation of all strangers, being considered a great curiosity from its extraordinary depth, and double spiral staircases, so contrived, that at the same time beasts ascended with the water, and descended for it without coming in contact. The water

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is much more pure than that which is in general use.

About quarter of a mile from the town, there is a very beautiful tower, forming part of a ruined convent. The architecture is different from any thing which we have seen, having twelve equal sides.

In the evening we often perceive fires on the surrounding hills, and are told by our Canonico that they are kindled by the peasants to prevent any bad effects from the open air, exposed to which, they sleep the greater part of the summer, and never take cold from this practice; those who suffer from sleeping in the outward air, are the poor in the low grounds, who lie down after having laboured all day in the heat of the sun. There are but few patients in the hospital, and we hear of no mortality amongst them. The general fee to a physician from those who choose to give one, seldom exceeds three pauls, (equivalent to fifteen pence of our money) more frequently he receives a present of grapes, oil, fowl, ham, chocolate, &c. &c. Though this is the Italian mode of bestowing fees, the physicians are never satisfied with it from the English, who seldom offer less than a scudo for each visit.

We have a delightful walk on the Ripa; it extends round the walls, and looks down upon the lovely and rich valley, covered with fields of

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waving corn, vineyards, and groves of fig, oak, and chesnut trees. In short, every external circumstance seems to combine to render this an enchanting summer residence. The children enjoy uncontrouled liberty in the garden; Anny has part of it railed in, in which she keeps a hen and chickens, a pair of doves, a pair of pigeons, and two tame hares. There is one ridiculous circumstance attending our being the first English residents; wherever we appear, we are followed by men, women, and children, as if a show of wild animals appeared among them; sometimes we find it rather troublesome, but it is to be hoped that the novelty will soon wear off. If they could satisfy their curiosity in the street, it would be well; but no sooner are we seated en famille, round the tea-table in the evening, that being the Italian time for visiting, than marquisses and marchionesses, counts and countesses pour in with their train of signorini, who are allowed to accompany their parents on this occasion as a peculiar favour, being contrary to the general rule, which does not permit young girls of rank to appear in society until they are married, or at least betrothed. Our visitors form themselves in a circle, silently looking on, while sipping, as if it were nauseous medicine which they were condemned to swallow, the cup of tea, which yet politeness would not

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suffer them to refuse. Tea is never drank here but as a drug, and is sold only at the apothecary's.

I believe that the whole thirty noble families have been to visit us, even the bishop himself has done us that honour; we have now to return these visits which will be the business of several evenings, Manicucci being our conductor.

The Pallone is a favourite game here; we went to a large piazza, or square, to see some young men exercise themselves in this way. The players, divided into two parties, and stood opposite to each other, a line of partition being drawn through the middle. The right arm was guarded by a large thick bracelet, set with points. With this they struck the ball which, though large, is light, and used every exertion to prevent its falling to the ground. The attitudes and movements of the young men were exceedingly graceful; gentlemen and peasants played promiscuously; some of the latter appeared far the most dexterous at the game, and received great applause from the numerous spectators who, we were told, betted high upon it.

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LETTER XXVIII.

Orvieto, June 30th 1820.

We have paid some of our visits and found the necessity of having a guide; after ascending long flights of stairs, and passing through many apartments with no other light than what proceeded from the lantern which we brought with us, we arrived at the room where the ladies of the house were assembled: but how were we surprised to find that the ladies who came to us dressed as if to adorn the theatre or ball-room, were at home in appearance no better than cooks or kitchen maids! One old countess, whose dress when she came to visit us had been more than commonly fine, I could not help more particularly remarking here; she had on a dirty looking brown gown made of cloth or stuff, with a common red cotton handkerchief pinned in the most slovenly manner across her bosom; no head-dress but her own grey hair about three inches in length, sticking up straight like a mop which had been but little used.

Amongst those who have favoured us with their visits, two families seem to be very superior to the others, the Marquis Gualtieri, and

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Count Piccolomini; when we went to return their visits, we were entertained with exquisite music. Marquis Gualtieri is in appearance as well as in birth quite a man of rank; his lady is said to be amiable and pious. To every title given to ladies, the Christian name is added; they have found out ours and have since called us by our baptismal name with the addition of Signora. We were surprised yesterday evening, at seeing a number of persons assemble in front of our house, making grand preparations for fire-works; on enquiring the cause, we were told that this was the Signora Inglese's name's day, and in honour of her they came to celebrate the festival. We were one day informed by Manicucci that his daughter was to be married in a few days. My sister congratulated him, hoping that the young lady would be happy in her choice. "There can be no doubt of it," answered Manicucci; "she knows nothing of it yet, but her mother and I have made up our mind, which is quite sufficient for her!" In this manner are marriages contracted in Italy; it is no wonder that husbands and wives wander from such homes, in search of happiness. At Naples we were told that until after marriage, young women are hardly ever seen; but from the time when they become matrons their liberty is unrestrained.

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July 2nd. We have been present at the ceremony of a nun taking the black veil; but did not see her, or understand a word of what was going on, though we were pleased with the sounds of the nuns' voices proceeding from the place where she now professed to be dead to the world, and lay covered with that funeral cloth, which, as we were told, is to be her covering when laid on her last bed.

The epistle for this day is taken from the fifth Galatians, "The world is crucified to me, and I unto the world," which is applicable to this ceremony, if it be performed in sincerity; but many a poor nun it is to be feared is immured within the walls of a convent, who with her lips makes an hypocritical profession of renouncing the world, whilst her heart is still chained to its vanities. Equally within or without the enclosure of the cloister, it can only be by the communicated grace of God that we can be kept from sin; and that grace will be as readily granted in the one place as in the other, to those who ask in faith nothing doubting; since He who is the giver is omnipotent and omnipresent. The bishop officiated in gold brocaded robes; an unfortunate young priest kneeling before him, supported a large heavy book; the sermon was addressed to the *miscredenti*; we suppose for our sakes. After the ceremony, the usual signal of

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firing of guns was given; and we went to the convent door to see the newly professed nun. She advanced towards us dressed in black with a silver crown on her head, attended by two little girls with chaplets of flowers, and with expanded wings made of pasteboard fixed to their shoulders, to represent those ministering spirits who watch around the children of God.

We begin to discover, that there is some idea among these people that we may be converted; for which purpose we have had visits from a number of priests as well as from the bishop. The subject of religion is very frequently introduced, particularly by the Canonico, who seems well furnished in controversial arguments, which he sometimes addresses to our dear little Anny, thinking that her youthful mind might be more easily influenced. But the manner in which she answers him surprises us all: she says that she now feels the use of having listened with attention, to the arguments which a Protestant clergyman addressed to a German lady at Rome, whose wavering faith had induced her to apply to him for instruction. One day at dinner, the Canonico ironically asked who was the head of our Church? Anny in a moment answered, "Jesus Christ is the head of our Church."

Anny has so much intelligence, sweetness, and animation, joined to a great share of beauty,

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that she attracts perhaps too much admiration, of which hitherto however, she appears perfectly unconscious.

The Canonico, though a bigot, is an agreeable well-meaning man, a great acquisition to our little circle when we can prevent his touching on the subject of controversy, but that is not easy; being himself convinced there is no salvation out of the pale of his own Church, he is the more anxious to persuade us.

You will find a delay in receiving our letters occasioned by a ridiculous circumstance: Sir Walter took them himself as he generally does to the post-office; where they refused to receive them until they could procure information from Rome how much money was to be paid, being the first English despatches which they were ever called upon to forward.

The weather is now intensely hot; we can never breathe the outward air, except very early in the morning or in the evening, when the children mounted on donkeys take excursions into the neighbouring woods. They all say that this is the pleasantest summer residence which they have yet had, and Sir Walter talks of returning hither. The inhabitants, glad to have us among them, show us every kindness in their power; and nothing ever happens to interrupt our tranquillity.

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One of our most constant visitors is the Commandante; he pretends to be among the number of the literati, and sometimes makes a ludicrous display of his erudition. Our Canonico who takes pleasure in drawing him out, asks him very puzzling questions, such as, "who wrote Tasso?" "Who translated it into Italian, &c." these questions he was totally at a loss how to answer, but with much self-satisfaction, declared that he knew Virgil was the author of the Gerusalemme Liberata?"

We have now seen a nun take the white veil; her father having invited us to witness the ceremony. The nuns came to the gate to pay their compliments; while ices and refreshments were handed round. They afterwards invited us to the great gate of the convent, where the sposa with the lady abbess and all the sisterhood came to receive us; they kissed the children with great pleasure: and, chairs being placed in two semi-circles, they sat down and chatted cheerfully and very pleasantly with us. The ceremony was performed as soon as the bishop arrived; and we were then invited to return to the same place to congratulate the *Bride*. Nuns during their noviciate are called the sposa or betrothed. This one, in appearance about seventeen, had a very melancholy interesting cast of countenance, which did not altogether betoken a willing sacrifice.

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LETTER XXIX.

Orvieto, July 27th, 1820.

Marquis Gualtieri has a beautiful villa three miles distant from Orvieto. He is gone thither for his Villegiatura; and as that is the Italian time for entertaining company, we received an invitation to spend the whole of yesterday there, which we did. We were requested to come at the earliest hour of the morning, to avoid the heat; and having mounted our donkeys at five o'clock, we made a grand cavalcade as we passed through the streets; our own family party, Mr. and Mrs. Beaty, Manicucci, the Canonico, and a Roman Countess, who inhabited some upper apartments in the palace with us, and a train of young men, who were of her party. Having descended the steep road which leads from the town, we struck into a narrow path, through woods and over rocks, unsafe for any animal less sure-footed than those on which we rode. Thus we pursued our winding way through a country of enchanting and diversified scenery.

On our arrival we were conducted into the garden where the Marquis and his party were

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assembled, in an alcove before the breakfast table, and where there was tea which had been procured from Rome on our account. There was also chocolate and coffee in abundance, a great variety of cakes, the nicest bread, fruits, and raw ham cut in slices, which the Italians eat with figs; there were also wines and liqueurs. After breakfast, the sun being too hot to admit of our remaining longer in the open air, the Marquis took us through the interior of his palace, which is a very noble building, and reminded me more of descriptions in romances than anything which I had before seen; he said, that he could furnish a hundred bed-rooms, and showed us the apartments in which the Pretender was entertained three days. On a slab of marble in the wall, is inscribed, "Giacomo Re della Gran Britannia onorò questa villa dalla sua real dimora, l'anno MDCCXXIII. Giunse il VII. Giugno parti il X." The grand sala or reception room, is covered with very curious Chinese paper, which afforded the children endless amusement. The ground being brilliant blue, sets off the coloured figures to great advantage; they are admirably executed, representing the Chinese at their various occupations, houses, landscapes, &c. are introduced. One apartment is ornamented with portraits of the Stuart family. After the Italian custom, we reclined on sofas during the hottest part of the

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day, until dinner was announced; it was a most sumptuous repast, and the display of plate was magnificent. After dinner, all who chose it retired to their siesta; but, as the sun began to decline, we went to walk in the grounds, which we did not find laid out with taste as in England. In the evening we assembled in an extensive gallery, where we had ices and refreshments. The Marquis accompanied us back to Orvieto, for the purpose of showing us a route different from that by which we had come, and much more beautiful; he displayed great taste in leading us to different turns in the road where the most enchanting views burst upon us; before we separated, he pressed us in the politest manner to repeat our visit; he said he expected his uncle Cardinal Guerrieri from Rome, and would be very glad to have the pleasure of our company to spend a month at the same time, for he added, "My uncle loves the English, provided they be not radicals." In the Marquis's palace, at Orvieto, he has some very good paintings.

We have made some delightful excursions to the distance of from three to four miles from the hill of Orvieto. We generally take refreshments and sally forth early in the morning, to spend the day rambling over the picturesque scenery. One place we had often heard of as well worthy of our observation called, "I sassi

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del Diavolo," so denominated, from the idea that no agent less powerful could have heaped together a useless and most extraordinary pile of stones in a plain where none of the same description are to be seen nor in its vicinity: no legendary tale accounts for the phenomenon, neither can conjecture discover the purpose for which they were accumulated.

Last Saturday evening, a very shabby-looking man came in with a bundle of papers in his hand, which he showed to the Canonico, by whom, after a short conference, he was dismissed. The Canonico told us that a puppet-show was going to be performed, but it must first, by order of government, undergo the inspection of the Church dignitaries.

The peasantry have here a singular mode of marking the seasons, by the signs of the zodiac; a washerwoman said to my sister, in answer to some question relative to the vintage, "Quando il sole entra il leone." August the 15th being the Assumption of the Virgin, is a season of festivity here for the ensuing week. There was a grand procession from the Duomo, singing hymns and bearing lighted tapers before the image of the Virgin.

Tuesday. A repetition of the same ceremony. The day's amusement closed with horse racing; a magnificent girandolo in front of the Duomo, and other fire-works.

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Wednesday, 16th. We were invited to see the race from Count Piccolomini's palace windows; after the horse race was over, bull baiting, wrestling, &c. succeeded; amusements which the Italian ladies witness with great pleasure; but, as they did not suit our taste, we returned home. After dinner, we went to the Piazza Maggiore, where was a circus enclosed with an arched railing, entwined with green leaves; a flag was suspended from the starting post, in which were twenty crowns to be the prize of the winner. There were three pretty races; the shabby grotesque appearance of the grooms was very laughable. The ladies displayed all the finery of embroidered silk, sparkling ornaments, and nodding plumes of ostrich feathers, indiscriminately interspersed with beggars in dirt and rags. When the sun set, illuminations began, and a brilliant display of fire-works; when all was over, the crowd dispersed without hurry or confusion, as indeed they always do in Italy. The concourse of people on these festive occasions is almost incredible, but no rioting or drunkenness ever follow; amused and satisfied with what they have seen, they meet and part in peace. The most polite attention was paid to us as foreigners; the best seats kept for us; and no one suffered to pass before us to intercept our view. The remaining amusements of

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the week, being chiefly buffalo fighting, we did not attend. Mr. Beaty alone of our party had the curiosity to go; he told us that the buffalo was hunted by men and dogs round the circus, till it became furious; in this state one of the men faced him, and dexterously threw a piece of scarlet cloth over his head, by which he was blindfolded.

Saturday, 20th. A tremendous thunder-storm put an end to the amusements of this day; one peal sounded over our heads like an explosion of cannon. Dearest Anny has, within these last few days, a look of extreme delicacy, which makes us all uneasy. On rising from her prayers this morning. I thought that she would have fainted; and told her that she must not again remain so long on her knees. She answered that she could not avoid it, for she had all her friends to remember in her prayers; that Mr. Owen had given her a particular charge to pray for him, and she had never forgotten it. She complains of a pain in one of her feet, which prevents her either walking or standing.

August 23d. Anny, though still very weak, appears rather better. She rode on a donkey, while I walked by her side round the outside of the town. We passed by vines that were bent down by luxuriant clusters of ripe grapes, which the owner of the donkey frequently plucked to

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feed the animal, who eat them as if it had been accustomed to the food. This evening we paid a visit at Marquis Gualtieri's, whose interesting lady we found a great invalid, suffering extreme pain with apparently the meekness of a Christian. We have just refused an invitation to a grand entertainment to be given by Cardinal Guerrieri on Sunday next, in honour of the Archangel Michael. It is to be an immense dinner party, every person of any consequence for many miles round being invited. Having given our reason for not accepting it, which was that we did not dine out on Sunday; we received another very polite invitation to mention any other day more pleasing to us and to take beds at the Villa.

The Italians are an odd mixture: extremely high and proud of ancient birth; sometimes treating their domestics with hard names, and even blows: at other times living with them on the most familiar terms. A few days ago we returned the visit of a Roman Countess, and found her in the plainest attire, sitting with another female in the same description of dress, and at the same employment, which was mending children's stockings. Chairs were handed by the man servant, who ushered us in; both females joined in the conversation, whilst he remained with the door open listening. We afterwards

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found that the Countess's companion was her housemaid.

Sunday, September 5th. Returning from our walk, we met a lady mounted like a man on a large horse: we knew by her dress that she was on her way to the entertainment; her head was adorned with plumes of ostrich feathers, and all her attire corresponded; on her neck, no covering but ornaments and some light lace. Her appearance altogether was so strange and ridiculous, that I could not persuade the children to move forwards while she remained within sight.

We are now making preparations to leave Orvieto, to which Sir W. speaks of returning; we have been in all points so much pleased with our abode. The only disadvantage which we find, is, that in case of sickness there is no medical person on whose skill we can confide; and now, on Anny's account, we are glad to go where we can consult a physician. A general languor hangs over her, and seriousness has taken place of her natural gaiety.

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LETTER XXX.

Rome, October, 16th, 1820.

We left Orvieto on the morning of the 4th, and spent two nights on the road, to lessen the fatigue for Anny, who does not appear this evening the worse for her journey. The second day we drove a few miles out of the straight road, to see a fine palace of the Farnese family at Capriole, the property of the King of Naples.

October 14th. Our apprehensions about Anny increase daily; she now lies on a couch, or is carried from one room to another, having again lost the use of her limbs. She is taken out every day in the carriage, accompanied by her father, mother, or me. This day, finding that I was to be her companion, she expressed a wish to be driven to Monte Sacro, that being one of the remarkable places in the vicinity of Rome where I had never been. She took pains to explain to me what rendered it so, and pointed out the tomb of Menenius Agrippa; at the same time, relating the fable by which he brought the plebeians to reason. At the bottom of the hill we crossed the Anio, over a curious bridge.

October 20th. Anny is alarmingly ill; seve-

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ral physicians have been consulted, who give us little hope of her recovery; we can only look to the great Physician, who, with an almighty word, can bid her "be whole." In reading the eighth chapter of St. Luke, I found comfort. The Lord's hand is not shortened. He who raised the ruler's daughter can still extend to us his loan of this dear child. Yet, if the decree be gone forth, and he has prepared a place of greater safety for her in the eternal mansions above, may we be taught to bow with resignation; acknowledging, that the love of her Father in heaven, who resumes his own, and places her in a secure shelter, surpasses our's, which would still detain her to struggle with the storms and temptations of a tempestuous world.

October 25th. This morning Anny awoke with a bad head-ache. I perceived that she had been in tears: she told me that she would not get up to breakfast, and continued in bed all day, though she said the pain was lessened. She always sleeps in a little bed beside mine.

October 26th. She passed a very sleepless night: I was dreadfully alarmed, her breathing was short and quick, while the bed-clothes heaved with the violence of the palpitation at the heart. I sat up watching her; she wished for her mamma, who came immediately. May the Lord strengthen us to bear this heavy affliction;

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no other power can reconcile us to the loss of our dearest treasure, or enable us to look at that countenance whose smiles used to gladden our hearts, now wan with wasting sickness; the tongue inarticulate, whose accents always expressed the feelings of a tender and affectionate heart. Those only who have experienced such a trial can comprehend its extent. With difficulty she can utter a sentence; but when she does, that sentence is generally to ask for prayer—"the prayers for the sick in our own prayer-book." These my sister was strengthened to read to her through the night; and, early this morning, the 27th, the Psalms for the day. We both sat up, and "in our distress we cried unto the Lord, and found him a very present help in time of trouble." The 121st Psalm was particularly applicable; and, by being able to apply it, we were greatly comforted. We believed that the Lord was her keeper, and her shade upon her right hand, and that he would preserve her soul from death; for He is the Saviour of all who take refuge under the shadow of his wings. She suffers incessant pain in her head and limbs. Seeing but little probability that she would be continued much longer amongst us, my sister, after some serious conversation, asked her what she thought of receiving the sacrament, having never yet approached the table of the

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Lord. She said that she would like it, but that she was not worthy; and, bursting into tears, added—"O dear mamma, you don't know how naughty I have been; but I will tell you all. Is there any one in the room but ourselves?" Being assured that there was not, she opened her whole heart to her mamma: I had almost said her innocent heart—but that cannot be, since she partakes of that fallen nature which first brought sin into the world; but when I heard the crimes which weighed heavily on her spirits, and caused her, as she said, to shed many tears upon her sick bed, I felt convinced that she was indeed a child of God, who taught her to feel, that no sin is trifling in His sight "who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity." By God's assistance, my sister was enabled to tranquillize her child's mind; she reminded her that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners—repeating his merciful declaration, that he came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance; and that those who come to him he will in no wise cast out; and added—"Look unto Jesus, my child, and be at peace." She said, in the account which she gave of this affecting scene: "No words can describe the feelings of my heart, whilst listening to the penitent effusion of my dying child. She is, indeed, a child of fallen man, and, of course, a miserable sinner; but,

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through restraining grace, she has been kept free from what the world calls sin, yet is conscious of much depravity; but having obtained that gift of faith, by which the heart is purified, I trust that there is no presumption in applying to her the beatitude promised to the pure in heart."

Saturday, 28th. Her sufferings seemed to reach the height; and we feared that she would not survive the night: she complained of some dreadful sensation in her left foot, calling out to have it rubbed; the pain seemed then to pass to the other foot. She got no ease for some hours, but from exhaustion lay quiet.

Sunday morning. We had a visit from a clergyman, Mr. Wolfe, who, although a perfect stranger, evinced all the kind interest of an old friend. He read prayers, and administered the sacrament, of which our dear sufferer partook with an humble and contrite heart, which the Lord promises he will never despise. She appeared deeply impressed, though unable to speak from excessive weakness and languor. On Monday morning, when Dr. Clarke came, he wished to feel her pulse; and perceiving that she held out her right hand, the one on which she had been lying, he objected to it. "I cannot give you my left hand," she said; "I have not had the use of it since Saturday." And then it was discovered, that from that time of her dreadful

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suffering, she had lost the use of her left side, and had forborne to mention it, for fear of grieving her mamma. Every trait of her character, which illness developes, makes us more acutely feel the worth of this inestimable child; and, at times, we cannot persuade ourselves that we shall be called on to sustain so heavy a loss. Knowing that the mercy of God is equal to his power, we applied to Mrs. B. to ask the prayers of the German Protestant congregation, having heard of the deep piety of their minister, and being firmly persuaded that the fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. In the kindest christian spirit our request was immediately granted; and I here subjoin the English translation of the prayer made use of on this occasion.

"The Christian congregation is requested to join in hearty prayer to God for a young maiden, who, according to all human appearance, is near her departure from this world, to the grief of her parents and relations.

"Let us pray.

"Almighty and merciful God, the comforter of all who call upon thee in their time of trouble, Thou who so oft hast healed by a word them that were sick unto death; grant that this maiden, for whom we pray, may be relieved of her sickness, and fulfil her days on earth to thy glory,

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and the benefit of her fellow-creatures. But if thou hast otherwise determined in thine impenetrable counsels, then grant to her, Lord, patience and strength to bear her pains, and a blessed departure when her hour shall come; and to her afflicted parents give the comfort of thy Holy Spirit. Grant this of thine infinite mercy for the sake of Jesus Christ, thy blessed Son, our Lord. Amen."

These mournful days pass on without my having power to take notice of them; sometimes I feel as if grief absorbed my faculties; my memory does not retain many things which would be interesting for you to hear, and for myself hereafter to recur to. Time rolls heavily on, and still our sweet child exists, but that is all. She lies unable to move, or to turn in her bed, except when her poor mamma lifts her—for no other hands can she bear to touch her. Night and day she suffers, but she suffers as one passing through the "refiners' fire." Many things she says, which give us the comfortable assurance that the short moment of affliction is passing away, while there is working for her a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory in that peaceful mansion, opened for all believers by Him who has washed them in his own most precious blood. She shows the greatest consideration for her poor mamma, who watches day and

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night by her sick bed—often entreating that she will lie down beside her, and try to obtain some sleep; endeavouring to suppress her groans, until, overcome by anguish, she cries out, in heart-rending accents, "O mamma, pity me—I suffer." "Pity you, my darling! O that I could suffer in your place." "Don't say so, mamma; my death would be of no consequence. Consider of how much consequence your life is to Elizabeth and Richard." My sister said: "My darling, the business of my life is to attend upon you." She answered—"But remember, mamma, you have two other children." She suffers most when moved; yet, from feverish restlessness, requires it often. In her greatest suffering she frequently exclaims—"O how many have much more to endure, without the alleviating care of such kind friends." Under all her bodily suffering, her memory and understanding remain uninjured. Reading has ever been her greatest delight; and now it acts upon her nerves like a powerful soporific, as the physician tells us, calming and tranquillizing her as laudanum would any one else. When most inclined to be restless, from an increase of pain and fever, she is most anxious for constant reading, as if to turn her thoughts from herself. Books of amusement are sometimes read to her; travels or biography: she objects to novels, or

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any thing from which she cannot derive improvement as well as amusement. From childhood her mind has not been occupied as the minds of children are in general. Her pursuits and inclinations have marked out the ripening for a heavenly inheritance. I remember her accents of praise, as when a baby from four to six years old she repeated hymns of her own selection, with glistening eyes looking up to heaven, her own resting-place. The little book* which contained her favourite hymns is now by me, in which she used as a very little child to mark the passages which most particularly affected her: I will copy out one of them, thinking you may read my letter to your children, and that her example may influence their young minds to seek after the things which she loved. "It is good, children, to draw near to God—to show forth his loving kindness in the morning, and his faithfulness every night: dare not venture into the dangers and temptations of the day without praying that God would be with you, to keep you from sin, and deliver you from evil. Nor can you surely lie down in peace at night, without thanking the kind hand that has kept you from evil, and crowned the day with his loving kindness and tender mercies, without asking for-

* Sermons for Children, by Mrs. R. Wilkinson.

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giveness of your heavenly Father for all that you have done amiss. Thus may you commit yourselves to his care through the dangers of the night; for it is God only who can make you to dwell in safety." The strictest observance of the Sunday has been, from infancy, her undeviating rule; and now, in her illness, is attended to with the most scrupulous watchfulness. On Saturday night she frequently inquires the hour, that twelve o'clock may not surprise her hearing any thing which she does not consider Sunday reading. "Mamma," she said, "let us admit no visitors on Sunday evenings who would interrupt our religious reading." Hearing, some days ago, of a person who had been esteemed a religious man, being seen at D——'s parties, she said—"I am sorry he goes there; does he not know her character?" "Yes," she was answered; "but he says that she is no longer what she was—she is reformed." "If she were," said Anny, "she would give no more parties: a true penitent would retire from the world, and pass her remaining days in solitude. Yes," she added, "she would be ashamed to show her face in public." Thus sensible and judicious are all her observations. Her loss to her brother and sister will be incalculable; but I trust that, young as they are, her example and precepts will have left an indelible impression on their minds.

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When their mother was absent, her watchful eye was always upon them: and now, perhaps feeling that she is going to leave them, she advises what will be for their advantage: "Be on your guard, mamma, about the companions you allow Elizabeth to associate with." The physician compares her understanding to that of a clever man; yet all her anticipated pleasures are those of childish innocence. When from cessation of pain she entertains hopes of recovery, and turns her thoughts homeward, forming plans of future amusement with her former young companions, she tells us of the houses which she will build, and gardens which she will decorate; and speaks of the time spent in the country, in such enjoyments, as the happiest part of her life. Since her illness she never said any thing which could lead us to suppose that she was aware of her situation, till within these last few days, when she intimated it to her mamma, with an anxious expression of countenance, as if unwilling to grieve her; yet, at the same time, thinking that she ought to break to her a painful truth: "Mamma," she said, "from the pain I feel in my chest, and my not getting the least better, I cannot help thinking myself in danger." Again she said: "I am sure I shall never rise from this bed." My sister answered—"she hoped that thought was not painful to her;" to

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which she unhesitatingly replied, "that it was not." Seeing her in great suffering, her mother said—"O my child! that I could do any thing to relieve you." "You can do nothing now, however, but pray for me: O pray for me." She complains much of the wandering of her thoughts in prayer, unconscious that it proceeds from the increasing debility of her body. My sister said—"I hope, my darling, your faith does not fail." "O no, mamma; but I often repeat that beautiful prayer, 'Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief.'"

December 24th. Anny again received "the most comfortable Sacrament" of the Lord's Supper. Her mamma had some previous conversation with her about the nature and solemnity of the ordinance, and the state of preparation necessary to receive it with benefit.

Christmas-day. After passing many restless hours of the night coughing, she seemed overcome by weakness, and lay motionless, until roused by the shepherds' pipes under the windows: raising her languid head from the pillow, she said distinctly, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good will to man." Then she sunk again to quiet rest, with peace and good will in her heart, as well as on her lips.

December 28th. After a day of much pain, she said, "Mamma, I know it is the will of God

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that I should suffer, and I will try to be resigned; and you, too, mamma, ought to be resigned and thankful, if you compare your situation with that of Lady M—— G——,' of the death of whose husband we had just heard.

Rome, January 1st, 1821. The new year has opened sadly upon us. The sufferings of our precious child are beyond what I thought the mortal body could endure. Her mother supported her during the night, while every moment we expected that the cough and phlegm in her throat would suffocate her—for her strength was gone. This morning her looks are much altered, and there are evident symptoms that life draws towards its close; she no longer appears in pain, but a constant drowsiness overpowers her senses.

January 2d. Still she remains in the same state of drowsy stupor. At four o'clock to-day, as I stood watching her calm countenance, the cold hand of death spread its hue over her lovely features, still lovely, and still expressive of the peaceful feelings of her heart: peace within and peace without, for mortal suffering seemed to be past. Her respiration became quick and interrupted, attended with the noise in the throat, which generally precedes dissolution. I looked at my sister, but perceiving that she had not remarked the change, I said nothing, but kept my

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eyes fixed on the dear object of our anxiety. After some time, she revived as one awakening from broken slumbers, and talked more cheerfully than she had done for many days. Having heard of A. O——'s death, she began to speak of it, "Sweet, beautiful A. O—— is dead. O how will her poor mamma return to Scotland without her?" her lips quivering, and the tears streaming from her eyes as she spoke. "My love," said my sister, "Mrs. O—— is a Christian, and will be resigned to the will of God." "O mamma, she will miss her so much, she will see her empty chair; when any of our family only dined out, I used to think the table looked melancholy." She asked me to read to her, and listened very attentively while I read an account of the death of D—— D. "How awful," she said, "for a Deist to be taken off so suddenly." This evening, when the doctor saw her, he told me, that from the change in her pulse and looks, he thought it probable, that before the morning all her mortal sufferings would terminate; for which reason, it would be desirable, that I should remain the whole night in the room, without mentioning to my sister our apprehensions; in the hope that she might obtain a little rest, which was very needful after many nights of watching, to enable her to bear up under the exertions which she might still be called upon to undergo.

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After the doctor was gone, she had prayers as usual with her child, and then distinctly heard her pray for each of us; and that her petitions might be granted for Jesus' sake. She dozed through the night composedly, awaking at intervals, calling on her mamma to turn her, coughing sometimes, but not much, or painfully. At half-past five in the morning she awoke, and seeing me kneeling at her bed-side, said, "Aunty, you promised last night to feed me." I had been accustomed through her illness to prepare and give her her food; and after I had given her something to moisten her parched lips, she inquired for her mamma, and hearing that she was close to her, she said, "It is too bad that I should keep both you and mamma awake all night." I told her that she did not, for when one arose, the other lay down, for which purpose a couch was placed close to her bed-side. My sister, on hearing us speak, got up, and asked Anny if she would prefer having her with her; she answered, she wished that the one whose turn it was should lie down. Afterwards, when she wanted her mamma to turn her, she made an apology for disturbing her. After coughing a good deal, she again sunk into a calm repose, from which she awoke, to all appearance, much refreshed. Like an expiring lamp, which emits one more bright ray, she was re-animated,

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and spoke cheerfully to her father when he came so see her in the morning, and told him, looking fondly at me, that I was the first object which she saw when she opened her eyes in the morning; calling me by a name which she had been accustomed to give me playfully in times past, and said many other endearing and pleasant things which I cannot now recall. Her father and mother, with aching hearts and constrained cheerfulness, sat looking at their darling, and saying that she had always been a good and dutiful child, and a great pleasure and comfort to them. Their endearing expressions brought to her recollection a circumstance which had occurred on a Sunday, in which she thought she had not sanctified the Lord's day; and immediately, the peaceful expression of her countenance gave place to one of agonized distress. With sobs and tears she cried out, "O I was very wrong." It was sometime before she recovered her composure. Again, however, the peace of God spread its influence over her mind, and she appeared so much herself, and talked so sweetly, and so collected, that a ray of hope, like a passing sun-beam, crossed my mind, that our precious child might yet be spared to gladden the evening of her father's days, and her mother's and mine also; but the hand of death was upon her, and again I saw its pale hue

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overspread her face. I watched its placid expression, it was very heavenly; yet, O how keenly I felt that it was very hard to part! Though I knew her happiness was to be secured for ever, self-love would prefer its own gratification. She talked coherently and with much composure, not as a spirit hovering on the verge of the tomb, whose expectation among the living is cut off, but as still lingering between time and eternity; she spoke of the pleasant days which she had passed at her brother's house, at B——, when dear little Walter was with her, as the happiest of her life; but the whole of Anny's short life was happy; no shade of sorrow had ever cast a cloud over the young morning of her days. She was innocent and gay, the darling of both her parents, who studied her gratification in all things, for her inclinations never led her to wish for any thing that was not justifiable; and things, which, to most children are a burden and task, were to her a delight. The whole of her conduct and principles made her, indeed, their comfort. During her infancy, no inducement which could be held out, no persuasion or threatening could force her to swerve in the slightest instance from promised obedience, which I have often seen severely tried. As she advanced in years, this principle was so firmly rooted in her mind, that her parents placed in

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her the most implicit confidence, setting her as a watchful guardian over her little brother and sister, to whom her loss will be indeed incalculable, for she had so entirely gained their affections that they gladly looked up to her as an example. But I must now return to the closing scene of her life; and do I live to relate it? I, who so lately myself hung over the brink of the grave! Was I snatched from it, a poor cumberer of the ground, while that young and beautiful flower is cut down, dried up, and withered! But, at what is thy will, O my God, let me not dare to repine. She dozed most of Wednesday, but towards mid-day had a dreadful struggle, which her poor mother could not witness without being much affected; and perceiving her in tears, the dear child appeared greatly distressed, most anxiously enquiring if she had done any thing to hurt her mamma. She had always evinced the strongest attachment to both her parents; and now that the lamp of life was nearly extinct, and her tongue refused to give utterance to the feelings of her heart; her languid eyes followed them wherever they moved, with an indescribable expression of fondness. Towards evening my sister asked her if she knew that she was going to heaven, she answered tranquilly; "No, mamma, I did not." A little after she said, "Mamma, I am trying to

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recollect the penitent thief." Her mother answered, "My love, you are an accepted child." "I hope so, mamma." And then she begged to have the raising of the son of the widow of Nain read to her, and asked in what chapter it was contained. She requested that her mamma would sit up with her all night, first inquiring from the doctor, whom she perceived at the bedside, whether it would injure her mamma's health to sit up with her, and whether it would do her papa any harm to remain with her that night beyond his usual hour. Thus solicitous was she about those whom she had always loved, when, as the doctor said, the dew of death was on her forehead, and from the dreadful heaving of her breast, he thought it not probable that she would hold out till morning. Her respiration was difficult, yet she listened to her papa's conversation with Mrs. S——, and hearing them mention Barrow's sermons, observed, that "Barrow was one of the old authors."

From the middle of the night, until about four in the morning, she remained in a lethargic stupor, then she seemed as in the agony of death, and my sister sent for Mrs. S. We all stood watching her for some time, believing that her intellectual powers had subsided for ever; but, to our astonishment, she recovered them, and asked me to read to her some of Dodd's Consolations.

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I read to her of the patience of Job, who, when deprived of all his children and earthly possessions, said, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither; the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord." Anny said, very distinctly, but slowly, from difficulty of breathing; "a stronger instance of patient resignation was never known." After I had finished the section, finding her attention was still engaged, I read from the same book about the sufferings of the martyrs, and at the following words, "But when the kind hand of our Father and Redeemer applies the scourge, let us receive it submissively, let us improve by the chastisement," her emphatic "Yes," will never be forgotten by those who were present. Her attention was most extraordinary at a time when her agony appeared extreme, and life to ebb fast: yet still it kept a strong hold, as if loth to part. In the morning, when the doctor came, he was surprised to find her still in existence, and said, that her stamina of constitution were wonderful. All Thursday her agony appeared unremitting. She suffered dreadfully; but not one impatient word or look escaped her! and her senses remained perfect. She complained of coldness at her back, to which we applied warm flannel; but it was the cold advance of death, which no heat could remove.

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In the evening, as my sister and I hung over her at each side of the bed, her mother asked her, "Who loved her?" she answered, "Mamma." "But who loves you better than mamma?" "God." "And who are you going to?" "To God." Then turning her dying eyes to me, she said, as if to comfort me, (and oh! what greater comfort could she have given me), "Aunty, I am going to God."

The doctor thought, from the strength of her pulse, that she might continue to linger for some time, and every one left us. My sister talked to her of the blessed abode in which all the redeemed of God are securely sheltered; and that even now the door stood open to receive her, from whence, she hoped, that she would be appointed the guardian angel of her parents and little brother and sister: to which she answered, with very frequent repetition, "Oh, let us all keep together." About twelve o'clock I asked her if she knew me? she answered, "Yes, Aunty." I watched that darling child, who from infancy was dearer to me than my own existence, passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death; and I did not shed a tear. An immortal spirit had been permitted to make a transient abode amongst us; and, washed from its earthly contaminations by the blood of the Saviour, was now struggling to escape from its prison-house, that it might re-ascend to its native

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regions. And may we not be permitted to hope, that the glorified spirit still hovers around us; that the mother's wish is granted; and that it is now the guardian angel of those by whom it was so cherished? Yet why indulge a hope which Scripture does not warrant? Why wish that "the ransomed of the Lord" should return to the things of earth, or for a moment leave those enjoyments which are at God's right hand, for evermore, again to witness the sins and sorrows of mortality? But I am anticipating.—I read the thirty-fourth Psalm, and falling low on my knees, I offered up my supplications, that my darling might depart peacefully from this turbulent world; and that the Lord Jesus might receive her spirit. My sister begged me to do nothing to excite her, which had been the particular desire of the doctor. She answered for me, "My aunt is right, mamma; let her go on." She became quite calm, and joined me in prayer, repeating over and over again, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." She looked at my sister with an unutterable expression of fondness, and said, "My mother, my good mother, my dear mother; God bless my mother, and God bless my dear father." She then prayed for each of us repeatedly, saying, "Lord, grant we may all meet in heaven." She also prayed for the maid-servant, whom she saw standing at the

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foot of the bed, "and God bless Mary!" Then every breath was prayer—"Lord, help me! Lord save me!" until she could no longer articulate. At half-past six o'clock on Friday morning, the purified spirit fled to the bosom of its Redeemer.

My poor sister, at the moment, seemed to be roused from a frightful stupor of grief, in which she had been absorbed, and going into her husband's room, sunk on her knees as she said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." And it hath pleased the Lord to take from this fond father also, one of the chief comforts of his declining years. A dark cloud overshadows his setting sun, and he must sink under the overwhelming load of sorrow, but for one bright beam of heavenly consolation, which points to his child safe from every storm, in the arms of her Redeemer: that heaven-taught child, who never, in thought, word, or deed, inflicted a pang on the heart of either of her parents, except the bitterness of watching her protracted sufferings, and lamenting her early death. As my sister and I attended her while living, we would suffer no other hands to touch her when dead. In silent agonizing admiration, we hung over the beautiful body, while we put on the last dress, and laid it in its last receptacle.

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On Monday morning, January 8th, we accompanied her sorrowing father to see her laid in the grave; and soon a little earth covered for ever from our eyes what, for nearly fourteen years, had been our delight and admiration, our joy, and the object of our fondest solicitude. But she died in the Lord, and her rest is glorious.

Being contrary to rule here to have a Protestant interment in the day-time, a deputation was sent to the higher powers, in consideration of the advanced age of Sir W., his recent affliction, and delicate health, to ask permission that the funeral might take place in the morning. This permission was not only readily granted, but, as an additional mark of respect, a troop of cavalry received orders to be ready to attend us, in case any insult should be offered. But so far was such an attempt from being made, that even the very soldiers, who were there, appointed to guard the stores, stood near the grave with their muskets lowered, looking on in solemn silence, as did a numerous concourse of persons, who respectfully followed the procession of carriages, in which were some of the Roman nobility, as well as Germans and English. Two young clergymen officiated, (Mr. Wolfe being one of them, whose unremitting kindness and attention, from the day he first visited us in our affliction,

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we must ever gratefully remember.) Never was our beautiful burial service read in a more impressive manner. He who "does not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men," supernaturally sustained us in that trying hour, when the heart-rending sound reached our ears, of "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," and the inanimate stones fell on the coffin which contained her who was alike inanimate. We were borne up by the sure and certain hope of the joyful resurrection unto life eternal through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, when, at the sound of the last trumpet, this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal immortality.

LETTER XXXI.

Rome, February 20th, 1821.

Weeks roll on, my dear friend, and every day we feel more and more the loss which we have sustained; but we also feel that every day shortens the time of separation. We know that we cannot bring her back, and I trust would not, if we could; but we shall go to her; we shall again meet where parting shall be no more. Oh if the young and inexperienced traveller could look

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forward over the rugged and thorny path of life, how joyfully would he hail the messenger of mercy who removes him from the dangerous trial, and bears him away to a place of safety! Our child was the object of the Redeemer's love: he would not allow her to be exposed to storms with which her delicate mind could not contend. He pitied her; He watched over her; He dried her tears; He hath received her, and she is safe! Oh how safe! The roaring lion who goeth about seeking whom he may devour, can never, never, reach her. She is gathered into the fold of Christ; she is one of His own lambs, and He is her shepherd! Why are we anxious to detain those whom we love, to struggle with the waves of a tempestuous ocean? Alas, our love is not properly directed! We see through a glass darkly; and our faith is too weak to reveal to us Christ as he is! We give way to impatience and fretfulness because we do not love the Lord, but are in our hearts ready to rebel against his righteous decrees when opposed to our will; though with our lips we may confess that he doeth all things well, and though we acknowledge the necessity of having our affections weaned from this world, which was never intended for the place of our rest! The loss of every dear companion who is removed from the believer, teaches him more fully to know the instability of

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human enjoyments; and while by the eye of faith he contemplates the loved object unclothed of the defiled garments of sin, and robed in the righteousness of Christ, his love is purified; and he feels a more ardent desire to be also unclothed and clothed again: he longs to join the celestial company above, and to unite his voice in an endless hymn of praise to Him who hath washed us and redeemed us with his own blood.

Some well-meaning but mistaken persons here have been endeavouring to persuade us again to mix in society, in order to dissipate our grief, and to turn away our thoughts from her who so lately was the delight of our eyes; but if we could do so, it would not be fulfilling the gracious purpose for which we have been chastened. The Lord never gave that dear child and took her again that we might forget her; but that we might consider our own ways, and look unto Him to open for us the same door. And He will not shut it against any who knock. He is faithful who has promised! Let us not dare to doubt! Let us with one heart and mind unite in thanksgiving to Him, for he hath loved us with an everlasting love, and with loving-kindness does he draw us! I can well believe that you feel for us. Your letter has afforded us much comfort; for we not only perceive that you direct us to the right source, but have ex-

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perienced in your heart the truth and value of the Gospel, that it is the power of God unto salvation. A tomb of white stone, modelled after the ancient form of that of Scipio, is erected over Anny's grave. To see it properly done has been the occupation of her bereaved parents, whose favourite walk is to visit the interesting spot, not so much to bewail their loss as to express their thankfulness for having given birth to an angelic spirit.

As the Italian inscription by Mr. Matthias, of Naples, expresses it,

'Sta lagrimando il Padre: Ahi sacro è il pianto
Fede dal' ciel confortatrice scende:
Piange al ferêtro afflitto il Padre accanto,
Al suo Dio il Cristian l'angiola rende.'

These lines too, often occur to me when thinking of her.

"As the sweet flower that scents the morn
But withers in the rising day,
Thus lovely was our Anny's dawn
Thus swiftly fled her life away.

"She died to sin, she died to care;
But for a moment felt the rod,
Then springing on the viewless air,
Spread her light wings and soared to God!"

* * * *

"This the blest theme that cheers my voice,
The grave is not my darling's prison,
The stone that covered all my joys
Is rolled away—and she is risen."

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February 24th. This day the carnival begins. O how ill accordant with our present feelings is the noise of revelry which continually salutes our ears! Our windows, once crowded with spectators, have now the shutters fast closed, to exclude from our eyes the vain fantastic groups which continually pass and repass, thoughtless of to-morrow!—And yet, to-morrow's sun may never rise upon many of them—for "the arrow flieth by day, and the pestilence walketh in darkness." The music, the tambourine, the song, and the dance, are just under my window. With what animation did my Anny once behold the festive scene! But oh, how different are her enjoyments now! She is listening to strains of heavenly harmony—joining her voice to the full chorus of Cherubim and Seraphim celebrating redeeming love.

Tuesday Evening, March 5th. The last day of the carnival.

Mrs. S—— gave a splendid masquerade ball. Last Saturday night, Mr. ——, a robust young man, lately arrived from London, obtained an introduction to her, that he might receive a card of invitation—his principal purpose at Rome, during the carnival, being to enter into all its gaieties. On Sunday night he attended a festina, where from twelve o'clock the masks assemble, and continue the merry dance until morning.

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On Monday he returned to his lodgings in a paroxysm of dilirium; and was found in the same state on Tuesday, when an acquaintance called to see him. A physician was sent for, who pronounced his disorder a malignant fever, and his life in imminent danger. His friend, anxious about his spiritual welfare, sent for a clergyman; but what could the servant of God do? Reason had forsaken her throne, and he had hardly a lucid interval to think or to speak of his immortal concerns.

Saturday, March 9th. Mr. —— was laid in his grave: but one week since he was so anxious to attend the ball. O my friend, what a lesson does this give us! This young man, eager in the pursuit of pleasure, probably thought not that his soul should so soon be required of him; in the morning he went forth, green, like the grass, growing up and flourishing; in the evening he was cut down, dried up, and withered. O may the living lay these things to heart, while yet there is time given to prepare to meet their God! What cause of thankfulness have we, that our beloved child died in the Lord, and that the place of her rest, we may humbly hope, is among his redeemed.

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LETTER XXXII.

Rome, March 12th, 1821.

An ancient burying-ground has recently been discovered in the grounds of the Villa Pamfili Doria. We have been twice there within the last few days: it is a pleasant distance from Rome to take the children, who enjoy unrestrained liberty in the extensive domain, and find great amusement in picking the wild crocusses, anemonies, and fragrant violets, with which the green lawns abound. This extensive burying-ground was accidentally discovered by some labourers at work. Wherever they excavate, fresh discoveries are made. It is quite the town of the dead, being built in regular houses, divided into apartments, reticulated brick walls, and beautiful mosaic floors, laid out in elegant designs: round the walls are recesses filled with urns. No inscription gives any information respecting the remains which moulder within these walls; but it may be conjectured that each apartment was the sepulchre of some distinguished family. At either side of the wall lies a skeleton on a place prepared under the floor, but left open so as to be seen at full length on entering the apartment. In a recess in the wall there is a full-length portrait, in fresco, of a man at

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one side, and of a woman at the other, the ashes of whose family and dependants, it may be supposed, fill the urns round the walls, which are ornamented with fresco paintings. The mosaic floors, in general, remain in as perfect order as when they were made. In each corner of the apartment is a square white marble slab, which covers an urn filled with ashes; tiers of urns are discovered under the flooring, all arranged in exact order. Besides these houses, there appear to have been general places of sepulture, probably for the middle and lower classes. This building is coarser, and much more spacious, divided into compartments. The recesses or cavities in the wall are filled with urns as close as they can be placed; and some larger cavities underneath, in which are the bones of legs and arms, &c.

March 13th. The children and I accompanied some friends to see the Braschi palace, which belongs to the family of the last Pope, (Pius VI.) and well merits a visit from the admirer of the fine arts. Its most striking ornaments are—a magnificent staircase, some noble granite pillars, and a gigantic statue of Antinous. There are two paintings, by Garofolo, which merit attention—one representing the Marriage of Cana in Galilee; and the other, Christ feeding the Multitude. Do not suppose, my dear friend, that

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by endeavouring to amuse our thoughts in again visiting these places of general admiration, we do not see their emptiness and vanity: for my own part, I never felt so much their utter insufficiency as sources of consolation; at the same time I see their utility. The all-wise Governor of the world permits nothing in vain. These monuments of earthly grandeur are decorated and embellished by human ingenuity; and, in contemplating them, may we not silently adore Him who has endowed man with skill and knowledge, and formed all things for his use, that which is beautiful to the eye and pleasant to the senses?

The mourning parents can with difficulty be persuaded to turn their steps in any other direction than that which leads to the cold receptacle of all that now remains of their lovely child: and there they comfort each other in the sure and certain hope of the resurrection from the dead. Their days glide swiftly on, while every hour lessens the period of separation. All are travelling onward—Anny has but outstepped her father and mother: they must endure a few more storms, and then "there remaineth a rest for all the people of God!" May the everlasting arm shield each in their turn: and may they, by faith, be enabled to bear the chastening of the Lord without a murmur, until their appointed time come.

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March 14th. The minds of the people here are distracted with rumours of war. The Austrian forces are collected, and making rapid progress towards Naples; and it is feared that, whether they are the victors or the vanquished, the Papal territories will be invaded. In a few days they are expected to arrive before the gates of Rome, through which, however, they will not be permitted to pass. The terror of arms has driven many of the English homewards. If possible we shall remain quietly here for a few months: every day we see frightened faces—yet it is the general opinion among the most rational that people ought to remain where they are, rather than encounter contending armies on their march, by which they must unavoidably be exposed to much inconvenience, besides the danger of being plundered.

Contradictory reports are in every body's mouth, though all seem to wish the defeat of the invaders: in that case the danger to us would be from the flying army coming back upon this town, which is not in a state to make any resistance. A revolutionary spirit is general all over Italy; and it is hard to say what may be the result. A deep interest pervades every mind on one side or other; we alone appear neutral. Our own overwhelming sorrows make us think, with indifference, whether the Neapolitans or Austrians ob-

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tain the victory: all we desire is to be permitted, in peace, sometimes to visit the spot where all our earthly joys lie buried.

March 20th. In every mouth the general exclamation is, "Povera Italia!" We are told that a hundred thousand Austrians are on their march through Italy. A large detachment bivouaced on the outside of the Porta del Popolo, where their evening fires have a very lively and picturesque effect. This evening we went to Ponte Molle, to see the encampment, which presented a magnificent and impressive scene. Numerous rows of tents thickly spread the plain; bright artillery, placed in regular forms, glittered in the reflected sun-beams; soldiers resting their weary limbs, lay extended on all sides—many of their horses lying dead from fatigue; carriages, baggage-carts, and all the numerous retinue attending the march of an invading army, covered the fields around, amongst which were a great number of boats, in readiness to form bridges.

March 22d. We went to the Trinità di Monte, from whence we looked down on the Austrian army, passing outside the walls on their way to Naples.

April 2d. I accompanied Mrs. B. to see Keiserman's water-colour landscapes, having been previously warned to be guarded in our choice of expressions of admiration, as a lady had re-

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ceived a rebuke from the artist, for saying of his performances, "Ils sont jolis," which, he said, was a very improper term; that the words "magnificent, superb, stupendous," were more applicable to his drawings. Of these epithets, the friends who accompanied me were not sparing; as, in his very best humour, he displayed his views of the Forum Romanum, the Pope pronouncing the blessing at St. Peter's, the Falls of Tivoli and Terni, and several others, which certainly had great merit. The encomiums of our friends having rendered him loquacious, he gave us a sketch of his history. When a boy, he had been employed in the shop of a bookseller at Lausanne, where, during his leisure hours, he amused himself by drawing, for which he had a decided taste; but, until the death of an aunt, who bequeathed to him 300 Louis, he had no opportunity of cultivating it. That sum enabled him to traverse the rich scenery of his native Switzerland, and of Italy; and to visit Rome, where he found abundant scope for the exercise of his talent. He farther assured us, that he never had had a master, but was indebted to his own natural untaught genius alone for the degree of super-excellence to which he had arrived. The price of his drawings is from ten to twenty-five Louis each. We next saw Granet's beautiful picture, of which the subject is the inside

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of a Dominican convent. The monks are said to be all likenesses. They stand in a line down each side the church. A few are on their knees; a priest standing in the centre holds a vase, from which issues the smoking incense; another priest seems to walk forward. The reflection of the sun, streaming from a window, spreads a glow over the countenances of the monks opposite. The whole painting is incomparably executed. We were told that our king had purchased it for 600 guineas.*

April 29th. The children and I walked to the temple of Janus and the Cloaca Maxima, which last still remains perfect, but so choked with dirt, that some time it is feared it may overflow, to the great injury of the city. It is of Etruscan architecture, the stones strongly fastened together. It was begun by Lucius Tarquinius Priscus, and finished by Tarquinius Superbus, so that it has lasted considerably above two thousand years, yet still remains firm, resisting the force of time and tempest.

The beautiful ruin called Janus Quadrifrontis, from its four arched fronts, is generally supposed to be one of the Jani of ancient Rome, which were placed in every forum or market-place, to afford shelter from the rain or sun, and must have

* It is now in the king's private collection of pictures, which has recently been exhibited to the public.

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added much to the embellishment of the city. That above-mentioned is built of immense blocks of Grecian marble, with recesses, in which statues were placed.

LETTER XXXIII.

Rome, May 2d, 1821.

Mrs. S—— often kindly invites us to be the companions of her walks, and this day took us to the baths of Titus, through which we had no light to guide our steps but the torches provided by a cicerone. Some of these under-ground arches appeared of colossal height. The building was originally of an enormous size, including the imperial palace, &c. There are said to have been more than eight hundred public baths, besides private ones. The emperor's bath was cased with the richest marble, the pavement very beautiful. In a niche was found the Laocoon, in the very spot where Pliny describes it to have been. 3000 years are said to have rolled away since this group was modelled by the Grecian chisel. The building consisted of two stories—one for the baths; in the other games were exhibited. By the light of the torch, held

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up for the purpose, we could discern some beautiful female figures, and several birds and beasts, supposed to have been executed nearly eighteen hundred years ago: and though during a considerable part of that period, they have been buried under ground, they still, in many places, retain their original freshness of colouring. Many beautiful specimens of these ancient frescos have been dexterously cut from the walls, particularly that much admired one which is now in the Vatican, the Nozze Aldobrandini, said to be the finest relic of antiquity in this art. Many copies have been taken of it by celebrated artists, but Nicolo Poussin has excelled them all in producing a very beautiful picture, which may be seen in the Doria palace.

Near the baths was the reservoir for water, and a number of rooms, seven of which still remain, called Le Sette Sale. They are situated in a vineyard. Some ancient mosaic pavement may be seen in the under-ground part of the beautiful little church of San Martino, where part of the baths also remain in their original state. This church is adorned with pillars of Giallo Antico, alabaster, and other rare and beautiful marbles. The church of St. Pietro, in Vincolo, also covers part of the ruins of these baths. In this church is the famous statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo. I admired the sta-

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tue very much, but not the horns,* (to represent rays,) which are such unnatural ornaments to the human face divine.

May 3d. This used to be a day of gladness to our little family party, being the anniversary of the morning on which our darling Anny first opened her eyes on the light of the sun; the glorious emblem of that Sun of righteousness, whose unfading brightness now shines round about her. O what a blessed transition from this cloudy world, to dwell for ever in the glory of the Lord! O child of our love, wilt thou know us again in that bright abode? Will thy cherub arms be unfolded to clasp thy parents, where all tears shall be wiped from their eyes, and parting shall be no more?

May 4th. This evening we all together visited Anny's tomb, and shed some quiet tears, while contemplating the peaceful scene around.

May 5th. Oh, my dear friend, pity and pray for us; surely no one more truly than yourself will sympathise with us in our present affliction. Last night our dear and excellent Sir W. retired to rest in apparently good health, but at four in the morning he awoke in acute pain, and the

* The horn was, in the East, a symbol of power and of dignity; and that it was so in David's time, we can discover from many passages in the psalms. In some of the illuminated Bibles Moses is represented with a single horn. "My horn shalt thou exalt like the horn of an unicorn."—Ps. xcii. 10.

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symptoms are still unabated. The physician and surgeon assure us that there is no present danger; but to our anxious fears the greatest earthly calamity which could befal this family seems to impend over it. Oh may the God whom he serves be his refuge, and support his agitated wife.

May 6th. As yet there appears no abatement of pain, though the medical men continue to assure him that there is no danger; but Sir W.'s own convictions are, that he never can recover, and all his conversation with his afflicted wife tends to endeavour to reconcile her to the will of God. In every act, in every word, he preserves the consistency of the Christian character; even, when lately bending under the severe dispensation, which deprived him of his beloved daughter, no word escaped his lips which did not indicate a heart resigned and submissive; but it is the opinion of Dr. Clarke, that his efforts to suppress his own feelings, in order that he might support and comfort her whom he loved better than himself, was the predisposing cause of his present illness; he had also been in the habit of taking very long walks during the melancholy period of suspense; as he expressed himself to his wife, he felt like a machine wound up, going forward unconsciously till recalled to recollection by the weariness of his little companions, Richard and Elizabeth, who always

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attended his steps; the former of whom particularly, could, by no inducement, be prevailed on to leave his papa's side. He watched his looks with the tenderest solicitude, and tried every childish endearment to amuse his thoughts.

May 11th. We hear melancholy accounts of the daring depredations of banditti. All the monks have been carried off from a convent, at Frascati, into the mountains, and the sum of eight thousand scudi is demanded from the Roman government for their ransom; which, however, it is said, will not be paid, as that would be encouraging the miscreants to continue their atrocities.

May 14th. We are told that it would be hazardous to go without the gates of the city, it is so surrounded by banditti. One of our favourite walks was on the banks of the Tiber, outside the gate, where we must not now venture, having heard of a robbery and attempted murder which took place there within a day or two. A young Flemish artist sat on the river's brink, sketching the opposite view; some shabby-looking men passed him several times, of whom he took no note until they accosted him in an imperative tone of voice, "Quattrini, o vita," falling upon him with clubs, and not satisfied with beating and robbing him of his watch, brooch, and twenty-four louis d'ors, they cast him headlong

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into the Tiber, desiring that he would employ himself in catching fish instead of drawing. Fortunately, he was a good swimmer, and by that means saved himself. Seventeen or eighteen of the banditti stopped at an inn, three miles distant from the Porta San Giovanni, in the middle of the day, and freely helped themselves to whatever they wished, insultingly ordering the innkeeper to go into Rome, and inform the government that they had been there eating and drinking on such a day, at such an hour.

We are told that the superior of the convent at Frascati escaped, but they carried off eight of the monks, five of whom are still in their custody. Two were left on the way, not being able from age and infirmity to keep pace with the rest. The third described his escape to an English gentleman, from whom I heard it. He lay down unperceived among some brush-wood; and when the party had proceeded a little, rolled himself along as silently as possible, and thus effected his escape; had he stood up he must have been discovered. In his descent over rocks and brambles, he received many scratches and bruises, but those he disregarded, while the lamentable cries and shrieks of his brethren pierced his ears.

May 25th. Mr. Metz, as I said before, is not among the number of those who are ready to yield credence "to old wives' fables." This

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evening he came to tell us of a miraculous Madonna now performing wonders at the Chiesa di San Agostino; the statue is in consequence loaded with the ornaments of Princess Chigi and several other ladies of high rank, with which it stands glittering amidst a blaze of lamps, that being the general mark of adoration to a favourite image. This statue had been long neglected, but is now brought into notice literally by an old woman, who said that, as she passed, it opened its stony lips, and desired her to go into the sacristy and ask the priests why they so long delayed to light the lamps around her; having executed these orders, to which the unbelieving priests gave no heed, the old woman returned to the Madonna, which repeated its commands in a more peremptory manner. Again the messenger, whose alarm was increased, stood trembling before the priests, beseeching them to make no longer delay. At length yielding to her intreaties they went to the statue, which upbraided them for their tardiness and incredulity. Immediately the miracle resounded through the city, and attracted a vast concourse of worshippers.

May 27th. How shall I describe to you that homage which this day my eyes witnessed; otherwise I could not have believed it possible, that where the Gospel is read by the priests at least, such a scene could have been permitted in

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these enlightened days. I was prevailed upon by the children and a party of friends to go to the Agostino,* to see the miraculous Madonna; and there the statue stood loaded with finery, and sparkling with jewels, surrounded by a dazzling blaze of light: the spacious temple crowded with prostrate worshippers, screaming with agonizing cries and groans before the senseless stone! never did I see or hear any thing which so thrilled through me. We could not bear to remain a moment longer, though an Italian servant told us that a miracle was just going to be performed. The image is already covered with

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* DIVOTA ORAZIONE A MARIA SANTISSIMA.

Vergine Santissima Madre del Verbo Incarnato Tesoriera delle grazie, Refugio di noi miseri peccatori, noi riccorriamo al vostro Materno Amore con viva Fede, e vi domandiamo la grazia di far sempre la volantà di Dio, e di Voi, e diamo il Cuor nostro nelle vostre Santissime Mani, e vi domandiamo la salute dell' Anima, e del Corpo, e speriamo di certo, che Voi nostra Madre ci esaudirete e però con viva Fede diciamo Tre Ave Maria.

Translation.

DEVOUT PRAYER TO THE MOST HOLY MARY.

Most holy Mother of the incarnate Word; treasure of graces; refuge of us miserable sinners: we have recourse to your maternal love with lively faith, and we ask of you grace always to perform the will of God, and your will; and we give our hearts into your most holy keeping; and we entreat of you salvation of soul and body, with certain hope that you our Mother will hear us favourably: and therefore with lively faith we say three Ave Maria.

This prayer, with a representation of the images, was sold at the door of the Church, while the image itself was adored within.

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votive offerings, such as eyes of silver, from those whose sight was said to be restored, &c. On each of the offerings is inscribed, P. G. M. Per grazia Maria. These practises we have been told are, for reasons of policy, connived at by government, whenever the minds of the people are disaffected, to give their thoughts a different current. How can a state prosper which makes use of such expedients? Certainly, miracles appear now to have superseded the Carbonari, in the minds of the versatile multitude. We asked a Roman gentleman, who spends much of his time here, and frequently walks out with us, if he had heard of the miraculous image at the Chiesa Agostino, he acknowledged he had, but refused to accompany us to see it, and tried to prevent our going thither, evidently grieved that we should know such things were practised; he said that they were not attended to but by the ignorant and poor. That religion, however, must be very erroneous which can thus mislead the simple minded; it cannot be the religion of which our Lord speaks, when he says, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them to babes." They tell you, with every corroborating circumstance, that a priest walking unattended and defenceless, near Frascati, was attacked by

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three of the banditti; but when he called upon the unseen aid of San Filippo, immediately the astonished banditti stood paralysed, without power to move from the spot where they stood until the priest procured from the town a party of soldiers to take them into custody. By order of the Pope a representation of the whole is now making in silver, to be placed in the Chiesa Nuovo, dedicated to San Filippo, which, before this addition, was sufficiently decorated. The Saint's little chapel in particular is resplendent with precious stones and beautiful marble.

Recurring to the banditti reminds me of some of their cruel acts which occurred in December and January last, at a time when my mind was too much occupied with domestic affliction, to attend much to that of a more public nature. Two Vetturini, or hired carriages, were stopped by these lawless marauders on their way from Rome to Naples, in one of which were Mr. G. and Mr. M. Englishmen, with whom the robbers being principally engaged, the party in the other carriage contrived to escape. Not being satisfied with the plunder of the gentlemens' trunks, and all the money and valuables in their possession, they carried them up into the mountains, from whence they dispatched Mr. M. to procure a ransom, still retaining Mr. G. Mr. M. returned with all the money he could raise;

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but that being deemed insufficient, they refused to give up their prisoner, threatening that if the specified sum were not produced before a stated time, he should be murdered. Mr. M. returned to Naples, and represented the business to the English consul, who brought it before the Neapolitan government, demanding whether English subjects, quietly travelling through their country, were to be so treated with impunity? An alarm was taken, and notice sent to Terracina, that the town should be razed to the ground if the English gentleman were not immediately liberated. With the greatest promptitude this order was obeyed; but in the meantime Mr. G., from the barbarous treatment which he had met with, became delirious; from which he did not recover for some days.

The other is an instance of savage barbarity. These wretches entered the academy at Terracina, where, having put to death the sub-master, they carried off twenty-eight little boys, for whose ransom they demanded a sum of money far beyond what their parents could raise. The Pope, on hearing the circumstance, sent 10,000 scudi, for which only ten boys were delivered. To some of the unhappy parents the ears of their children were sent. Two boys were most inhumanly butchered, one of them,

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the son of the governor of a town who had taken active measures against them; the dead bodies were left on the high road, opposite the inn at Terracina. Yet these barbarians profess a kind of religion; they worship the Madonna, whose image in silver they carry about their person as a preservative from harm, and their passport to heaven.

May 30.—There was a grand ceremony at the Church of St. Giovanni Laterano similar to that on Easter Sunday at St. Peter's. The church was magnificently decorated. The Pope was carried in his ornamented chair. A sermon was preached in Latin by one of the prelates. His discourse, to those at a distance, might appear extempore, but we were close enough both to hear and see the suggeritore or prompter, who stood at his shoulder reading from a book, all which he repeated in a louder tone. This I have since been told is a common practice. The Pope sat on a throne near the high altar, raised several steps, on which many priests seated themselves, having first kissed his foot. At the conclusion of the sermon, the Pope was again borne along, followed by the cardinals, to the centre of the church, where a cushion being placed he knelt, in silent adoration: the cardinals, whose flowing garments spread the ground, also bent in the same silent prostration. In a

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few moments all arose from their silent prayer. The Pope was then borne aloft on his glittering chair to that part of the church from whence he pronounced the blessing to a very great multitude, who were spread over a widely extensive piece of ground; a scene, in the opinion of many people, more striking than that at St. Peter's.

The Pope's morning dress is a scarlet mantle, a scarlet hat, with a broad brim edged with gold, scarlet stockings, and shoes, on the front of which is a gold cross. He receives gentlemen, who are introduced to him in his dressing gown: seven at a time only are admitted; they must be presented in full court dress, unless they can appear in an officer's uniform. A Roman tailor has got the dress of an English naval officer, which he hires out to so many, that it is well known at the Vatican; and "the navy lieutenant" is a standing joke at Rome.

The subterranean part of St. Peter's well merits a visit; but, on account of some improprieties committed there, men and women are prohibited from going in together. On Whitsundays the male sex are excluded, it being open to all females; but they are not permitted to enter on any other day throughout the year, unless by special permission from the vicar-general, which any valet de place can procure for stran-

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gers without difficulty. There is a large subterranean church, in which mass is daily performed, and four small chapels, which are decorated with very curious old mosaics and gilt paintings of the earliest ages of christianity. Here are entombed St. Peter, St. Paul, and a number of saints and martyrs. A circular vault round the magnificent sepulchre of St. Peter, is lined with the tombs of emperors, princes, saints and popes, amongst which is Alexander VI. of infamous memory. A very intelligent person, a canon of the church, expressed to Sir Walter his firm belief that notwithstanding the personal vices of this pontiff, which are notorious and undeniable, that in his spiritual character as head of the church, he was enabled, and actually did perform, several notable miracles. But our glorious Redeemer will not acknowledge those who "work iniquity," though by means of a diabolical agent, they may even perform miracles.—See Matt. vii. 22. 23.

The awful event, which put a period to this atrocious life, is well known: by mistake, (or rather by that mandate which proclaims from on high "So far shalt thou go, but no farther,") the detestable monster partook of the poison which he had prepared for twelve cardinals, whose wealth he coveted. It will be remembered that Cæsar Borgia was the person who planned this infernal scheme.

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LETTER XXXIV.

My dear Friend,

I find you are still dissatisfied with my cursory detail of the numerous interesting objects which daily pass before my observation. You say the accounts of others are, in general, too diffuse, and you want from me a great deal, in small compass. The task you assign me is rather difficult; but what would not one at least aim at, to gratify a friend? There is a wide field before me, and I must, in some instances, retrace my steps. First, let me go out of Rome, and enter it again by one of its sixteen gates. I need not enumerate their names. Closed and unclosed, you would read and forget them, like myself. In the time of the empire, when Rome was the most flourishing city in the world, Pliny speaks of its thirty-seven gates, twelve of which leading to the great roads were double, one for the entrance of the people, the other for their egress, that the thronging multitudes might not press upon each other. The finest of its present doors is the Porta Maggiore, which was originally an arch of the Claudian aqueduct. It is composed of prodigious squares of Tiburtine stone, supported by solid Ionic pillars; and stands, indeed, a noble monument of Roman architecture.

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The ancient gates of Rome were each guarded by the statue of some protecting deity, the right hand of which was worn away by the kisses of every one who passed through. Here again we may remark and compare the Pagan and Papal worshippers.—St. Peter's toe is half gone, and the statues of saints, and madonnas, evince the same impression. In building their churches, the Roman Catholics have adhered as much as possible to the forms, and porticos of the Pagan temples; and in many instances, have adopted their altars and images. In Pagan times, diseased children were brought by their mothers to the temple of Romulus to be cured: this custom is continued in the little church which stands on its site, called Chiesa de San Theodore, or St. Toto; and to the shrine of the saint the same miraculous cures are imputed. Romulus was deified, Toto was canonized.* The empress Helena, and her daughter Constantia, were the first Christian princesses canonized as saints, after the example of numberless princesses who were deified as goddesses. The Penates, and the Lares of the ancients, may still be traced in the little images of our Lord, of the Madonna, and the saints. The Lares were the departed spirits of those whom they revered; the Pe-

* See Rome in the Nineteenth Century.

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nates their little divinities, and therefore held more sacred.

But how have I wandered from the gates of Rome, to Roman Catholic superstitions? I hardly recollect any thing more of the gates worth mentioning. Porta Pia is rendered remarkable by its ornaments, representing a barber's basin and towel, by which Michael Angelo, the architect, commemorated his own revengeful feelings, when he only wished to transmit to posterity the idea that Pius IV. who built it, was the son of a barber, when, perhaps, the circumstance was suggested from his name being Barberini.

Every one knows that Rome is the city which stands on seven hills; that, however, is Rome as it was, and not Rome as it is. The greater part of those hills are now desolate of inhabitants, though many mouldering remains thickly spread their surface. The Palatine, a mile in circumference, formed the boundary of Romulus's infant city, where once stood the golden house of Nero, and was the dwelling-place of various emperors. The interesting, and wide-spread ruin of the palace of the Cæsars, is still found there, but no human habitation except a solitary convent. At its base the noblest relic of Rome, "her Coliseum stands." I need not occupy my time, or yours, by telling you how, or when, the

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remaining six hills—the Capitoline, the Quirinale, the Viminale, the Esquinale, the Cœlian, and Aventine, were added; neither need I mention from whence they derived their names—all which information any Roman history will give you. Their present state is what you wish to know. Ruins and rubbish have so choked up the hollows of some of these hills, that their summits cannot now be traced: but the Palatine, Aventine, Capitol, and Cœlian, still stand conspicuous mounts. The Quirinal, on which is the Pope's palace, has a considerable ascent, but its fall is not easily found. It is the most populous of the seven hills, and is covered with fine palaces, churches, streets and fountains; but the only remains of its ancient grandeur is the vestiges of Constantine's baths, and a part of those of Dioclesian. The first is seen in the garden of the Colonna palace. In these ruins were found the two fine colossal groups of a young man and horse, which are placed on the summit of the hill, in front of the Pope's palace, and from which it receives its modern name of Monte Cavallo. By the inscriptions these statues are known to be the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, and are supposed by antiquarians to represent Alexander and Bucephalus, (which circumstance I think I have already mentioned.) However, that can hardly be the case, the artist being dead

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before Alexander's time. Some say that they represent Castor and Pollux. I am afraid I must leave your ideas as confused as my own are on this subject, and as the antiquarians appear to be. There is a pretty church on the Quirinal called St. Andréa Noviziato, built by Bernini; its form is oval, and it is lined with beautiful marbles. Here is also the magnificent church of Santa Maria della Vittoria: it contains Bernini's famous group of Santa Theresa in an ecstacy, while the angel of death is preparing to strike her bosom. On the western side of this hill stands the once precipitous rock down which malefactors were hurled; but as I have already given you some account of the Tarpeian rock, I shall pass from it to the Esquiline hill, which is of wide extent: part of it is covered with the streets of modern Rome, but the remainder is a desolate waste, where many time-worn ruins lie scattered; what they were, the antiquarian vainly conjectures: even the lonely and beautiful vestige of the temple of Minerva Medica excites doubts. The most conspicuous, and chief ornament of this hill is the majestic arches of the Nero and Claudian aqueducts; they are the same which are seen in the vicinity of the Coliseum. These mighty remains spread over a wide expanse of country, and give a striking proof of the magnificence of ancient Rome. The aqueducts brought the water

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forty, fifty, and even seventy miles across the Campagna and its bordering mountains, to supply the inhabitants.

On the summit of the Esquiline stands the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. As you enter, its three naves have a strikingly grand effect. Twenty fine Ionic pillars grace each side; besides which, there are a number of pillars of verde antique and porphyry. Over the principal altar there is a bronze dome lined with mosaics. Here is a very magnificent chapel belonging to the Borghese family; its altar is composed of agate, lapis lazuli, amethyst, and oriental jasper; in it there is an image of the Virgin, said to be the performance of Saint Luke. Before this church is erected a fine sculptured Corinthian pillar, taken from the temple of Peace, which, I think, I mentioned in one of my former letters.

This is one of the seven Basilicas of Rome, which possess the privilege of granting 6,000 years' indulgence to the penitent who visits their altars and shrines in one day.* Many of the old churches are called Basilica, which were anciently halls of justice.

On the Esquiline was the house and garden of Mæcenas, Virgil, Sapho, Pliny the younger, part of Nero's house, and the palace and baths

* Nineteenth Century in Rome. See note in Vol. II. p. 254.

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of Titus. It was the birth place of Julius Cæsar. The statue of Meleagar in the Vatican was found on this hill: it is esteemed one of the finest statues in the world. On the Cœlian hill stands the Temple of Fortuna Muliebris, erected on the Via Latina, (the road to Frascati,) to commemorate that eventful day, when Coriolanus was subdued by the tears of his wife and mother. The Ædicola (or what in our churches would be called the chapel) of this temple, stands higher up on the hill, where there is a beautiful ancient tomb, built of red bricks, in good preservation: it is paved with mosaic. From hence there is a fine view of the Marcian and Claudian aqueducts, and the ruins of Roma Vecchia. On the Cœlian hill you may visit Cento Celle, the ruins of a college of gladiators.

I must not, however, fill my letter without mentioning a few more churches, and palaces, with some of the finest paintings they contain, as on these subjects you accuse me of being deficient.

The Colonna palace is one of the most remarkable (though despoiled of many of its rare treasures,) on account of its magnificent gallery, 209 feet long, 35 broad, beautifully proportioned, paved with fine marble, and supported by noble corinthian columns, and pilasters of giallo antico. Its painted roof is splendid; there are

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a number of statues, amongst which, but one or two are worth notice; there are also some good paintings, among a number of bad ones. There were two by Guido which are unrivalled; one is a Magdalen with auburn ringlets; the expression of her dark eyes makes a deep impression on every beholder. The portrait of the beautiful Paracide, is the other. Rome abounds with copies of this picture; but here was the original. The father of Beatrice Cenci was the vilest of men, and made his own children victims to the most brutal excesses; he was without shame, remorse, or pity, and did not deserve to be numbered amongst the living; yet one cannot but regret, that the retributive hand of Justice, instead of that of his own daughter, did not rid the world of such a monster. She hired ruffians to stab him in the silent midnight hour, whose courage failing, she seized the dagger, and plunged it into the bosom of her sleeping parent. There is a wildness and deeply-settled melancholy, mixed with the sweet expression of her lovely countenance, where there is nothing depicted which marks the perpetratress of such a deed of darkness; she was hurried on by sufferings and insults worse than death, from which the government could afford her no protection, though it mercilessly condemned to the torture the whole family, even the little children, in

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hopes of discovering the murderer. The unfortunate culprit bore the rack without shrinking, until her little brother was placed upon it; but on hearing his plaintive cry, Oh! save me, save me!" she sprang forward exclaiming aloud, that she was the guilty one. She asked no mercy for herself, but pleaded for her mother, in vain: they suffered together a painful and ignominious death.

There are a number of apartments in the Colonna palace; more than twenty furnished and carpetted; we hurried through several of them, to one where the *Columna Bellica* is said to be deposited; but it is not very probable that this little twisted rosso antico pillar is the one that stood before the temple of Bellona, from whence the arrow of war was thrown towards the country, against which it was to be proclaimed. Speaking of the temple of Bellona reminds me of the priests of the goddess of war; they were called Fanatici, from their cutting themselves with knives, and throwing their bodies into various contortions, howling and foaming at the mouth, and uttering frenzied expressions, which passed for the oracles of the goddess. Similar to this is the frantic gestures of the Dervishes of the East, and to both may be compared the priests of Baal, described in the Bible, "they leaped upon the altar, and cried aloud, and cut

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themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them."—1 Kings, xviii. 28. About two years since, the last legal representative of the Colonna family died, and nearly all its treasures were sold by auction.

The Barbarini palace is also stripped of its celebrated collection of ancient sculpture, vases, gems, cameos intaglios, &c. &c. Poverty has compelled the proprietor to disperse them among different purchasers; and to look for them now would be a vain attempt; the destiny of one of its vases, we can however, ascertain; the Portland vase is safe in the British museum; it was originally found in a sarcophagus, entombed on the Via Latina. Notwithstanding the spoliation, this palace contains a valuable collection of first rate paintings; too many for me to enumerate, since it is not my intention to be your guide; should you visit Italy, Mrs. Starke must be your companion, her valuable book has rendered every other of the kind unnecessary.

The Palazzo Massimi is one of the smallest and prettiest palaces in Rome, but badly situated: it contains a famous Discobolus (a wrestler) found on the Esquiline in the villa Palombari.

In the Spada palace, stands the celebrated statue of Pompey, at the foot of which Cæsar

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received his death wound from the hand of his beloved Brutus; and, folding his robe round his head, in his last expiring groan, he uttered that pathetic expression, "Et tu Brute!" The statue is larger than life, being without drapery except a short Grecian mantle hanging over one shoulder and arm; in this hand he holds a globe, whilst the other is extended in the air. There are not many good pictures here, but there are two fine antique bas reliefs, brought from the staircase of the church of St. Agnese, representing the sleeping Endymion, and Perseus liberating Andromeda.

There are several pieces of ancient statuary, one of which is remarkably fine, the statue of an old Philosopher sitting in a chair. Several of the best paintings are said to have been stolen; there remain two however, which are well worthy of attention—Lucretia committing suicide, and the rape of Helen, by Guido. Indeed a great number of the finest pictures, which used to adorn the Roman palaces have gradually found their way to England, and Russia.

In the Palazzo Corsini there are many of the paintings of Raphael, Rubens, Titian, Guido, Teniers, Vandyke, &c.

The Farnisina is a large hall entirely painted in fresco, by Raphael and his scholars, representing the fable of Cupid and Psyche. The

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part by Raphael, which depicts Cupid showing Psyche to the three Graces, is much the most admired part of the performance; but the whole is exceedingly beautiful. In another room, by the same artist, Galatea is painted in fresco, drawn in a car by two dolphins, Cupid is guiding the car. The entire fable is represented in all its parts.

The church of Santa Croce, in Gierusalemme, stands close by the walls of Rome; it was built by Santa Helena, mother of Constantine: she went to Jerusalem for the true cross, which having found, she deposited one third of it in this church, from whence it derives its name. Near it is a large edifice where Buonaparte instituted a school of industry for girls. In the court are the remains of the Temple of Venus and Cupid.

On the Esquiline stands the church of St Clement, built by Constantine, said to be the most ancient and curious church in the world; it remains in its original form, on the slope of the hill near the baths of Titus. It has but one altar, and is adorned by some curious old frescos. The church of Santa Agnese is also a very curious old church, preserving, more than any other, the ancient form of the profane Basilica. The three naves separated by sixteen ancient marble columns, and the form of the

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tribune at the top, where the judge used to sit, are easily discerned not only here, but in most of the old Roman churches. In this church the gallery is seen which was occupied by the audience in the Pagan Basilica. The altar stands under the tribune.

The Farnese palace was built from the spoils of the Coliseum; its architecture is not good, although the work of Michael Angelo Buonarotti. The ancient sculpture which adorned it is transported to Naples by the Neapolitan monarchs, to whom it belonged. It is now inhabited by the ambassador. Its gallery, painted in fresco by Annibale Caracci, is an unrivalled specimen of the greatness of his powers. It was the indefatigable labour of eight years, for which he received the *munificent* reward of five hundred crowns from cardinal Farnesi. The subjects are, the triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne, drawn in their golden cars, by tigers. Satyrs, fawns, and bacchantes, led on by old Selenus. The triumph of Galatea, and Aurora running away with Cephalus, are by Agostino, the brother of A. Caracci. Tithonas lies sleeping in the corner whilst the goddess is caressing Cephalus in the car. Cupid is the charioteer. Between the divisions of the principal pictures there are figures, and ornaments executed in such a manner as to have all the effect of bas relief. The entire painting is incomparable and the composition faultless.

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Palazzo Falconieri.—Here is a fine collection of pictures. It is cardinal Fesch's palace, and he is very kind in admitting the English still to see them, notwithstanding the ill conduct of a party of giddy young people. Madame Mére, (for that is the name given to Buonaparte's mother) resided in the first floor of this palace, she is cardinal Fesch's sister, and now lives in a magnificent palace of her own in the Corso.

Palazzo Borghese, is indeed, one of Rome's splendid palaces, nor can it boast one more magnificent for size, and beauty of architecture, as well as its superb collection of paintings by Domenicheno, Titian, Albano, &c. &c.

The prince Borghese did possess a fine museum of sculpture, which, however, he disposed of to Buonaparte in exchange for the viceroyalty of Turin, by which means it is irreparably gone. The prince resides at Florence, and deserts his fine palace and his wife Paolina, the favorite sister of Buonaparte: her beauty excites general admiration, but no one speaks well of her conduct; yet her soirées are crowded with English, and other foreigners. Canova has sculptured a statue of her as Venus, which he esteems one of his best works. The prince locked it up in one of the apartments in the palace, of which he keeps the key, and will permit no one to enter without special permission.

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Camuccini and Landi are the rival artists of Italy. The former is a native of Florence, the latter of Piacenza. Camuccini possesses a rich and select collection of pictures by the best masters, indeed they are so judiciously chosen, that there is not an indifferent painting amongst them; there is a Claude Lorrain that I could not weary of admiring. He has some exquisite frescos, but for want of room in his house they are kept in a locked up place outside, with some beautifully sculptured marbles, brought from the forum of Trajan. There was the finest statue of a Caryatides, from Athens, which I have ever seen.

The Caryatidæ are female figures, and receive their name from the captive women of Caria, to perpetuate the memory of whose conquest, the Athenians represented as slaves supporting the capitals of the columns in their temples.

The Palazzo Corsini contains an extensive gallery of pictures, many of them good: there is an Ecce Homo, by Guercino, which commands admiration. Palazzo Albani is nearly stripped of its good paintings, a few, however, remain.

The Palazzo Poniatowski is celebrated chiefly for its cabinet of gems, of which we were favoured with a sight, but they are not often shown to foreigners.

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The Villa Albani, within a short drive, though robbed of some of its most valuable specimens, still displays a rich treasure of ancient statuary; they are arranged in the most elegant manner through the magnificent galleries and porticoes of this splendid villa or casino, where the admirer of the beau ideal might spend day after day and never weary. The principal portico is sustained by forty-four magnificent columns of different marbles. There is an airy lightness and beauty about this whole structure which I have never seen surpassed, even in Italy. The French plundered it of more than two hundred pieces of sculpture, none of which were restored but the beautiful relievo of Antinous: otherwise its museum could only have been out done by that of the Vatican, and Capitol.

The Palazzo Giustiniani is built upon the ruins of Nero's baths, and its spacious galleries and halls were once decorated with a profusion of fine statues found there; but the best of them, with the pictures, are gone, and the noble family to whom they belonged are, it is said, comparatively reduced to poverty. I have but one more palace to mention, and then positively I have done with the subject, of which I think, like myself, you must be heartily tired.

The Villa Ludovisi every one wishes, but a favoured few alone can obtain, a sight of. Its

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owner, Prince Piombino, resides at Rome, but keeps a watchful eye over his servants lest they should be bribed to admit foreigners to see the rare treasures of art, which he locks up as a miser would his coffers. He has been appropriately called, by one of our tourists, "the gaoler of statues." With great difficulty his cousin, Prince Sciarra, obtained permission for us. The situation of the villa is enchanting: it is within the walls of Rome, though in the country. It contains the Aurora of Guercino, besides some other frescos, amongst which Fame, with snowy wings, is perfectly beautiful. Aurora, just risen from the bed of Tithonas, sits in her car scattering flowers, to indicate the freshness of morning. Little children represent the Hours fluttering around while they put out the stars. A winged cherub, representing the morning star, follows her car, bearing a lighted torch, yet seems to shiver with the cold of the dewy dawn; the first gleam of the sun's rays tinges his shoulder.

I should not have entered so much into this description but to give you an idea of the difference between the Aurora of Guido, and that of Guercino. The former, I remember telling you of at the time I saw it. Both are exquisite; Guido's is a more advanced time of the morning, the sun has risen in splendour; Guercino has caught the first dawn. The ancient statuary

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here are unique, and invaluable. Mars reposing, is a noble statue: the figure is youthful, and expressive of manly beauty. He sits with one foot resting upon his fallen helmet, his shield is at his side, and his right hand grasps his sword; Cupid, with a smiling look, is seated at his feet. There is a groupe, called Papirius pretending to disclose the secret of the senate to his mother, who leans upon his shoulder—I was going to tell you the story, but must again refer you to history, as I have more to communicate concerning churches, paintings, &c. &c. than I have leisure for, I shall merely mention a few more churches.

Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, is built on the site of Pompey's great temple to Minerva. It belongs to the Dominicans, and the superior of the convent is the grand inquisitor. In this church there is a celebrated statue of Christ, by Michael Angelo.

I am sorry to tell you that the inquisition not only exists at Rome, but at Naples, Turin, and Madrid. Their secret conferences are held every Wednesday.

In the church of the Capuchin Friars is the famous painting, by Guido, of Michael the Archangel trampling Satan under his foot.

The little church of Santa Constantia was built from the foundation by her father, Constantine

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the Great. People imagine it to have been a temple of Bacchus, because of the devices of the vintage; but the same are sculptured on her sarcophagus of highly polished porphyry in the Vatican.

I have already told you that the church of Maria degli Angeli forms part of the Therme di Dioclesian. Pius VI. employed Buonarotti to metamorphose this superb ancient edifice or hall, measuring 350 feet in length, and 90 in height, into a modern church, which he found no difficulty in effecting. It is one of the most beautiful churches of Rome in form and proportions, and is supported by sixteen colossal columns, eight of which are ancient, each one formed of a solid block of porphyry. The eight modern columns are painted in imitation of them. It contains a celebrated statue of St. Bruno, by Bernini, and a number of paintings, none of which are very remarkable, except Dominichino's martyrdom of St. Sebastian. These ruins occupy a large tract of ground, and are converted into churches, convents, granaries, &c.

You will find this letter a curious medley of churches, palaces, &c. &c. as they occur to my memory, without attention to order in the arrangement.

I forget whether I mentioned a famous column which stands in the centre of the Piazza Colonna. It was erected by the Roman senate in honour

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of the emperor Marcus Aurelius; but on the pedestal there is a modern inscription, declaring it to have been dedicated by the emperor to Antoninus Pius. Like the pillar of Trajan, it is entwined with the history of the victories of Marcus Aurelius over the Germans, sculptured in bas reliefs; but it is inferior to that unrivalled specimen of the work of Apollodorus, on which there are said to be two thousand figures introduced, without reckoning those of horses, eagles, arms, &c. The beautiful pedestal, in which is said formerly to have been deposited a golden urn containing the ashes of the hero, is richly ornamented with festoons and trophies. From models since found, it is known that originally a gilt statue of Trajan (for which there is one substituted of St. Peter) crowned the top of the column, which has been standing more than seventeen centuries. It is remarkable that the columns of Rome's two best emperors, Trajan and Marcus Aurelius, remain the most perfect. Including the statue, the height of the former is 128 feet. The latter is composed of twenty-eight blocks of white marble. Inside are 190 steps, which lead to the top, from whence there is a fine view of Rome. This column was surmounted with a statue of Marcus Aurelius, but has now given place to one of St. Paul.

Of the beautiful bronze statue on horseback of

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this emperor every one has heard; and of which you must have seen many models, as they abound every where. It is the finest equestrian statue in the world, and the only one left of the number that once embellished ancient Rome. It is the first object you see in front of the Capitol, after having ascended the grand staircase designed by Michael Angelo. The horse is in the act of moving, and seems so much alive in every muscle, that this great architect, on seeing it, exclaimed, "Camína dunque."

The three buildings, which form the front and two sides of the capitol, were also designed by Michael Angelo. The senatorial palace, in the centre, contains a large saloon where the senate of Rome and the magistrates held their tribunal. Il Palazzo dei Conservitori, on the right, contains a long suite of apartments filled with a collection of paintings and antiquities, which must feast the eyes of a lover of the fine arts. Here are the two famous Sybils, by Dominichino, and Guercino.

In the court, with many other fragments and statues, are the remains of a colossal statue of Apollo. We were told that its body had been cut up into a pillar a few years ago. How barbarous!—In the same place there is a fine group of Grecian workmanship, a lion tearing a horse.

In the Museum of the Capitol the statues, &c.

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are arranged throughout a suite of rooms, as in the Vatican. They are peculiarly interesting, inasmuch as you may trace from them many events in Roman history. In the stanza dei Filosofi there are busts of most of the sages and great men of antiquity; those of emperors and their families occupy one room; and in another there is a statue, supposed to be Agrippina seated, which is exquisite. Around the salone are a number of fine statues. There are a great variety of sarcophagi, Egyptian statues, idols, and numerous specimens of antiquity well worthy of observation. In the last room the most conspicuous figure, and that which rivets your attention, is the dying Gladiator. It is one of the finest pieces of ancient sculpture which the world produces. There is a beautiful groupe in the same room of Cupid and Psyche; but I could not possibly enumerate the contents of this museum: the most strikingly beautiful, after those I have mentioned, are, Cupid bending his bow; a Child playing with a Goose; Innocence, in the form of a little girl, carrying a Dove; and some beautiful bassi relievi on a sarcophagus, particularly the Battle of the Amazons.

You tell me you wish for a more satisfactory account of the Vatican than I have yet given you; there is so much to be seen in that vast theatre of the fine arts, that I could fill many

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letters with the account of its treasures. How then, can I compress them into the end of this, which has already far exceeded the bounds of a letter, and which may more appropriately be called a packet?

The first part of the Vatican which I was shown into was the Sextine Chapel, built by Sextus VI. The celebrated fresco painting of the Last Judgment, by M. A. Buonarotti, covers the upper end. Time (assisted by the smoke of innumerable lights) has laid his iron hand on this dreadfully fine representation, so that at a first glance it appears a mass of confusion. But, upon a more minute and attentive examination, its excellencies, in part, are revealed. At the top our Saviour appears as the Judge of the world; blessed spirits are hovering around him; and at his side the Virgin Mother is seated: his apostles are at hand, attentively catching his words, and the ministers of his vengeance are hurling the accursed into the bottomless pit. At the bottom of the picture, Charon is represented in a boat, filled with condemned spirits; he has the oar in his hand, just prepared to cross the fatal ferry. Ghastly fear and demoniac rage are horribly depicted on the countenances of those who are making their last struggle against the decree which plunges them into the yawning abyss, where are seen similitudes too appalling to be

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described. The opposite scene represents the glorified spirits rising at the sound of the trumpet, from their earthly prison-houses, while angels are stooping from under azure clouds to bear them up into glory. It has been the chief business, as I may say, of Mr. Metz's* life to copy this picture, of which there are many fine engravings.

It has been remarked that Michael Angelo has represented but one woman in hell, and she is frightfully ugly.

The ceiling of this chapel was also painted by Michael Angelo, and being in a much better state of preservation, appears very superior in execution, though part of the subject one can never behold represented without a thrill—The Eternal calling the world out of chaos. Surely it is blasphemous to attempt to make any likeness of Him, who never appeared to mortal eye, under any form or similitude.

The stranger who enters the rooms of Raphael for the first time, if he speak truth, must confess a sense of disappointment, which even Sir Joshua Reynolds' discerning eye did not exempt him from; but the more you gaze, the more you admire;—new beauties, new wonders, appear every moment to arrest, or rather to rivet attention. A very few of these unrivalled productions are

* This artist is now no more.

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all I shall attempt a description of. The Fire at Rome is one of the most admired of Raphael's frescos, of which Dupaty, a French author, writes at large. In the night a raging fire breaks out in the square of St. Peter's, threatening the destruction of Rome, and rendered more furious by an impetuous wind. The flames issue from a poor habitation, which instantaneously sinks under them, and, with the rapidity of lightning, mount up twenty marble columns to the Vatican. A young man flies before the devouring element, carrying his aged father in his arms; a child precedes, looking back upon the flames, with horror expressed on his features; an old woman, nearly naked, follows at a little distance. A naked youth is seen clinging to the outside of a window already in flames; he casts his eager looks from the height from which he must precipitate himself, while the suspended body seems to vibrate between time and eternity. A female, from the top of a terrace, stretches towards her husband (the dear pledge of their affection,) a sleeping infant in its cradle. A beautiful lady, of majestic mien and splendid attire, escapes with two female children from the palace, all in flames—the youngest child weeps with her mother, while her sister, a lovely figure, seems only intent on concealing her unclothed form. Men, women, and children—the rich and the poor—priests and

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soldiers, are driven about promiscuously, like the sea, agitated by an ungovernable tempest. In wild consternation they enter the church; they go out, they return, they fall on their knees, and lie prostrate on the ground. A beautiful girl is borne out, fainting, by four soldiers; the flame glares upon her pale forehead, and shines upon the pearly drops which had just escaped from her eyelids.

At a window of the Vatican, close to the flames, the sovereign Pontiff makes his appearance, surrounded by the priests, the cross, and the pontifical robes. The crowd fall on their knees, and ten thousand arms are lifted up in supplication. The Pope casts his eyes upwards, and all the people join in prayer. A young girl is observed in the groupe, with dishevelled hair; she extends her hands distractedly towards the Pontiff. A woman, seated on the steps at her feet, observes her with astonishment; she neither prays nor weeps, but, with her back turned to the Vatican, lets her infant play at her bosom.

The prayer is concluded; the Pope rises, and the people, full of expectation, keep their eyes upon him, while, with a complacent air, he pronounces the benediction. Suddenly the winds cease, a volume of smoke issues from the fire, and curling round the flame, sinks with it, and restores to night its gloom and darkness.

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St. Peter's Liberation from Prison, under all the disadvantages of bad light and distance, is a wonderful effort of the inimitable genius of the artist. The apostle is seen through a grated window; his dark dungeon becomes radiant with the heavenly light which surrounds the angel, who is commissioned, with a miraculous touch, to unbind his fetters. On the right, the prison doors are seen open, and the divine messenger leads him forth. The soldiers, between whom he had been sleeping, descend the stairs in consternation; the moon shines brightly upon the glittering armour, and the glare of a torch, held up by one of the guard below, flashes upon the soldiers' face. Four lights are introduced, which neither intermingle, nor intercept each other's influence; two lights, emanate from the angel; the ruddy light of the taper, and the moon-beams which reflected from the bright armour, shed their mild lustre on the distant landscape.

The school of Athens (of which a splendid copy exists in the Bodleian Library at Oxford) next arrested our attention, with something of the feeling with which we recognise an old acquaintance. Our intelligent guide, Mr. Metz, pointed out the different figures, fifty-two in number, thus adding much to the interest with which we studied the picture. Plato and Aristotle stand on the wide steps which lead to a

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Grecian portico, each holding a book in his hand, and engaged in earnest conversation: deep attention marks the countenances of the bystanders. Diogenes extends his "listless length" upon the steps; Epictetus appears in profound meditation; Socrates earnestly addresses the youthful Alcibiades; Zoroaster holds a globe, and Archimedes a compass, with which he is tracing a figure on the ground; Pythagoras is writing, &c. &c. Each figure speaks for itself; and although there are so many, there is no crowding or confusion. Raphael has introduced his own portrait, that of Pietro Perugino, and several others.

To describe every picture in this noble assemblage would fill sheets. Each representation is a history; the walls of four rooms are covered, without a space being left, from the top to the bottom, and also the entire ceilings. In the last room the battle between Constantine and Maxentius is pourtrayed; but before it was completed, death put a period to the labours of Raphael, which were carried on by Giulio Romano, by whom the fiery cross was painted, which is said to have appeared to Constantine in the heavens, previous to the battle.

Time, smoke, and neglect have done much to obliterate these invaluable frescos. Rome was taken by assault in 1528, which was ten years

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after they were painted, and the soldiers who were garrisoned in these rooms, for want of chimneys, lighted their fires on the stone floors; and in their rude excesses injured, and even defaced some of the finest heads, which were afterwards badly restored by Sebastian del Piombo. One of the popes, (I forget which) ordered the Raphael gallery to be whitewashed, but fortunately the commission was given to a cardinal, who had too much regard for the fine arts to comply with this barbarous mandate; he therefore covered the wall with canvas and had it whitewashed, but the nails which were unavoidably used, have left indelible marks which it was found impossible to conceal when the deception was discovered, and these incomparable delineations were again brought to light. In regarding them one feels astonished, that in a short life so much could have been effected; but by them, it is said, the death of the artist was accelerated: soothed, and excited to perseverance by the presence of the object of his devoted attachment, whom avarice had induced to accept of a bribe from the Roman government, to remain constantly with her admirer, and urge him on to exertion, his constitution was undermined, and he painted until he died. Thus he was consigned to an early grave. He has given to the world a multiplicity of resemblances of the woman he loved, under

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the name of the Fornerina, which no one who has heard the "legendary lore," can contemplate with any pleasure, with the idea that she was the person who, for the lucre of gain, shortened the life of her lover.

The Loggie of Raphael, painted at a much earlier period of his life, are very inferior to these frescos, the designs were, in general, by his pupils, and their minuteness is wearisome. They represent the creation of the world to the crucifixion of our Lord. The figure most admired, as being, undoubtedly, the work of the artist himself, is one I could never bear to look at, because of its blasphemy. God the Father calling the world into existence.

The gallery of oil paintings, I remember having mentioned in a former letter, but I omitted much which time and circumstances prevent my recalling to memory as clearly as I could wish. I told you of my visit to the Vatican library, but said little more, yet it is undoubtedly, in extent, the finest library in the world. You enter from the museum into an office where the clerks are writing at their tables. We passed from them through an anti-room into a hall two hundred feet by fifty, where the books are locked up in wooden cases, and where the most striking object you see is a superb column of oriental marble, ten feet high,

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spirally fluted. It was found in the baths of the emperor Gordian, and is erected on a pedestal of Verde Antico. At the farther end of the hall, galleries open upon you at each side, the perspective of which appears to be almost without bounds, they are, it is said, one thousand English feet in length, and terminate in what are called the sacred and profane cabinets, the contents of the one being Christian, and of the other Pagan, antiquities.

In the first are many little old carved images of the Madonna, little gilt pictures of saints, some relics found in the catacombs, &c. &c. There were a number of jewels which belonged to saints, &c. the French, however, have carried them all off, and have left only their empty cases.

The latter contains a great number of penates, besides a very curious collection of antiques. The most curious thing I saw was the long tresses of a Roman lady, found in a tomb on the Appian way; they remained in good preservation, after the lapse of centuries, when every other vestige of the human body had mouldered away. I must not forget to tell you of a beautiful little camera, where the Papyrus manuscripts are kept. It is the work of Raphael Mengs. The roof, in fresco painting, represents History writing on the wings of Time, and Fame blow-

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ing the trumpet. The walls are ornamented with precious marbles, giallo, and verde antico, porphyry and oriental granite pilasters of the most brilliant polish; the pavement is also of rich inlaid marbles.

There are some rooms added here by the present Pope Pius VII. in which the books are seen.

The library contains a magnificent collection of Etruscan vases which are chiefly arranged on the top of the book cases.

I have put off to the last moment the museum of the Vatican, from feeling the inadequacy of any powers of description which belong to me to give you even a faint idea of this stupendous repository of the arts; nor have I ever read any description which at all comes up to the reality. I have heard that a book, in royal folio, has been published at Rome, at twenty guineas price, in which its entire treasures are described and delineated; but even the sight of such a voluminous undertaking would deter one from the perusal. The walls of one gallery, said to be nearly a quarter of a mile in length, are covered with maps of the different states of Italy; and plans of all the cities and sea ports, said to be the work of Monks; these, however, you but glance at, amongst such a host of interesting objects as are quite bewildering to the senses.

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From the beautiful colonade, we pass into what is termed the Loggie di Raffaello, which are three rows of arcades, painted by him and his pupils, as I have already told you; here you see his arabesques, painted in shells and various fancy patterns.

The first part of the museum is called Museo Chiaramonte, the name of Pius VII., by whom it was made; next to it, is that of Pio Clementino. But it would, indeed, be a fruitless, and even presumptuous attempt for me to suppose I could give you any distinct idea of the galleries and rooms, and armies of statues (as some one calls them) the Greek and Roman sculpture, the sarcophagi, the mosaic pavements, the urns, the vases, the baths; all crowd upon my recollection with a conviction, that no person who has not seen them, can ever be brought to conceive their magnificence and extent. No scene of enchantment in fairy legends, ever surpassed the splendour of these congregated treasures. The most beautiful statuary that the world ever produced are to be seen here; the Apollo, the Meleagar, and so many others, that I must pass over. In a beautiful little circular hall called La Stanza della Biga, is seen the ancient Biga,* a triumphal car, drawn by two horses, modelled in white marble.

* The Biga is an ancient car drawn by two horses; the Quadrijugi, with four horses; the Sejugi, with six horses.

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The Sala Degli Animali contains statues of almost every kind of animal, in highly polished marbles and pietra dura; many of them executed with the greatest spirit.

The hall of the Muses is surrounded by the nine sisters, led on by Apollo Musagetes, dressed in flowing robes, and striking the lyre. These much admired statues were found in the Villa Adriana. Between these figures the Grecian Termini are arranged; on these are seen the heads of Sophocles, Euripides, Socrates, and Alcibiades.

In an immense circular hall, there is a porphyry vase of one solid piece hollowed out, measuring forty feet in circumference; it is supposed to have been a bath, and is but one, of a great number of the ancient vases to be seen in this museum, formed in the most classical shapes, of the rarest and most precious marbles, jaspers and alabasters.

Here again we saw the works of Raphael, or rather, I should say, tapestry copies of his cartoons, which were painted for this purpose, by order of Leo X. Of the invaluable originals, twelve of the largest are irrecoverably lost. It is not known what is become of them, and the Italians are persuaded that they are in England; seven of the smaller ones have, fortunately, got there, where they are carefully preserved.

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The tapestry chambers lead to the Camere di Raffaello, of which I have already told you; and now, my dear friend, you must be content with this flimsy account of the Vatican. My inability to do it justice, forces me to break off thus deficiently.

There are a few more particulars which may be interesting to you to hear, and then I shall conclude for the present. The Tiber is crossed by four bridges, St. Angelo, Sisto, Quattro, Capi, and Bartolomeo. The first of these is before the castle of St. Angelo (once the magnificent tomb of Adrian. On the battlements of this bridge there are twelve colossal statues, representing St. Peter, St. Paul, and ten angels, holding the instruments of our Lord's passion; the work of Bernini, but not particularly well executed.

The castle of St. Angelo is converted into a fort and prison; it is composed of three orders of architecture, and surmounted with statues; from hence to the Vatican there is a communication by means of a subterraneous passage for the Pope's escape in case of a sudden attack.

Amongst the many churches which I mentioned, I think I omitted that of Santa Bibiana, in which there is a beautiful statue of the saint, one of the earliest and most faultless works of Bernini. Her mother and sisters were canon-

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ized, as well as herself, and all are interred together beneath the altar, in a beautiful ancient sarcophagus of oriental alabaster. It is said that 550 martyrs are buried here.

I cannot recollect whether I did more than merely mention the Pantheon, which is, undoubtedly, one of the most noble and perfect remains of antiquity. It is of a circular form, measuring inside 144 feet; the dome which covers it, is a perfect sphere, exactly the same height and dimensions, and is lighted by an aperture from the top. The whole, for lightness, elegance and exact proportions, stands unrivalled in the productions of architecture.

History represents it to have been adorned with statues of all the gods and heroes in gold, silver, and bronze. It was enriched by the plunder of the conquerors of the world, which were retaken by their invaders. The dome is supported by magnificent marble columns. Sixteen Corinthian columns, forty feet high, of oriental granite, compose the peristyle, and form the base of a cornice and frontispiece of the most beautiful proportions. An inscription on the frieze of the cornice attributes the erection of this temple to Agrippa. Boniface IV. consecrated it for a church, now called Santa Maria della Rotonda. Its interior is furnished with eight altars, each supported by

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two fine pillars. Annexed to this temple are the baths of Agrippa.

I have one more church to mention, and then I must take leave of the subject of which you are probably as weary as myself. La Chiesa San Giuseppa di Folignani is near the Capitol. Underneath is the Carcere Marmertino, one of the ancient Roman prisons; the descent to this horrible place is by a flight of steps, which lead to a passage so confined, that a moderate sized person cannot walk through without difficulty. It was the way in which criminals were conducted to two melancholy dungeons, which are uncheered by the faintest ray of light. In the deepest of these it is asserted. St. Peter was nine months immured, under the emperor Nero. The iron bars are shown by which he was chained. In this place there is a little fountain which is believed to have been miraculously produced.

In writing to you, I fear that I have never sufficiently considered, in this foreign land, things which I pass over as too trivial to relate, would be new to you; even the amusements of the people are different from what we are accustomed to see. There is a game called morra, which I have often observed with astonishment, it appeared to me so perfectly senseless; you scarcely ever see children engaged at it, but

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great idle fellows in the streets, two at a time, holding up a certain number of their fingers, in rapid succession, and each calling out numbers. On account of the gambling and quarrelling, (which frequently ends in murder) that this foolish play occasions, it is prohibited by government, but is not prevented: you cannot walk through the streets without seeing many engaged in it. Some people think it a continuation of a game among the ancient Romans, called *Micare Digitis.*

LETTER XXXV.

Rome, June 14, 1821.

Sir W. is still confined to his apartment; our hopes and fears alternately prevail: his present medical attendants are Italians, the English physician having been obliged to leave Rome. Their opinion is, in general, favourable; and he enjoys the society of several friends, who, for the kind purpose of beguiling the tedious hours of confinement, have prolonged their stay in Rome, and spend several hours each day with him. Of Mr. and Mrs. Vesey in particular, and of the English consul, Mr. Parke, we never can think

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or speak without the most grateful feelings for their unwearied attention to this excellent man, who, wherever he goes, attaches to himself friends by no common bonds. His conversation at this time is rendered peculiarly interesting: for eternity appears always in his view. During the last two years his sight has been failing fast, to which he seemed perfectly resigned, only wishing and praying if it had pleased the Lord that it might be preserved, so far as to admit of his reading the Bible to the end of his days. It has been his regular practice for many years to rise very early, that he might devote the quiet morning hours to the study of the Bible. By faith in the precious promises which he found therein contained, he was wonderfully supported, as I have already mentioned to you, under the bereavement with which the Lord has recently been pleased to try him. When the child of his old age, in whom his heart was bound up, lay like the cold and senseless marble before him, he said to her mother, "But for you and my children, I would gladly lay down my head beside her, and never raise it more." I have often seen the tears roll down his venerable cheeks, which, at the sound of the feeble voice of his dear child calling on him in plaintive accents, "Papa, papa, come to me;" he would hastily dry away, and

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with a smile on his countenance, go to her with some kindly cheering expression.

This day our walk was to the Porta del Popolo, where we saw the guillotine erected for the execution of two murderers, which is to take place at ten o'clock. We stood for a moment looking at this awful instrument of justice, and could perceive that it was so contrived that the death of the criminal must be instantaneous. The axe is let down by pullies, to which are attached two hundred and twenty pounds of lead; consequently, it falls with great force.

June 15. There were some interesting particulars concerning the execution yesterday, which Abbé G. has just related to us. The two young men, one twenty-three, the other twenty-seven years of age, were brought to the guillotine at the appointed hour. The youngest, confessing his crime, and the justice of his punishment, immediately underwent the sentence of death. The other denied both, and accompanied the declarations of his innocence with such blasphemous imprecations, that a gag was put into his mouth, and his execution put off until half-past six o'clock in the afternoon, the latest moment which the law would admit. All the day he was attended by priests, and the members of a confraternity, whose business it is to attend delinquents, for the purpose of ex-

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horting them to repentance and confession; but no arguments which they could urge seemed to make the least impression. The obdurate criminal remained inflexible even when brought for the last time upon the piazza, and after having heard the last awful adjuration of the priests to confess his crime before he was hurled into eternity. Again horrid imprecations fell from his lips. The priests, in despair, called upon the multitude assembled to witness this impressive catastrophe. "We have done what we could; there remains nothing more for us, we appeal to you. Use your efforts if any thing can avail to strike upon this rock." In a moment, a universal shout from the lips of above four thousand people rent the air, as the voice of one man:—"O salvate l'anima, per l'amor di Dio!" The wretched sinner was overpowered, he threw himself on his knees, confessed his crime, received absolution, and in one awful moment stood before the presence of his God.

June 16. My daily occupation is now to instruct and amuse the children, their poor mother being so much occupied that she can seldom see them; and I can yield her no other assistance, as in the hour of suffering her husband wishes none but herself and the medical attendants to be present. This day in our walk we again

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directed our steps to the Porta del Popolo,* where, hearing sacred music from one of the beautiful churches which adorn its entrance, the children wished to enter. We perceived that the full band were playing, while a priest before the altar was receiving the sacrament. He took the cup in his hand, from which he quaffed such long draughts that the astonished children exclaimed, "Look aunt, he will be intoxicated!" not satisfied with one draught, he again and again applied the cup to his lips until he had drained it. This I rather think is a usual practice, from an anecdote told to us by a German Protestant, who heard it from the priest himself to whom it relates. He had made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem without a sous in his purse to defray his expenses; and boastingly added, that in each town he passed through, he said mass, for which he received 15 baiocchj (about 7½*d.* of our money,) and that the wine which he drank in receiving the Sacrament served for his breakfast.

June 19. We have had a pleasant drive to the Villa Altieri, which now lies abandoned to destruction by the desolating scourge of the en-

* In this church (Sta Maria del Popolo) is the celebrated statue of Jonah, by Raphael, he is represented as a young man of beautiful form and proportions; he seems to exult in his escape from the open mouth of the whale, and rests his foot on the under jaw.

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virons of Rome, the malaria; though every circumstance of situation combines to render this villa peculiarly beautiful. On every side there is some interesting and lovely object. The majestic remains of an aqueduct extend in the distance. Close to these is the beautiful ruin of the Temple of Minerva Medica, and the background is adorned with the noble church of St. John Lateran. The villa itself displays the remains of former magnificence and luxury; still in its spacious gardens are many embowering walks, impervious to the scorching sunbeams. In some of these, called the labyrinth, the children and I strayed and became quite entangled in its mazes. We frequently walk to the Coliseum on Sunday and Friday evenings to hear the vocal music which resounds within its ruins. The last time, we went earlier than usual, and heard a friar preach to a numerous congregation an extraordinary sermon, the whole of which related to St. Patrice,* who, he said, lived with his wife on the top of the Esquiline Hill: that they had no children, but being possessed of great riches wished to dispose of them in a way the most gratifying to the Virgin: that she, pleased with their good intention, testified

* This is a different saint from the St. Patrick of Ireland, and his name is spelled as in the text.

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her will to them in a dream, that on the spot where they saw snow fall a church should be built to her honour, and that the snow fell accordingly where now stands the beautiful church of Santa Maria Maggiore, built by St. Patrice in obedience to the Virgin. This was the sum and substance of a sermon which lasted above half an hour, not very profitable or edifying, you will say, to those who heard it. I really think that the heathen nations are scarcely more in want of missionaries to lead them to the knowledge of the Scriptural plan of salvation than these misguided people. As we walked to the Coliseum on Sunday evening, we remarked a strange medley of religion and festivity. In one place a group of persons assembled before a little altar reciting and singing a service to the Virgin. A few paces distant another group sat deeply occupied with cards. As we advanced a little farther, we saw, issuing from the Coliseum, the procession of friars, monks, and other choristers, in full cadence singing, "Viva la croce! La croce viva!" the burthen of a beautiful pathetic hymn, composed by Metastasio. Just behind, followed a party of young men and maidens, gaily tripping to the sound of the tambourine and pipe; close at their heels a party of children were playing at leap frog, and other childish sports.

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July 13. This day the Austrian troops assembled in the court of the Quirinal, to receive the pope's benediction. The people who came to witness this interesting and beautiful ceremony, stood round the colonade, while the troops, drawn up in order, occupied the square. The moment the pope made his appearance, there was a peculiarly solemn beat of the drums, and every man was instantly on his knees. The blessing was pronounced; and all again arose, with the precision with which they perform their military evolutions; and immediately the whole band struck up. The pope got into his carriage, and the soldiers filed off in military order. What made this scene particularly remarkable, was the professed neutrality of the pope. These very troops, now admitted within the courts of the palace, on their way to Naples, would not be allowed to pass within the gates of the city. While an invasion was apprehended, the pope drove through the Trastevere, to try how the minds of that turbulent quarter were affected. His reception was truly gratifying to his feelings. They implored him not to leave them, and vowed that they would defend him to the last. At that time, he thought of taking refuge at Civita Vecchia.

Rome, July 14th. We hear the worship of the miraculous Madonna still continues, but in

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a quieter way: a continued succession of her votaries crowd her altar. Each singly ascends the steps, where, kneeling for a time in silent prayer, after having kissed the foot, he descends, to give place to another. The lame hold up their crutches, rubbing them to the statue, as if by that means the use of the limbs could be restored, or the crutches become more efficacious in performing their office; others strike their rosaries against it. We were informed that some curious scenes took place between the priests of this church and those of the Pantheon, each asserting their own image to be the truly miraculous one; and the dispute was to be decided by the pope and cardinals. The present pope is more cautious than most of his predecessors, in giving his sanction to these things, though, in all probability, he will hereafter, in the appointed time, be sainted; as representations of miracles, said to have been performed by him, have been printed and sold in the Corso—such as raising the dead, curing the lame, and restoring sight to the blind. Three capital miracles must be ascertained to make a saint. He forbade the sale of these prints, and positively denied the facts—but they are believed here.

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LETTER XXXVI.

Rome, July 26th, 1821.

My dear Friend,

We have good reason to say, that we know not what a day may bring forth; much less can we anticipate the events of a year! When I look back on that which is past, and compare our situation and circumstances this day with those of this day twelve-months, the contrast is very melancholy. That the future is hidden from our eyes, I am thoroughly convinced, is a most merciful dispensation; for we never could enjoy the present, did we foresee the evils which attend our steps; and life would be, indeed, an insupportable burthen. This is the anniversary of the pleasant day when our little happy family group assembled at the Marquis Gualtieri's villa. The sun shone brightly upon us, without a cloud to darken our sky. Health and animation gladdened the scene: our blooming Anny sat under the foliage of a spreading oak, with her sketch-book and pencil, making drawings of that which most attracted her observation, telling her delighted parents how diligent she would be to improve in that accomplishment, under the best

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masters, whom they promised she should have the ensuing winter. We gazed on her animated countenance, perceiving how it increased in loveliness; and when we saw that other admiring eyes were turned towards her, something was added to the foolish pride of our hearts! Oh, surely the rod was necessary to bring down our high imaginations! and now stripe follows stripe; but the chastisement is inflicted by a loving Father, who wounds but to heal. I sat down with an intention to describe to you the sad reverse of the picture this day. The rose-bud just opening its blushing beauties is seen no more! It is withered and gone. The cold earth is its tenement, while the spirit is returned to God who gave it. Her father, like a broken-down tree, which has lost its support, is bowed even to the verge of the grave. Now he is confined to his bed, beside which his wife sits sad and solitary, watching the progress of a disease which will soon leave her a widow, and her children fatherless. The calm and heavenly frame of his mind is unruffled by unavailing murmurs or complaints. In the midst of intense anguish, he exclaims, "Lay more upon me, O my God, if it be thy will; I am able to bear—only support me! Oh, what is all which I can suffer, to be compared with what my Saviour has done and suffered for me." We have no English clergyman here at present, but

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are highly favoured in the frequent visits of an excellent minister of the Gospel of Christ, Doctor Schmieder, the Lutheran clergyman, of whom I have already spoken. We received the holy sacrament from his hands, and found it, indeed, an ordinance of mercy and peace to the weary and heavy laden. Oh, pray for us, that in this our time of affliction, we may be enabled to lean on the Rock of ages; so shall our support never fail!

Sir W. feels that his appointed hour fast approaches; but his mind is stayed on God, and he is kept in "perfect peace." He knows that his Redeemer liveth, and even now stands at the right hand of God to intercede for him. On no other foundation does he build his hope of acceptance. "Oh, talk not to me of any works of mine," he said one day to the Abbé G., who was holding out that fallacious and too common mode of endeavouring to comfort the sinner with eternity in view. "I never did any thing to merit the favour of God, and have no trust, no hope, but in the Saviour of sinners." In the midst of distressing agony, which keeps his eyes waking during the tedious hours of night, he exclaims, "I will look unto him whom I have pierced." During every interval of pain, the Bible is his constant resource; and from that pure stream he drinks invigorating draughts. He possesses, in

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an eminent degree, those dispositions which, in the sight of God, are of great price. He is always thankful—always contrite—always of a meek and humble spirit: of him it may be truly said, in the words of the Apostle, "He prays without ceasing:" and in every thing he gives thanks to God. His wife lately reading to him these words, "I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God," he exclaimed, "Oh, that I were even a stone in the threshold of the house of my God!"* Taking up a small edition of Thomas à Kempis, which lay on the table, he said, "I have often read that book through with great delight; I have admired the piety which it breathes, and the beauty and force of its language; but I never was enabled to make it my own, as I do now. I look back on my past life, and see the vanity of all things here below, in this my last illness, in a manner I never did before: I feel how foolish were many of the pursuits which have occupied my gliding hours. Oh, how pitiable is the situation of those whom death surprises, who have neither had time nor inclination to think on these things. How dreadful is sudden death to the unconverted! I now

* This humble servant of God, alluding to those parts of Scripture in which believers are called "lively stones, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone," of which the spiritual house of God is built, longed for even the lowest place in that holy temple.

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feel the force and excellence of the prayer in our Litany, to be saved from it." When in great pain, he cried out, "I suffer joyfully what is the will of God." He cannot bear his wife to be a moment out of his sight; and to her he is always uttering expressions of gratitude and praise. "O my God, I am thankful; if I could speak, it would be all blessings." To his wife he says, "Do you, my love, speak to the doctor; I do not now like to speak to any one but you. Do not stir from my bed-side: I feel to sleep more sweetly when you are near. Sure, never man was taken such care of; you have been a great blessing to me:—my God, I thank thee. When you see me hold up my hands, though I cannot speak, it is to implore blessings upon you. When you are laid upon a sick bed, may you never want such a kind, tender, watchful friend, as you are to me." Such are the thankful, pious feelings of this dear servant of God, now while he stands on the brink of Jordan. Through faith he triumphs over the fear of death, and has obtained that peace which passeth all understanding. He talks of his change with the calm composure of one about to take a pleasant journey; gives directions about his funeral, and desiring that the burial service should be performed in the English language, he makes the German minister practice reading it to him.

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Within the last few days he is become so weak as to be incapable of the smallest exertion. His absent sons are much in his thoughts. Of the eldest he talks incessantly; the last effort of his strength was to write to him, which was the laborious occupation of many days; and now that he conceives there may be time to have had an answer, he anxiously watches each day's post; but even now the messenger of death is at the door.

LETTER XXXVII.

Rome, August 9th, 1821.

THE bitterness of death is past! The night of sorrow is over! The meek sufferer sleeps in Jesus, and has found that rest which remaineth for the people of God! At a little after eleven o'clock this day the mortal struggle ceased. During the night he spoke little, but the motion of his lips, expressing short ejaculations, and his uplifted hands and eyes evidently proved that he passed it in prayer. Even in the last extremity, he evinced the strongest affection for his wife, making frequent efforts to cast his feeble arms around her, when his eyes were so dim that he could not see her. His last request

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was to be taken in her arms, from whence, in a few moments, his happy spirit was set at liberty. Peaceful was the death of that righteous man, who will long live in the hearts of his family, his friends, and his tenantry.

In him was truly verified that promise, "He was blessed in that he considered the poor and needy, he was delivered from all his trouble; the Lord was with him, and strengthened him on the bed of languishing; yea, he made all his bed in his sickness." While we adore the mercy and goodness of God, who has given his faithful servant an easy passage, and gathered him into his fold, we must feel that our loss is great. The death of those whom we love is a severe trial for human nature. It is hard to commit that body to the ground which lately was the companion and solace of our days. What a blank a few minutes have made! What a mournful appearance all around has assumed! The silence and stillness of death prevails. No sound is to be heard but the sobs of the two children, who remain in a corner of the room in each others' arms. That dear parent lies breathless, whose eyes never beheld them without pouring blessings on their heads. The bereaved wife has requested to be left alone, and no one ventures to break in upon her solitude, for we see that "her soul is vexed within her," and

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that, by pouring out her grief in secret prayer to God, she can alone find relief.

Saturday 11th. At nine o'clock at night, lighted by torches, the funeral procession has once more left our door. My sister, trusting in the support which has hitherto upheld her, took her fatherless children with her, to accompany the remains of her beloved husband to their last earthly abode; but when she saw the coffin dropped into the grave, she sunk on the ground, for the powers of nature yielded. The two coffins were laid side by side according to his dying request, "Lay me by the side of my daughter."

Monday 13th. When all the bustle attending the last solemn scene is over, loneliness and desolation of heart succeed the first burst of grief. This day, my sister, whose outward garments of woe but ill describe the sorrows of her heart, was persuaded to resume her seat at the dinner table, but on casting her eyes around, she perceived the mournful blanks, she saw the empty seats, and could bear no more. The aching void can never be filled up. He who was the delight of her eyes, her world of enjoyment, is gone, where her eyes can behold him no more, and the remainder of her days in this vale of tears will be sad and solitary.

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LETTER XXXVIII.

Frescati, August 22d, 1821.

We are now twelve miles from Rome, comfortably lodged in the house of an apothecary. My sister looks sad and ill, but we hope that change of scene and air will revive her drooping spirits.

We are surrounded by beautiful villas, whose vast domains are open to strangers. The children and I have had some pleasant rambles in them, but we can seldom prevail on my sister to accompany us, for she has lost the companion who made her walks pleasant. Without him all is solitude to her.

September 12th. I have passed some miserable days since I wrote last in watching the progress of a most alarming illness with which my sister has been visited; what rendered our situation peculiarly distressing, was the want of proper medical aid, and there being no English residents nearer than Rome. I had not an earthly friend with whom I could consult; but there is a heavenly Friend and Physician always nigh to those who trust in him. He has heard our cry, and restored the mother to her children.

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The children's drawing master accompanied us hither, which we have found a most providential circumstance. He is fond of the little ones, and has been their constant companion; while my attention was exclusively occupied by their mamma; and we feel satisfied that they are safe under his guidance. He told us, that he met a friend at church on Sunday last; who, after mass was over, asked the officiating priest to explain to him the gospel for the day in his own tongue; but he found the priest as ignorant of the Latin language as he was himself. The drawing master added, that it was no uncommon thing for a priest to be ordained in Italy, without ever having studied Latin, though all the ritual is performed in that language; so great is their ignorance, that they charge the women not to fly in the face of Providence by inoculating their children; never considering, that God ordains and blesses the means of warding off the small-pox as well as the remedies for any other complaint.

September 13th. I enclose a copy of a cross, which we found this day behind every window-shutter in the house, to preserve it from thunder and lightning.

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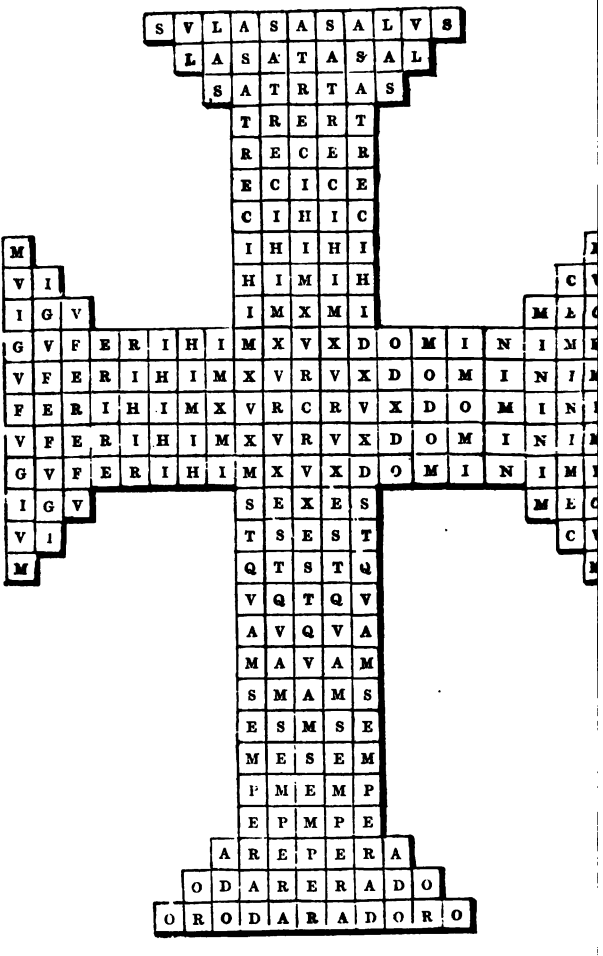
CROCE ANGELICA DI S. TOMASO DE AQUINO.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Vera Forma della Sancta Croce che si adora nel Tempio de Padri Domenicani in Anagni caratterizata dal glorioso S. Tomaso d'Aquino contro i Tuoni e Saette de quale egli temeva le di cui lettere dal C in mezzo alla ✠ sino al capo formano CRVX MIHI CERTA SALVS sin a piedi CRVX EST QVAM SEMPER ADORO. alla sinistra CRVX DOMINI MECVM. alla destra CRVX MIHI REFVGIVM.

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The letter C in the centre of the cross is the commencement of the sentences: *upwards* that letter begins CRUX MIHI CERTA SALUS; *downwards*, CRUX EST QUAM SEMPER ADORO; to the *left* CRUX DOMINI MECUM; to the *right*, CRUX MIHI REFUGIUM.*

LETTER XXXIX.

Rome, September 17th, 1821.

ONCE more we are the inhabitants of our apartments in the Palazzo Sciarra, our present earthly home: but still we ought to feel as strangers and pilgrims, for on earth "we have no abiding city!" Our once cheerful dwelling has assumed a very mournful appearance; in every room there seems a blank, but the greatest blank of all is in our hearts. No—this place is not, cannot, be our home. Here we must not take up our rest, but prepare for more trials, by clinging more closely to Jesus Christ: in our outward calamities and in our inward conflicts, He is the overshadowing rock.

October 6th. You will wonder to hear, that I have spirits again to visit palaces or churches; and that I can give any account of them. The children have no companion but me; and I often

* See Rabanus Maurus.

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devise plans to amuse them, when my thoughts are far away from things and places which I take them to see.

This evening Richard was sent on a message to the Piazza Rondini, and returned full of a dreadful occurrence which had just taken place there. A woman leaning on her husband's arm, suddenly drew a stiletto from her girdle, and struck him through the throat with such desperation, that he instantly expired. An aggravation of her guilt, if such a crime admit of aggravation, is, that about six weeks ago, this wretched being owed her release from perpetual banishment to the man whom she so barbarously murdered. The laws here do not condemn a woman to death, be her crime what it may; perpetual banishment is the severest punishment inflicted; and even that may be reversed if any man will offer to take her for a wife, which was the case in the instance just related.

October 10th. We have been again in the prison of St. Peter and St. Paul, to which we descended by a flight of stairs. Of course, there are miraculous legends about a place so important. In the centre of the floor is the well; which, they tell you, opened of itself at the command of St. Peter, to enable him to baptize the new converts which were brought to him. On re-ascending the narrow staircase, our cicerone made us ob-

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serve a square slab of indented marble enclosed in a wooden frame in the wall. "Look," he said, "where the face of St. Peter struck against the stone, and left that impression." I remember the dear child that is gone pointing out this miraculous stone, and remarking, "As if the stone had been placed there on purpose for the Apostle to knock his head against, being the only one to be seen in the wall."

October 13th. The custode, who lives near the pyramid of Caius Cestius, came here with the intelligence that Cardinal Gonsalvi had been inspecting the tombs of the Protestants, and taken such umbrage at seeing a few trees round some of them, that he had indignantly ordered that they should be dug up immediately. The man, knowing how much my sister would be grieved at having six cypress trees removed, which had been planted to overshadow the tombs of her beloved husband and child, in pity for her feelings feigned himself ill, that he might have a pretext for delaying the execution of the mandate. To watch the progress of the growth of these trees, had afforded my poor sister a melancholy pleasure; and this order for their removal seemed to renew all her sorrows, and distract her thoughts. She formed many plans, but adopted none. At length it was suggested that Baron R——, whose feelings were equally

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interested to prevent the desecration of this sacred spot, (for he too was a mourning parent, having seen his darling daughter's remains deposited near those of her beloved companion and friend, our own Anny,) should be requested to apply to the Cardinal. This little girl fell a victim to malaria fever, one of the many warnings to parents, not to expose their growing family to the enervating influence of an Italian sun.

October 14th. We heard from Baron R—— that his negociation with Cardinal Gonsalvi has been so far successful, as to allow the few trees which have been planted to remain, but not one is to be added, nor will he consent to the enclosure of the burying-ground; for which many applications have been made again recently, by the English and German Protestants, but they need not hope that this slight indulgence will be granted during the life of this prejudiced man, by whom the Pope is rendered a mere cypher.

October 15th. My sister was this day prevailed on by Lady W., from whom, in this time of our affliction, we have met with many instances of sympathetic kindness, to take a drive in her carriage to that spot which she knew most interested her feelings. They sat among the tombs at the pyramid of Caius Cestius for a considerable time.

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Wednesday, October 24th. My sister has had another very severe attack, but is pronounced out of danger, and this day is, indeed, a day of praise to God, whose mercy has again given back the mother to her children. For seven days her life has been in jeopardy, but the Lord has turned aside the arrow of death. During those days I fear I gave way to sinful despondency. Waves and storms seemed to blacken around, but mercy's bright beams have rolled them away. Again the prospect is cheering. Again I see that the end of all will be peace. God will be our guide, and "conduct us through life's pilgrimage safe to our journey's end." "Why, then, O my soul, art thou ever cast down, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance and my God." These trials are the Lord's messengers, to remind us that this world is not our place of rest. When sickness shakes the body, the enfeebled mind is frequently incapable of reflecting on its better interest; therefore, the time of health and strength should be used for this important purpose. May the Lord give us grace to ponder these things in our hearts, while it is called to-day, for soon the night cometh when no man can work.

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LETTER XL.

Rome, November 1st, 1821.

Dr. Clarke thinks that my sister's life almost depends upon her leaving Rome, with as much expedition as possible. We are now busied in making preparations for our departure: but are not yet determined where to fix our winter residence. Our inclination is homewards, but my sister is not in a state of health to bear a long journey; her frame is much shaken by her severe trials;—besides that, the season is now so far advanced, that it would be very hazardous. Florence or Pisa, I think, will be as great a distance as we can venture: having spent a winter at the latter place, she seems to prefer it.

Monday, November 12th. We paid a last visit to the tombs of Anny and her father; and while our tears dropped on the senseless stones, which cover their mortal remains, we tried to look upwards to the eternal mansion, where dwell their glorified spirits; and to say with thankful hearts, "the Lord hath done all things well:" but nature often rises against that better feeling, and stirs up painful thoughts. Must we leave them behind? Must we go our weary way, without the society of those whose presence

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cheered us, wheresoever we journeyed; and in whose absence the hours seemed to drag on so tediously? Oh, may a double portion of faith be granted to sustain the sinking heart, and to prop the feeble frame in this last sore trial. May not those celestial spirits now be among the number of hovering angels, which encamp round about them who fear the Lord, to deliver them? But let me not attempt to fathom the deep things of God.

Baccano, November 13th. This morning we began our melancholy journey, casting many a longing, lingering look behind, as the domes and towering monuments of Rome receded from our eyes. We crossed Ponte Molle, and bid adieu to the Tiber. Painful retrospection brought back to my remembrance, as I passed Monte Mario, the evening when I ascended it with Anny at my side; while, as she picked up the petrified sea-shells, which lie scattered over it, she remarked how curious it was that these specimens should be found in such abundance so many miles from the sea.

At this inn, where we have stopped to dine, all has an appearance of wretchedness, dirt, and misery; the air is pestilential, and every face which we see is pale and squalid. The waiter who attended us at dinner was unable to stand; and as he sat down behind us, he excused him-

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LETTER XXXVIII.

Frescati, August 22d, 1821.

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The children's drawing master accompanied us hither, which we have found a most providential circumstance. He is fond of the little ones, and has been their constant companion; while my attention was exclusively occupied by their mamma; and we feel satisfied that they are safe under his guidance. He told us, that he met a friend at church on Sunday last; who, after mass was over, asked the officiating priest to explain to him the gospel for the day in his own tongue; but he found the priest as ignorant of the Latin language as he was himself. The drawing master added, that it was no uncommon thing for a priest to be ordained in Italy, without ever having studied Latin, though all the ritual is performed in that language; so great is their ignorance, that they charge the women not to fly in the face of Providence by inoculating their children; never considering, that God ordains and blesses the means of warding off the small-pox as well as the remedies for any other complaint.

September 13th. I enclose a copy of a cross, which we found this day behind every window-shutter in the house, to preserve it from thunder and lightning.

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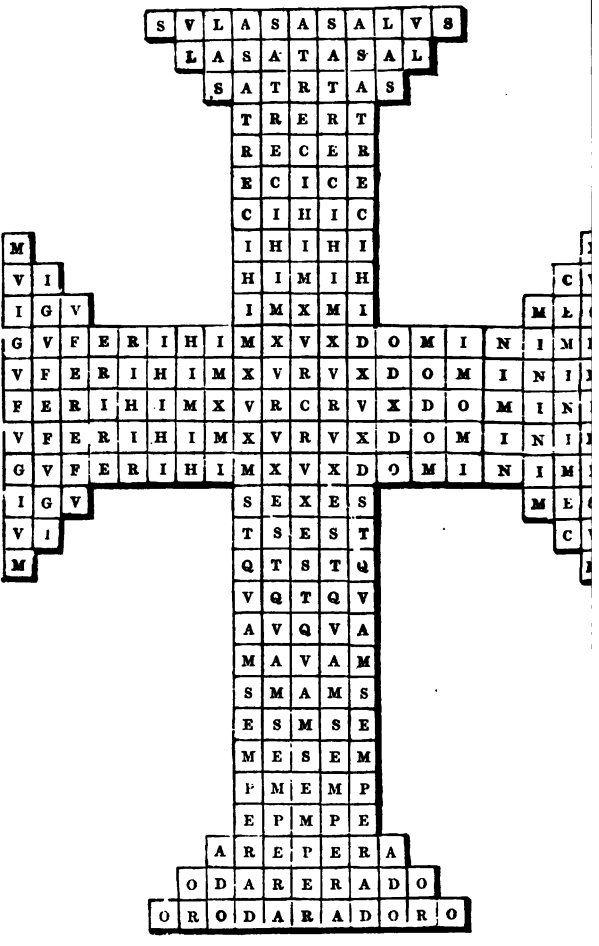
S V L A S A S A L V S
L A S A T A S A L
S A T R T A S
T R E R T
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G V F E R I H I M X V X D O M I N I M
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F E R I H I M X V R C R V X D O M I N
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O R O D A R A D O R O

Vera Forma della Sancta Croce che si adora nel Tempio de Padri Domenicani in Anagni caratterizata dal glorioso S. Tomaso d'Aquino contro i Tuoni e Saette de quale egli temeva le di cui lettere dal C in mezzo alla ✠ sino al capo formano CRVX MIHI CERTA SALVS sin a piedi CRVX EST QVAM SEMPER ADORO. alla sinistra CRVX DOMINI MECVM. alla destra CRVX MIHI REFVGIVM.

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The letter C in the centre of the cross is the commencement of the sentences: *upwards* that letter begins CRUX MIHI CERTA SALUS; *downwards*, CRUX EST QUAM SEMPER ADORO; to the *left* CRUX DOMINI MECUM; to the *right*, CRUX MIHI REFUGIUM.*

LETTER XXXIX.

Rome, September 17th, 1821.

ONCE more we are the inhabitants of our apartments in the Palazzo Sciarra, our present earthly home: but still we ought to feel as strangers and pilgrims, for on earth "we have no abiding city!" Our once cheerful dwelling has assumed a very mournful appearance; in every room there seems a blank, but the greatest blank of all is in our hearts. No—this place is not, cannot, be our home. Here we must not take up our rest, but prepare for more trials, by clinging more closely to Jesus Christ: in our outward calamities and in our inward conflicts, He is the overshadowing rock.

October 6th. You will wonder to hear, that I have spirits again to visit palaces or churches; and that I can give any account of them. The children have no companion but me; and I often

* See Rabanus Maurus.

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devise plans to amuse them, when my thoughts are far away from things and places which I take them to see.

This evening Richard was sent on a message to the Piazza Rondini, and returned full of a dreadful occurrence which had just taken place there. A woman leaning on her husband's arm, suddenly drew a stiletto from her girdle, and struck him through the throat with such desperation, that he instantly expired. An aggravation of her guilt, if such a crime admit of aggravation, is, that about six weeks ago, this wretched being owed her release from perpetual banishment to the man whom she so barbarously murdered. The laws here do not condemn a woman to death, be her crime what it may; perpetual banishment is the severest punishment inflicted; and even that may be reversed if any man will offer to take her for a wife, which was the case in the instance just related.

October 10th. We have been again in the prison of St. Peter and St. Paul, to which we descended by a flight of stairs. Of course, there are miraculous legends about a place so important. In the centre of the floor is the well; which, they tell you, opened of itself at the command of St. Peter, to enable him to baptize the new converts which were brought to him. On re-ascending the narrow staircase, our cicerone made us ob-

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serve a square slab of indented marble enclosed in a wooden frame in the wall. "Look," he said, "where the face of St. Peter struck against the stone, and left that impression." I remember the dear child that is gone pointing out this miraculous stone, and remarking, "As if the stone had been placed there on purpose for the Apostle to knock his head against, being the only one to be seen in the wall."

October 13th. The custode, who lives near the pyramid of Caius Cestius, came here with the intelligence that Cardinal Gonsalvi had been inspecting the tombs of the Protestants, and taken such umbrage at seeing a few trees round some of them, that he had indignantly ordered that they should be dug up immediately. The man, knowing how much my sister would be grieved at having six cypress trees removed, which had been planted to overshadow the tombs of her beloved husband and child, in pity for her feelings feigned himself ill, that he might have a pretext for delaying the execution of the mandate. To watch the progress of the growth of these trees, had afforded my poor sister a melancholy pleasure; and this order for their removal seemed to renew all her sorrows, and distract her thoughts. She formed many plans, but adopted none. At length it was suggested that Baron R——, whose feelings were equally

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interested to prevent the desecration of this sacred spot, (for he too was a mourning parent, having seen his darling daughter's remains deposited near those of her beloved companion and friend, our own Anny,) should be requested to apply to the Cardinal. This little girl fell a victim to malaria fever, one of the many warnings to parents, not to expose their growing family to the enervating influence of an Italian sun.

October 14th. We heard from Baron R—— that his negociation with Cardinal Gonsalvi has been so far successful, as to allow the few trees which have been planted to remain, but not one is to be added, nor will he consent to the enclosure of the burying-ground; for which many applications have been made again recently, by the English and German Protestants, but they need not hope that this slight indulgence will be granted during the life of this prejudiced man, by whom the Pope is rendered a mere cypher.

October 15th. My sister was this day prevailed on by Lady W., from whom, in this time of our affliction, we have met with many instances of sympathetic kindness, to take a drive in her carriage to that spot which she knew most interested her feelings. They sat among the tombs at the pyramid of Caius Cestius for a considerable time.

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Wednesday, October 24th. My sister has had another very severe attack, but is pronounced out of danger, and this day is, indeed, a day of praise to God, whose mercy has again given back the mother to her children. For seven days her life has been in jeopardy, but the Lord has turned aside the arrow of death. During those days I fear I gave way to sinful despondency. Waves and storms seemed to blacken around, but mercy's bright beams have rolled them away. Again the prospect is cheering. Again I see that the end of all will be peace. God will be our guide, and "conduct us through life's pilgrimage safe to our journey's end." "Why, then, O my soul, art thou ever cast down, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance and my God." These trials are the Lord's messengers, to remind us that this world is not our place of rest. When sickness shakes the body, the enfeebled mind is frequently incapable of reflecting on its better interest; therefore, the time of health and strength should be used for this important purpose. May the Lord give us grace to ponder these things in our hearts, while it is called to-day, for soon the night cometh when no man can work.

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LETTER XL.

Rome, November 1st, 1821.

Dr. Clarke thinks that my sister's life almost depends upon her leaving Rome, with as much expedition as possible. We are now busied in making preparations for our departure: but are not yet determined where to fix our winter residence. Our inclination is homewards, but my sister is not in a state of health to bear a long journey; her frame is much shaken by her severe trials;—besides that, the season is now so far advanced, that it would be very hazardous. Florence or Pisa, I think, will be as great a distance as we can venture: having spent a winter at the latter place, she seems to prefer it.

Monday, November 12th. We paid a last visit to the tombs of Anny and her father; and while our tears dropped on the senseless stones, which cover their mortal remains, we tried to look upwards to the eternal mansion, where dwell their glorified spirits; and to say with thankful hearts, "the Lord hath done all things well:" but nature often rises against that better feeling, and stirs up painful thoughts. Must we leave them behind? Must we go our weary way, without the society of those whose presence

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cheered us, wheresoever we journeyed; and in whose absence the hours seemed to drag on so tediously? Oh, may a double portion of faith be granted to sustain the sinking heart, and to prop the feeble frame in this last sore trial. May not those celestial spirits now be among the number of hovering angels, which encamp round about them who fear the Lord, to deliver them? But let me not attempt to fathom the deep things of God.

Baccano, November 13th. This morning we began our melancholy journey, casting many a longing, lingering look behind, as the domes and towering monuments of Rome receded from our eyes. We crossed Ponte Molle, and bid adieu to the Tiber. Painful retrospection brought back to my remembrance, as I passed Monte Mario, the evening when I ascended it with Anny at my side; while, as she picked up the petrified sea-shells, which lie scattered over it, she remarked how curious it was that these specimens should be found in such abundance so many miles from the sea.

At this inn, where we have stopped to dine, all has an appearance of wretchedness, dirt, and misery; the air is pestilential, and every face which we see is pale and squalid. The waiter who attended us at dinner was unable to stand; and as he sat down behind us, he excused him-

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self, saying, "Ah, Signora, è gran bestia la febbre." He had been suffering with malaria fever for weeks, and was now reduced to such a state of weakness that he could scarcely crawl, yet was he obliged to exert himself to wait on crowds of travellers, who now throng every inn on this road.

Baccano has long been a prey to fever, and no one can sleep here, but at the hazard of their lives. I told you two years ago of the death of our friend Dr. Slaney. It was this place which was fatal to him. He was warned, before he left Rome, to travel all the night rather than stop at Baccano. He neglected the warning: slept here, caught the fever, as did one of his servants; and they both died of it when they reached Florence.

Nepi, Tuesday evening. With some difficulty we gained admittance at the only inn which this place affords. The rooms are all occupied except one; but we preferred lodging even in that one, to running the risk of proceeding another stage in the dark. There are two cold damp-looking beds in the room, for our whole party. We have no fire place, and sit shivering with cold. I feel very much alarmed on my sister's account, who has still all the delicate appearance of an invalid: however, we have warmed her bed, and made her as comfortable

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as circumstances would admit. Just as she was settled in it, I heard a gentle knock at the door, and opening it, gave admittance to two nice girls, who said, that they brought an offer of their room, from their papa and brother, as it had a fire-place, and was, in other respects, preferable to ours; and that having heard that one of our party was an invalid, they had taken the liberty of intruding, in the hope that they might be of some service. We were pleased to receive this proof of kind-heartedness from our own country-people.

Narni, Wednesday. We arose this morning at six o'clock, and resumed our journey. The sun rose in splendid magnificence, spreading its glorious radiance over an enchanting country. "All thy works praise thee, O God:" and let not the sorrow which has filled our hearts prevent us from joining the universal chorus.—Who, more than we, have reason to praise Thee?

From Civita Castellana to Borghetto the scenery around is lovely, but unenlivened by human habitation. Here we once more crossed the Tiber, but did not lose sight of it, for still it winds its muddy way through many a devious turn in the picturesque scenery, now diversified by hamlets, which crown the brows of the hills and the tops of the rocks. One of these, most

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remarkable for the romantic beauty of the situation, is Otricoli.

I am now seated near a comfortable fire, which, though not lighted when we arrived, was soon in a blaze and while dinner is preparing, I have occupied myself in writing the above. This inn is tolerably good; from the window we have an enchanting prospect. After dinner we are to proceed to Terni, where we shall sleep.

Terni, 9 o'clock at night. I have travelled several miles since I laid down my pen last; yet you will read my letter, and travel with me in thought, without moving from your fire-side. On our journey, this evening, we passed the ruin of that noble bridge, built by Augustus, of which but one grand arch now remains. It is constructed of solid brick-work, cased with large square stone flags, clamped with iron. No kind of cement was used. Narni is the name of the town, where we left the carriage, and walked to this interesting arch. The inn here is crowded with English. We are to remain part of to-morrow, that I may have an opportunity of seeing the cascade.

Terni, Thursday. Leaving my sister and Elizabeth seated at a comfortable fire, Richard and I, at eight o'clock this morning, drove to the cascade, five miles distant from the town, in a caratella, which they always have ready for

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the accommodation of those who wish to visit this stupendous object: and because no stranger thinks of leaving the place without going to it, exorbitant charges are made; there being a written law, that for one or two persons in a carriage drawn by a pair of horses, two crowns three pauls and a half is the hire; if more than two persons go in the caratella, which, in fact, conveniently holds four, each person must pay an additional crown.

The drive is one of incomparable beauty; and my description of it will I know, fall far short of the reality. Our cicerone pointed out a most romantic habitation in the valley, which he said had been for fifteen days, the residence of Queen Caroline of England. The morning was gloomy, the sun being veiled behind a cloud; but the moment we reached the cascade, the cloud disappeared, and the sun, in all its splendour, shone on the rushing torrent, over which its reflected beams cast the heavenly bow which was the sign of the covenant between man and his Creator. The rising spray sparkled like myriads of glittering brilliants: and the scene, so glorious in prospect, rivetted us for a considerable time to the spot from whence we beheld it. At the persuasion of our guide, however, we followed his steps to the different points from whence it could be seen to the greatest advantage;

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when we again seated ourselves in the caratella, to retrace our path. The cicerone was a young lad, handsome, communicative, and very intelligent. He complained much of the laws of his country, civil and religious, particularly of the superabundance of idle priests. "Vi sono troppo, Signora, di quella gente, che mangiono molto, e lavorono poco."

LETTER XLI.

Spoleto, November 14th, 1821.

We found the accommodation so uncomfortable at Terni, that we determined on remaining there no longer, and again set forward on our journey, about two o'clock in the day. We have travelled eighteen miles to Spoleto, through a chain of the Apennines clothed with wood, now more beautiful with the autumnal tints, and rendered truly glorious by the rays of the setting sun—a scene which those only who have witnessed the splendour of an Italian sun-set can imagine.

We have had a delightful walk in one of the suburbs of this town. Well may it be said, "A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps." This is the place which Sir

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W. had fixed on for our residence this last summer; and we could not help remarking to each other how pleasant it would have been, had all been spared: but the Lord has seen fit to counteract our plans, and to detain us at Rome, where the pestilence walketh in darkness, and destruction wasteth at noon-day; yet the children and I went in and out, we lay down and rose up in peace and safety, we breathed the pestilential air, but received no harm.

Spoleto is one of the most picturesque towns in Italy. Its magnificent castle was partly built on Cyclopean walls. Some workmen lately discovered arches of an ancient Roman bridge, below the bed of the present river. Several other remains of great antiquity are to be seen in the neighbourhood. The inn to which our Vetturino took us, is called La Speranza, where we found the accommodations most excellent in every respect. Fires blazed upon the hearths, instead of the miserable focones of most of the other inns, filled with charcoal, which gave us head-aches.

Foligno, Friday morning. We were on our road before the sun rose. The country from Spoleto to this town is thickly inhabited. At Foligno we have stopped to dine at a miserable inn; but the people, by their civility, make all possible amends for want of cleanliness and com-

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forts: that which we most wished for, we have found in perfection—a good fire. The waiter invited us to the kitchen, to see the meat roasted by a little dog, which has been turning the wheel with its paws, with hardly any respite, for four days and nights; the concourse of travellers, English in particular, being so great at this time of the year.

About thirteen miles this side from Perugia, we stopped to see the fine church of St. Francesco, built over the little hut in which the saint lived and died; it looked very diminutive, standing in the centre of this noble edifice. The little chapel of the saint stands near it; the interior is covered with black velvet, thickly studded with silver ornaments, votive offerings to the Virgin. Our cicerone, a young friar, making us observe them, said, "Tutti sono miracoli fatti dalla Vergine!"

The hut appears to remain exactly in the state in which the saint left it; and, it may be presumed, boasts the same antiquity, if not greater, than the chapel, which, it appears, was built in the thirteenth century. We were obliged to stoop on entering the little broken door of the hut, in which, however, we could stand upright, though we had hardly room to turn. There is a little cupboard in the wall, which contained "tutte le sue robe."

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The memory of the saint is held in such veneration, that, when his body was found, the inhabitants of Assisi disputed the possession of it with the founders of the church, and would only yield to them the heart, which is deposited in a small altar in his hut, in the very spot where he was found dead. Having been a native of Assisi, which stands on a rising ground at a little distance, he is called San Francesco d'Assisi.

Perugia is a large town. We arrived too late to walk out, or we should have gone to see an ancient arch of Augustus, in which strength and elegance of architecture are combined. Our accommodations at the inn are excellent, and we are now enjoying the comforts of a blazing fire and clean rooms.

Maggione, November 17. The indisposition of one of the children obliged us to stop here. The only inn which it contains is wretched beyond description. Open doors, broken windows, want of fuel, of food, and of cleanliness, prevent the possibility of our feeling any degree of comfort. A good stable in our own country would be preferable; for there we could, at least, find shelter from the cold air—but here it streams upon us from all quarters. We have been shown into the three best rooms in the house, in none of which is there a single whole window. In the

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best bed-room two panes are broken, and one altogether out. In the other bed-room, the window is completely without the sash or shutters, nor have we any possible way of excluding the November night air from our bed, which is just opposite; nevertheless here we must remain, at least for this night.

The village doctor was sent for on our arrival; his appearance was that of a ploughman or butcher, his coat thrown loose over his shoulders, as is the custom with that description of men in Ireland. He seemed as ignorant as the most unlettered boor; and altogether we are in a pitiable predicament, if the night's rest does not restore our poor child. The people are unaccommodating, and very imposing. With all the wretchedness which I have described, which, indeed, falls short of the reality, we have silver forks, spoons, and knives like bludgeons, with silver handles. Not a drop of milk can be procured to make whey, or for our tea, nearer than nine miles. In the sitting-room, in which is the only fire-place, travellers of all descriptions are shown.

November 18th. We were kept awake last night by the incessant and loud noise of the footsteps of men, passing and repassing our door, to which there was not the slightest fastening, nor any furniture in the room to place against it

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to keep it close. We saw many suspicious-looking men pass in and out.

Our Swiss Vetturino has just been to tell us, that if we remain another day, he could not answer for the safety of our luggage, so many ill-looking fellows being about; besides which, his horses are in danger of being starved, as he can procure no oats, and very little hay, and that little so intermingled with clay, that they cannot eat it. We have therefore determined on setting out in the morning as a lesser risk than remaining another day.

November 19th. Two miles from Maggione we first had a view of lake Thrasimene. At Maggione we were told there are still found quantities of bones and other vestiges of Hannibal's battles.

Casa di Piano, being on the confines of the Roman territories, our trunks and passports were examined; but for one scudo we got off without much delay. We were not so fortunate in those of Tuscany. At Ossaja, the carriage was not permitted to proceed for an hour, though nothing was examined; but for a picture painted at Rome, a demand was made of fifteen piastres, as a deposit, to be returned at Florence. Besides this, we were obliged to give the Dogana man a fee of one piastre and two pauls for his trouble in delaying us.

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From the time when we entered Tuscany, nature assumed a different aspect: cultivation, verdure, and prosperity, gladdened all around. The fields are fenced round with festoons of vines, through which the cattle, occasionally passing, add a new charm to the rich and beautiful scenery. White habitations, thickly interspersed, mark the industry, neatness, and comfort of the population, very different from the wretchedness which we had left in the Papal dominions.

Castiglione Fiorentino, where we are now most comfortably lodged, is twenty-five miles from Maggione, and we are enjoying the luxury of excellent accommodations, after having suffered much from the want of them for two days.

Our route, the greater part of the day, was rendered interesting, by being the field of Hannibal's battles, along the winding banks of the lake Thrasimene, which sometimes lay embosomed in hills, crowned with groves of olives, &c. We perceived several fishing-boats upon it, and two or three little islands, on which are fishermens' huts.

Tuesday morning, Monte Varchi. We have had a pleasant day's journey, without stopping, except for a short time at Arezzo, where is the house of Petrarch.

The country on all sides is highly cultivated.

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We are again most comfortably accommodated; our attendants are nice girls, dressed in round black beaver hats with plumes of ostrich feathers, which is the general costume of the Contadine here.

LETTER XLII.

Florence, Wednesday, November 21st.

We are at last in this capital of Tuscany, and I am thankful to say all tolerably well. Florence is at present so filled with English, that the friend to whom we had written, could only procure us apartments in a boarding-house. The master and mistress are English; officious bustling people; it was with difficulty that they could be prevailed upon to let our party remain quietly in our own rooms. My sister and her daughter equally require a few days rest in this place. We have been just told by the mistress of the house that they have taken a magnificent palace for a boarding-house, and that we must all remove thither in a day or two.

My sister was prevailed upon to go with these people to see their fine palace, a very unfit place for her, having been for a considerable time

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uninhabited: nothing could exceed the chill which we felt in traversing its spacious apartments. The weather is very cold and the wind blowing hard; she feels the effects, and is again confined to her bed with severe indisposition.

Lord, and Lady C. and Miss D. called. They said that they were going to the Pitti Palace, and invited me to accompany them. Here, the Grand Duke of Tuscany resides when at Florence; at present he is at Pisa; and strangers have liberty to see the splendid collections of paintings, &c. here exhibited. I recognized an old acquaintance in one of the most admired pictures, Raphael's Madonna della Seggiola, of which Sir W. brought some years ago, an incomparable copy from Italy. You may recollect that it was over the mantlepiece in the drawing-room at B———. Canova's beautiful Venus stands alone under the dome of a circular apartment.

Our next visit was to the gallery, which we found occupying the upper story of a large heavy building erected by order of Cosmo I. It runs along each side of the edifice 460 feet in length, and more than 100 feet in that part which forms the communication; the breadth and height are nearly equal, about 24 feet. The statues, and pictures, are arranged so as to form the history of the arts from the eleventh to the

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seventeenth century. The ceiling is painted in fresco; under it, extends a line of the portraits of great men, both ancient and modern. The gallery is bordered by apartments or halls which contain master-pieces in painting and sculpture; one of these is filled with the statues of Niobe and her children, sixteen in number. They were originally intended to form one groupe, like the Laocoon. The beautiful figure of the woe-stricken mother bending over the last of her dying children can scarcely be contemplated without tears.

We could not in one day explore the treasures of the twenty halls, but did not pass the tribune, which is filled with masterpieces of painting by the first Italian artists. The celebrated Venus de Medicis stands in the centre of this octagonal hall, being the statue that "enchants the world;" I need add nothing to its praise, if I even felt inclined, but I do not.

I was impatient now to return to the invalids, but my kind conductresses would first take me to the unfinished chapel of the Medici where workmen are still employed; of whom one of the ladies enquired how soon it would be terminated. "La Signora sará terminata prima," was the answer. Indeed it does not look as if it ever could be finished. The walls are inlaid with precious specimens of pietra dura, amongst

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which are the arms of different cities. The splendid tomb of Cosmo rivetted our attention. His crown placed on a cushion surmounts the tomb, which is studded with the most brilliant precious stones.

December 9th. We are now making preparations to be removed to Palazzo Gondi, in which there are fifty apartments. Those which we are to inhabit are covered with satin. Our principal bed-chamber is of an amber colour. The bed-curtains, chair-covers, and drapery round the walls, are all of the same rich material, and glowing colour. The double doors are lined with the same. Our saloon is covered with clouded satin. The ceiling is adorned with painted peacocks' feathers. The sala, or eating-room is of striped green silk, the chairs are black and gold. The apartments under ours are much more splendid; the walls and furniture are covered with richly embroidered white satin; painted floors and ceilings in beautiful clouds, where gods and goddesses seem to wing their airy flight. The double doors are lined with the same rich satan which covers the walls &c. The doors, chairs and sofas are of beautiful coloured wood, inlaid with ebony and gold. Surrounded by all this splendour we sit shivering without any of the real comforts of life. Not a carpet under our feet, nor sufficient fire

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to warm any one of the spacious rooms, in very few of which indeed is a fire-place to be seen. The gloomy casements, small and high, admit no prospect but dead walls, and are so contrived that the cheering sun-beams can never penetrate their leaded lattices. The tiled or stone floors feel so cold that we have petitioned for a stripe of matting to put under our feet. Oh! if we ever reach home how we shall enjoy its comforts!

We have been at a fine museum called Specolo. The first gallery is very long, and contains stuffed birds, not inclosed within glasses, but perched on branches of trees. On the opposite side, fish float in spirits of wine. All the different classes of minerals and volcanic productions of every kind, are arranged with the greatest taste and order, and occupy several rooms. Others are filled with the finest wax-work in the world. One most horrible, represents the plague in all its different stages: another, the anatomy of the human body, too disgusting for me or the children to look at. Several rooms were filled with a great variety of plants beautifully represented in wax in all their different stages; leaves, flowers, and seeds. We were never weary of admiring these, or the rooms filled with the finest specimens of coral, like great branches of trees.

The boasted cathedral of Florence, with its conspicuous dome towering above all the other

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churches, attracts the attention of the traveller. Near it stands its campanile, or belfry, and its baptistery; each standing separate in a fine open situation: they are cased over with black and white marble, in alternate, horizontal stripes. There is nothing within, or without those buildings so worthy of admiration as one of the three bronze gates of the baptistry—the identical one of which it is said, that Michael Angelo, on seeing it, exclaimed in an ecstasy, "that they were worthy to be the gates of paradise." The history of the old testament is here pourtrayed in small separate compartments, forming pictures in basso relievo, inimitably executed; each figure will bear the scrutinising eye of the critic, and cannot fail to call forth his praise. The history of the new testament, on the second gate is said to be the work of the same artist, Laurentio Ghiberto, but so inferior that it can scarcely be credited.

Although sickness and sorrow have cast a gloom over our short séjour at Florence, my eyes are not dimmed to its beauties, nor my ears closed to its advantages. It is watered by one of the most classical rivers in the world. A lofty chain of Appenines shelter it from the keen northern blast, and numerous villas enliven its environs; and that which crowns the beautiful slope of Fiesole, the convent where Milton meditated,

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amidst its ancient ruins, is not the least attractive to an English observer. Its extensive and accessible libraries, its far-famed gallery, its statues, its paintings furnish endless amusement to the lover of the fine arts; and for the votary of pleasure there is no lack of public amusements, and elegant, and enlightened society. Commodious palaces on either side the river, render the Lung' Arno a delightful place of residence. Four bridges are thrown across, of which, the most remarkable is the Ponte de Santissima, with its three beauteous marble arches; and the Ponte Vecchio, in which is a singular covered passage, crowded with curious, old-fashioned little jeweller's shops.

The streets of this town, and its fountains, are adorned with bronze and marble statues, which are master-pieces in modern sculpture. In the Piazza di Gran' Duca, stands an equestrian statue in bronze of Cosmo, the first Duke, by John of Bologne, whose memory would have been immortalized by his ærial statue of Mercury, had none other ever proceeded from his chisel; by the same artist, the Rape of the Sabines is a fine groupe in marble; Judith murdering Holofernes, by Donatello; David and Goliah, by Michael Angelo; Hercules killing Cacus, by Bandinello; and a bronze statue of Perseus with the head of Medusa, by Benvenuto Cellini.

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Fiesole was one of the twelve Etrurian cities, and remains now a lonely but beautiful village, looking down from the summit on which it is placed, on the vale of the Arno, and forming a beautifully picturesque feature in the landscape of its destroyer. In a contest with Florence, Fiesole was conquered, and its inhabitants driven from the dwellings of their forefathers, to take refuge among their conquerors. The hill on which it stands is clothed with groves of pines, ilex, and cypress, above which are seen the dome of its cathedral, and the venerable abbey founded by the Medicean family.

LETTER XLIII.

La Scala, December 13th, 1821.

This morning without reluctance we bid adieu to Florence, which indisposition had rendered to us a place of gloom and sadness. All nature smiled around as we travelled onwards. The weather was so warm that every where we saw women outside their doors platting straw for hats, that being the manufacture of the country. Verdant hills, woody vales, and clear cloudless

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sun-shine, rendered our journey truly delightful: we proceeded, however, slowly, owing to our mules, whose tardy steps by no force of blows could be accelerated; sometimes with the greatest obstinacy they would stand motionless, until it was again their inclination to resume their deliberate pace; and by these means we were detained on the road until two hours after dark. We then arrived at an excellent inn at La Scala, where a blazing fire and good dinner soon made us forget the slight inconvenience which we had suffered. An obliging good-humoured Cameriera waited upon us. When she showed us our bed-chambers, we asked her if she could have the beds warmed, "Sicúro," she answered, "subito porteró due preti." Amazed to hear that such an unclerical office was assigned to priests the children watched, with no small degree of curiosity, to see whether they would come attired in their canonical robes. They were not kept long in suspense; the maid re-entered carrying in each hand a kind of cage from the tops of which were suspended small pans full of burning charcoal; these she placed on the beds with the bed-clothes turned over them; by which means in a very few minutes the whole was entirely aired; but the analogy between this contrivance and the priests we could not discover. At all events our beds were rendered so comfort-

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able that we slept most profoundly; and with renovated health and strength arose at an early hour in the morning to pursue our journey. Our mules also appeared re-animated, and with astonishing good-humour trotted on so briskly that before three o'clock we arrived at Pisa, where we were received by Mr. and Mrs. S. E. with all the kindness and hospitality which characterize our compatriots.

Pisa, Saturday 15th. We are delightfully lodged at Casa Frasi, on the Lung' Arno, opposite the royal palace.

Sunday, 16th. The children and I went to church to-day, and heard our liturgy most beautifully and impressively read by Doctor Nott, who afterwards preached an excellent sermon, I say *church* because, though the service was performed in the clergyman's private apartments, the house is called Casa Chiesa, very appropriately, being now the Church of the English; all of whom are invited to attend, and all do very regularly, except Lord Byron and some of his associates.

Monday, December 17th. My sister having spent her first seven months in Italy here, thinks that she has some friends who will rejoice at her return, and condole with her on the absence of those who will return no more. This morning she desired us to go to L——, who had been

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Anny's drawing-master, and consequently much with them. "Five years' interval," she said, "must have made such a change in the growth and appearance of the children, that he will probably not recognise them; but," said she to Richard, "mention your name, and when he hears it, he will rejoice to see you; had he known of our arrival, he would not have let a day pass without coming to us." The walk was pleasant and the distance short, and we were in a few minutes at the door of Signore L—— whom we found at home. He addressed us as the Italians usually do strangers. "Che commanda Signore?" Richard answered, "Sono il figlio di Cavaliere S——." With the same coldness of interrogatory the signor rejoined, "Cosa desiderava?" Poor Richard, completely at a stand, looked inquiringly at me. "Tell him," I said, "where your mother lives, and that she wishes to see him." He then asked where the little girl was to whom he had given lessons in drawing. I answered, "è andata in Paradiso." The intelligence excited no emotion, but a kind of wondring exclamation, "Eh, Eh!"

Thursday, December 20th. Having heard of the arrival of our dear friend Mr. William Owen at Leghorn, we went to see him, and on our way passed the Protestant burying-ground, which contains many a white monument. We

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got out of the carriage that we might contemplate the peaceful receptacles of the remains of those whose days of mourning are over. Why did sad thoughts arise as we wandered from tomb to tomb, and remembered that this must be the end of all living! Here the perishable body moulders into dust while the spirit returns to God who gave it. But have all the souls which were the tenants of these earthly tabernacles made that happy exchange? and are they indeed praising Him "who is strong to deliver and good to redeem?" a sad uncertainty must fill the mind of the Christian in contemplating the scene.

At the hotel di San Marco we found Mr. Owen, weak and low, yet looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of his faith; and while the outward man decays, the inner man is renewed day by day. He could not talk much, but what he did say was like himself, peaceful and resigned.

When I parted with him at Rome, I never expected to see him again, much less that he would regain sufficient strength to return to his family in Ireland; he is now come back to Leghorn and I know not whether I ought to rejoice or grieve that still he lingers in this vale of tears; since for him to have departed, and to be with Christ, would have been great gain, but for all who have taken counsel with him, it is better

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that he has been so much longer permitted to abide amongst us. In the mean time, the servant of God may rest satisfied that all things are working together for his good; therefore, let patience have her perfect work.*

Christmas Day. We attended divine service and the Sacrament administered by Dr. Nott. The mercy of God has again brought us to the celebration of this festival. We have reason to be thankful. The year which is past, has been a year of sorrow, but it has been tempered with *mercy*. "Come, let us return unto the Lord! for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up." "In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence, and his children shall have a place of refuge."

A few storms, as we journey on our wintry way, will be succeeded by the eternal sunshine of God's unchangeable love! We are quickly pursuing the steps of those who have reached the land of Canaan; and O that whilst we still tarry in the house of our pilgrimage, we could think less of their loss to ourselves, and more of the joy which they have attained at God's right hand for evermore. "Their robes are washed, and made white in the blood of the Lamb; therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him

* Mr. William Owen died at Leghorn May 31st, 1823.

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day and night in his temple. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

LETTER XLIV.

Pisa, December 26th, 1821.

A YOUNG priest, of the name of Damiano, is engaged as a Latin master for Richard. This evening he came for the first time, and walking to a table in the centre of the room, and placing Richard opposite, stood erect; while, with a consequential air and pompous words, he poured forth an oration on the origin of languages, from that spoken by our first parents, Adam and Eve, to the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel, and from thence to their being spread over the whole inhabited globe. His discourse lasted so long, that we were all nearly asleep, and he looked in vain for applause from his wearied auditors.

He must have left us with a very contemptuous

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opinion of our intellectual capacity, for that, undoubtedly, would be called in question by an Italian, rather than any deficiency in his own powers.

Saturday, December 29th. The air is mild as a summer's day, my sister sat before an open window writing letters.

January 1st, 1822. Every evening we enjoy the splendour of a glorious setting sun, which sheds a long train of light over the Lung' Arno, and appears under the arch of the bridge like a great ball of fire.

There are a number of the despised race at Pisa, for despised the Jews are here, as every where else. They have a superstition, that when a dead body is carried out for interment, if a dog pass under the bier, the funeral must be postponed for the day, and the body is conveyed back from whence it was brought. The mob take pleasure in hunting dogs in such a direction as to make them pass under the bier, as soon as they discover the Jew's funeral procession.

January 3d. Signor Sassetti paid us a visit, and told us that the nobles had put off, (because of the indisposition of the prince,) a ball which they were to have given; "last Sunday," he added, "he merrily danced at the court ball."

Friday, January 4th. This was to have been the day of the ball; and this morning the young

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prince died! "In the midst of life we are in death."

Saturday 5th. This is the anniversary of our darling Anny's entrance into the kingdom of glory. On this day last year, her emancipated spirit took its flight to the everlasting realms of rest.

Pisa, January 29th. The walks on the banks of the Arno are delightful, and the weather is even warmer than May with us. This day we were obliged to seek the shade, and lay aside winter clothing.

Damiano told the children that a very delightful entertainment was to be given in the evening at the house of one of his friends; and if their mama could be persuaded to allow them to accompany him, he should have the most exquisite pleasure in showing it them. My sister consented only on condition of my being one of the party. We were ready when he came for us at the appointed hour, and we witnessed what was, *indeed*, sport for children, though there was a numerous assembly of grown persons in a very large apartment. In the centre of an adjoining room a table was placed, covered with sweetmeats, at the head of which La Bifana presided. This is a figure of a woman, as large as life, and hideously ugly, the upper part of the face black, the lower flesh coloured; on the head a large plume of

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feathers; the figure was seated in a kind of bower, of green leaves and flowers. Ridiculous letters were put successively into its hand, addressed to different individuals present. The great fun was reading these letters aloud; but the amusement to the children seemed to be chiefly that of eating up the good things with which the table was spread.

There is a Greek Hospodar here with his train; being dressed in splendid costume, they never make their appearance without exciting much admiration; at a fancy ball, a diadem encircled the head of the princess, thickly set with sparkling diamonds; they have always with them their little daughter of five years old, whose striking beauty attracts the notice of all who behold her, and who is exhibited at every midnight revel; her dancing particularly attracts universal attention.

The Greek prince and attendant wear flowing beards; the costume is in the Turkish style, the turban more like the crown of a hat. The Turks wear mustachios, and have always an attendant when they ride or walk, and even at an evening party he follows his master as he moves from one side of the room to the other. Sometimes they perform graceful evolutions, mounted on beautiful Arabian coursers, and throwing the javelin one to the other, just under our windows.

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February 12th. We made a day's excursion to the Certosa, a convent of monks, situated at the foot of a mountain: the drive was delightful, the road in places winding through the arches of a very beautiful aqueduct. We stopped before the massive gates of the convent; and not satisfied with admiring its picturesque and romantic situation from without, I entered its court with Richard, who came provided with a sketch-book and pencil, to take an advantageous view. Immediately I heard a general outcry, "*Fuori, fuori*," to which I gave no heed, supposing it addressed to some obnoxious dog, who had entered the sanctuary of the monks, but walked leisurely on until roused from my reverie by Richard, who ran up to me in a fright, exclaiming, "It is you, it is you whom they are hunting out; no woman is allowed to cross the threshold: these are the strictest order of monks." I did not like a lady of my acquaintance at Rome, dispute the point; but, as expeditiously as possible, walked away.

February 14th. This is Carnival time; the Lung' Arno presents a gay scene. We have a full view from our windows of the grotesque figures which parade its banks; some of the equipages are gay beyond description, covered with green boughs and wreaths of flowers, drawn by twelve bacchanals; two more are seated within,

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their heads crowned with flowers; occasionally they stop and dance to the sound of the tambourine. I could not help reflecting how soon their giddy round will be run, and they will discover their awful mistake, if they seek not that pure stream of pleasure which flows at God's right hand for evermore.

This is the last day of the Carnival. May it be, indeed, the last time that I shall witness this madness of the people. Soon, I trust, our steps will be directed homewards, to the land of our nativity, that land highly favoured and watered by the dew of God's blessing: and may our prayers never be omitted for this country which we leave, that its night of superstition may quickly be dispelled, and the light of the Gospel arise upon it.

March 14th. We drove to the Cascina, or Grand Duke's Park, where we saw his breed of camels; there are a great number which look half-starved, (but I believe it is the natural expression of their countenance). The man who showed them to us, made an extraordinary noise in his throat, which the camel answered in the same tone, grinning and showing his huge teeth, which the keeper said was a mark of displeasure, at the idea of being loaded, though he obediently sunk on his knees for that purpose, until his back was within reach of the man, on which he placed our little

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boy who evinced no small degree of courage in suffering himself to be mounted on the huge animal; which arose, on another signal being given, as slowly as it had lowered itself, and began a gentle and measured pace, the man guiding it by a halter, which was fastened to its head. Richard, in his exalted situation, looked like a fly. At the accustomed signal the obedient camel again sunk on his knees to be unburthened, and we saw with admiration how he suffered himself to be governed by a being so greatly inferior in size and strength. Thus it is ordered by the omnipotent Creator, who gave to man the "dominion over the fish of the sea, the fowl of the air, over the cattle, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth!"

The church of St. Dominico is adorned with paintings by Tempesta, representing the history of Santa Clara, the foundress of an adjoining convent. The fresco ceiling is painted by some other artist, and depicts the Cross which spoke to a person kneeling before it, bidding him carry it from the Duomo of Sienna, where it then was, to Pisa, where it wished to be; which being done, all the bells in the town began to ring spontaneously, the moment it was brought within the gates; and Santa Clara, with all her nuns, came to meet, and accompany the escort, which

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conveyed it, to the chapel of her convent, where it still remains with the sarcophagus before it, that contains the body of Santa Clara. We were permitted to look at both through an iron grate, over which hangs a crimson damask curtain.

I am afraid you will be tired of hearing these foolish stories: I can only say, that I have related to you very few of them indeed, in comparison of what I hear continually.

LETTER XLV.

Pisa, March 21, 1822.

I HEAR that our church service is now conducted on a regular plan at Nice. Government has given up a chapel for that purpose. What a revolution in sentiment! Twenty years ago the inquisition would have interposed its strong arm. At present, it is said, that there are many Protestants, even among the Italians, near Leghorn, though the priests endeavour to persuade them that Protestants are not Christians. The Bible is carefully kept from them, nor can a copy be procured under twenty guineas: it is a great

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work, consisting of twenty volumes, Latin and Italian; and is, therefore, from its price alone a sealed book, even to many of the priests themselves. What a blessing might attend the labours of a few missionaries with the Bible in their hands! The Hindoos are scarcely in more need of them. One of our friends, on hearing some of them say that they had never supposed that we were Christians, translated for them some of the most material doctrines of our church, which, they said, convinced them that we are better Christians than they could have supposed. Reformation, with all its train of illumination and blessings, would indeed render this place a terrestrial paradise. The sad corruptions which poison the very source of domestic happiness, would then be removed; and men would be seen in company with their wives, giving and receiving mutual proofs of affection, as in our happy land. No woman here is supposed able to walk without the support of an arm, but that arm must not be her husband's. He, in his turn, must guard some other weak creature from the dangers which might await her tottering steps. Some years ago this horrid system was confined to the rich and great; now it has descended to the humble shop-keeper. O may it never pollute the simple peasantry, who now are the most virtuous, and, consequently, the happiest class

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of people here! The government is lenient, perhaps too much so; since death is never inflicted for any crime. The only difference made between murderers and thieves, is the duration of confinement; the first being condemned for life, the last for a limited period. Murderers, or other malefactors condemned for the highest crimes, are distinguished by wearing yellow jackets. The streets of Pisa, like most of the towns of Italy, are always clean. The galley slaves sweep away all the dust, which otherwise would incommode us; when the rain falls in torrents, it washes the flagging, and in an hour's time you would not know that any had fallen. The English complain much of the dullness of Pisa. To those who love gaiety it must necessarily be dull, for every family comes for the health of some member of it, and of course all evening society beyond quiet tea parties, which end at ten o'clock, is precluded. There is a theatre and opera, but I am told both are below mediocrity.

All our former acquaintances are not like Signor L. Signor F. appeared really glad to see the family again; while he sympathized with us in the great afflictions which we have sustained. He often comes in the evening, and says that he has a strong predilection for English society; his brother has the same, but from conscientious

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motives gave it up; or rather from strong feelings, for, having adopted the general idea, that there is no salvation for Protestants continuing faithful to their creed, he could not bear to know and to love people in this world whom he believed he had no chance of meeting in the next. They are both gentlemanly in their manner: but none of the young men, even those attending on the Grand Duke, have any air of what we should call fashion. The Duke himself, the archbishop, and some of the canons in their long scarlet robes, have a very dignified appearance. The priests form no small part of the population here, as in every other town in Italy. At an ordination which a friend of mine witnessed, he said there were thirty-two little boys, some of whom did not appear to have reached their tenth year, who received the first, or the second order of priesthood, and thirty more who received the third. These boys wear white surplices trimmed with lace or muslin, and clerical cocked hats. It is both absurd and melancholy to see such little creatures devoted to they know not what. Upon the whole, the general character of the people here is pleasing, though from what we have heard, more than from any thing which we have seen, we think it is not estimable. They appear anxious to oblige, but expect a recompense for every thing. There is a polite-

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ness in their mode of expression, and an air of gentility when they accost you with a, "ben levata, Signora;" or in the evening, "felice notte," for which you might look in vain even amongst a higher class with us. I believe if you do not ascend a *single step* above the peasantry you may find good virtuous wives, and attentive mothers, who are industrious and cleanly in their habits, to which their neatly furnished cottages bear testimony. The most disgusting objects in the streets are the old women, many of whom without caps, and their grey locks wild and rough, might well have given their ancient poets the idea of the snaky locks of Tisiphone. Eagerness about trifles is a strong characteristic of the Italian women; and they have not an idea, in common with us, of what decency and propriety require. A duchess or a countess goes herself to show her house and to bargain with a tenant. We can never learn to hold out our hands gracefully to be kissed, or to divest ourselves of a natural repugnance to that operation being performed. If you give a trifle to the dirtiest-looking beggar in the street, he will seize your hand before you are aware, and kiss it in token of gratitude.

Our favourite walk is to the Piazza, which contains, in one interesting group, the Baptistery, Campo Santo, Duomo and Campanile or

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leaning Tower, which last excites fresh wonder every time we see it. It does not give the idea that it will fall, but that it is actually falling. Yet it has remained in this position six hundred years. If you recollect that it is fifteen feet out of the perpendicular, and nearly one hundred and ninety in height, you can imagine the stupendous effect of this tower. The Campo Santo presents objects ever interesting. It has been newly arranged; and the collection of ancient and modern tombs, and of cinerary urns, has been vastly increased. It now forms a complete series from the earliest rise of sculpture, down to the present day; for there are a few very beautiful modern tombs by living artists. The Etruscan monuments, many of them three thousand years old, have no intrinsic beauty, but are extremely curious. Next follow the Greek and Roman sarcophagi, which formerly contained the bodies of celebrated men of antiquity. They were brought to Pisa when this was a victorious republic; they are now all collected from the different churches and monasteries, and line the walls of the Campo Santo. Here are also deposited the remains of six hundred noble Pisan families, all except ten now extinct. The earth in the interior of the Campo Santo was brought as ballast in ships from the Holy Land, at the time that Pisa was a maritime republic.

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The Duomo is a Gothic structure, ornamented in front with a number of columns, some of which are of Grecian marble, others of Oriental granite; one of them is of porphyry. The most magnificent are those, six in number, which adorn the three celebrated bronze doors which are covered with bass relief; the central one represents the life of the Madonna; those on each side, the life of our Saviour from his birth to his crucifixion.

We saw the baptisms of two children belonging to persons of high rank, at the Baptistery. There was much ceremony with little appearance of devotion.

Part of the ceremony we could not witness without a shudder. The officiating priest breathed into the child's mouth by way of imparting the Holy Ghost.

The christening dresses were splendidly embroidered with gold, and trimmed with broad gold lace. The robe was blond lace over a white silk petticoat, long, as those worn by our babies. The swaddling clothes were probably underneath, as I am told that, that unnatural bondage of the limbs is never dispensed with in any rank. In time their intercourse with the English may probably induce them to give up this pernicious custom.

There is a triennial illumination at Pisa, which

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from the account I hear, is well worth seeing. It is held on the 17th of June, in honour of St. Ranieri. The banks of the Lung' Arno, forming a magnificent crescent, are adorned with palaces radient with light, some of Tuscan, others of Gothic architecture, and others Chinese. The three bridges which cross the Arno, are covered with blazing temples, and altogether present a sight very brilliant and fine.

The centre bridge is marble; on it used to be exhibited a mock fight between nearly one thousand combatants, in coats of mail and armed with wooden clubs; they disputed the passage of the bridge for about forty minutes. The victory was gained sometimes by force of arms, or by stratagem when an opportunity offered. They were forbidden ever to fight in reality, yet from the recurrence of frequent accidents, it was altogether prohibited.

The armour used on the occasion occupies several rooms—we saw it still in good preservation.

We make many excursions to different parts that we may be able to comprehend the geography of the town; its walls, we are told, measure exactly seven miles in circumference. Great part of it is thinly inhabited. After we have left the quay, and a very busy piazza behind it, we turn into noble, well built, desolate streets,

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grass growing thickly in the interstices of the flags, and in the middle of beautiful squares where human voice seldom interrupts the dead stillness, or human tread heard on the broad flagging. You cannot imagine what a solitary impression it leaves upon the mind to traverse these quiet streets during the still evening hours; here and there, the door of a beautiful church stands open, and looking in you may perceive a solitary priest, or two or three boys habited as priests, and it may be, one or two old people at their silent devotions before an altar well lighted up with large torches. Churches, colleges, and deserted convents are to be seen on all sides—many of the latter were suppressed by Leopold, and subsequently many more by the French.

As yet we have not had even the appearance of winter. Yesterday we saw beautiful Persian renunculus, large carnations, and roses, all the produce of a garden which has a north aspect. In the middle of January we gathered wild violets in quantities, as fragrant as those of our gardens, and crocusses on the Appenines, about four miles from hence.

The country in the immediate environs of this town is flat and uninteresting, but at Pisa baths, the landscape is very beautiful. The village itself, situated at the foot of an Appenine, is composed of neat white houses.

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The Ducal palace is not remarkable, but has a respectable appearance, behind it the Appenines are studded with white villas and covered with ever-green oaks and myrtles, the latter grow low, and in as great abundance as the heath on our Irish mountains. Before I saw it, I wondered from whence they could procure the profusion of myrtle with which the streets are strewed where the processions pass on the numberless festivals. On Ash-Wednesday there is a ceremony at the Duomo, which we were invited to see; the archbishop marks the forehead of the devout with a cross of ashes. We are told of another remarkable service which is performed at the Campo Santo, on the 1st of November. The archbishop, with two mourning coaches of the most extraordinary form, attended by a long train of canons in scarlet robes; other orders of priests in crimson, and a still greater number in black silk, richly bordered with gold, formed the procession. The whole interior was covered with black, and lighted up with torches, though at ten o'clock in the morning. The service commenced with solemn music, then masses for the souls of all the dead who have been buried within its enclosure for six hundred years. At the conclusion, the archbishop himself sprinkles all the graves with holy water, which was contained in a kind of silver vase.

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The disrespectful manner of burying the dead is very shocking to our feelings. Government wisely does not permit interment within the walls; large fields well enclosed with high walls about a mile distant from the town are alotted for that purpose. When a person dies, the body is carried in the evening, attended by a long train of priests singing mournful dirges, to the house of the grave-digger, where it remains until the morning, and then it is put into a cart, on which is painted a death's head, &c. &c. and carried to the place of sepulture. The field is laid out in regular compartments, and the dead bodies are laid side by side, rich and poor, friends and enemies, without a stone to designate the portion of earth which covers them—so that if a few years intervene between the deaths of persons in the same family, hundreds of bodies separate the places where they are laid. When the field is full they begin again to bury in the same ground. Persons in the higher ranks, who possess villas and country churches, are of course buried in them.

There are a society of gentlemen, who go out disguised in black dominos; their faces covered all but small apertures for their eyes and mouth. They carry in their hands a box, on which is written, "For the sick poor," and merely show it as they pass. When a bell at the town-house

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tolls twice, they know that an accident has happened, and immediately attend with a commodious litter, on which is a covered bed. A person is ready to lead them to the spot, and without delay, he who has been hurt is conveyed to the hospital, where he is well taken care of. For a death there are three tolls of the bell, and they are promptly ready with all things needful for interment.

There is a natural politeness of manner among the people here which is very prepossessing; even the lowest classes would be deemed courtly with us. A gentleman who has been long resident here said, "There is no such thing in Italy as a bad manner." If to all this civility were added the virtues which an enlightened form of religion would bring, the decencies, the comforts, the proprieties of an English fireside, Italy would be an earthly paradise, and merit all the encomiums which Eustace has lavished upon it.

It is from ignorance of what our religion is that they do not consider us Christians; so great is its superiority over that of this country, that I think if a Protestant were wavering in his faith, the most effectual means of establishing him would be to give him an opportunity of contrasting the difference, one would be found a reasonable service, the other superstitious mummery, and the probable result would

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be that of rendering him a bigot to Protestantism, and inducing a spirit of intolerance.

There are a great variety of beasts of burthen in use here. You will be surprised to hear that even men are employed in this way; a light kind of cart is contrived on purpose, in which they convey a quantity of goods.

The horses are so small they look as if the weight of a carriage must crush them; however, they are very active, and travel wonderfully. Camels, buffaloes, and the mild-looking white oxen (the breed being still preserved since the time they used to be sacrificed) are chiefly employed in carrying burthens.

LETTER XLVI.

Pisa, March 30th, 1822.

I EXPECTED much more beauty than I have seen amongst the women of Italy. Many of them, however, are interesting in their appearance; fine dark eyes and eye-lashes, and an intelligent countenance, prevent their being deemed ugly; but, in general, there is a want of feminine softness; they scream in a guttural discordant voice when speaking; their clothes, particularly in the morning, seem hung on them; and their great

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gold ornaments render their dirty untidy appearance conspicuous. Their motions are all hurried; exactly the opposite of that beautiful description which you and I have read together, and have so much admired, of what women ought to be. I asked our Italian master why the females here screamed so loud while the men spoke in a moderate and not unpleasing accent? he said, because the women are "si orgogliose," and "si piene di rabbia." You would have laughed had you seen the action which accompanied his words. He shook his head, and made a grimace, to intimate the angry spirits which the women manifest.

In the ground-floor of all the houses are the shops, for the Italians never think of inhabiting that part of their dwellings. The baths of Lucca was the favourite summer abode of the family of Buonaparte; his sister was, for ten years, sovereign of this whole district. Her palace stands in a beautiful and commanding situation. It is not large, but the stables are magnificent containing stalls for sixty horses. The people there do not love her memory; they had before paid no taxes, being, like Switzerland, a free state, until she levied eighteen per cent. on all the property; and the Emperor of Austria, their present sovereign, takes advantage of all her impositions.

Nature has done much for Italy; and Eustace's

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observation is true that no one can be disappointed let expectation be raised ever so high. The people here, however, are very much our inferiors in many of the common arts of life. It seems strange, that as they appear to be guided by the very hand of taste in statuary, painting, poetry, and every thing belonging to the fine arts, they yet cannot make tolerably a common knife, a pair of tongs, or snuffers, a needle, or even a pin; the implements, with which we are supplied in their place, are quite laughable.

One evening we directed our steps towards the top of a mountain, which we had not hitherto traversed, and were nearly three miles from our dwelling, when a wild-looking woman ran after us with the greatest expressions of joy at seeing us. She said that she was our butter woman, and that we must go into her house. We asked to see how she made her butter. An old woman sat with a small earthen bowl in her lap, which contained some thick cream; this she beat with a wooden spoon, as our cooks beat eggs. When the butter "came," she squeezed out the whey with the back of the same spoon. It is then formed into a shape for the market, where it is sold, some very bad, some as good as we have it at home. When the milk is skimmed, they make, every day, little fresh cheeses; and boil the whey, in order to collect the curds, which was a favourite dish at our table.

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The rents are all paid in kind; the half of every thing belonging to the landlord. A woman told us, that if heaven had not given them the springs of warm water, which brought such a concourse of strangers in summer, the people would die of hunger.

There is a very good theatre, to which comedians come from Florence in the season; but in the winter the peasants act themselves, and we were told, have very handsome dresses for the purpose. It is the custom for every body to visit every body; consequently, you may be very gay if you wish.

The week before Easter our house was blessed by the rector of the parish, who first asked whether it was a custom amongst us to have our houses blessed at this time of the year; we answered, that it was not. He said it was his duty to bless every house in the parish; but, if it gave offence, he would omit ours. We assured him to the contrary, as we wished to see the ceremony. The next day our landlord's wife came to ask the same question—saying, if we objected, it should not be done; at the same time, her manner showed that she would have thought her house in great danger if we refused; which, of course, we did not.

The day following the rector arrived, dressed in a little white cassock over his black clothes,

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accompanied by an inferior priest, in the same costume, by way of an attendant. The former pronounced the blessing in the name of the Trinity, on the house and its inhabitants, and repeated the same ceremony up stairs and down stairs, in every hole and corner. The sequel of the story is, that every house makes a small offering—the poor, of eggs; the more genteel, of chocolate; as we wished to be considered of the latter class, we presented him with a pound of it.

The good old priest, Martini, who was employed to teach the children Italian, proved an excellent guide in the mountains. He is a very simple character. We were pleased, in passing a country school, in company with him, to see all the little children run out eagerly to kiss his hand.

All this account I had from my sister, who passed a summer at the baths of Lucca.

LETTER XLVII.

Bagni di Lucca, April 3d, 1822.

Il Prato Fiorito is one of those places in this country of romantic scenery which ought to be visited by all travellers. It is said to have been

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sacred to Æsculapius, and is a very great natural curiosity, about five miles distant from Lucca baths. To describe its situation, so as that any person should conceive what it is, who has never witnessed the variety and extraordinary forms of the surrounding Appenines, would not be possible; villages, pretty churches, and convents, perched upon spots which appear inaccessible to any thing but a goat; there are small horses which seem to partake of the nature of that active animal; and in ascending these abrupt and precipitous paths, never make a false step; if they did, they must be hurled with their riders down precipices terrific to behold.

The Prato Fiorito rises far above the chesnut covered mountains, and is surrounded by bare brown craggs, on some of which the unmelting snows form a striking contrast with the beautiful verdure of the meadow, which is literally enamelled with a profusion of wild flowers, and we were told by the peasantry they continue to blow in succession throughout the summer. We remarked the single white narcissus; gentionella in quantities the same which is cultivated in our gardens; and another fairy species of the most brilliant blue, more like a little gem than a flower; sweet william coming into blow; fraxinella, solomon seal; single pionies, &c. &c. Three miles in circumference is covered with this

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flowery turf, from which we enjoyed a most commanding prospect. A lake thirty miles distant seemed just under us. The surrounding hills and vallies were thickly interspersed with shepherds' cottages more picturesque than fancy could imagine. Our guide was the master of the lodging-house, and the village doctor; he invited us to repose a little at his friend's house in the village of Monte-Villa; with much pleasure we accepted his invitation, and found ourselves in fairy ground. The little town is so situated, that it does not appear possible that even a wheelbarrow could be driven to it, either from the overshadowing mountains above, or from the plains beneath; yet here has the exquisite hand of skill and taste built and decorated a villa in a style which is seldom surpassed both in exterior and interior adornments. Pergolas, or vine-covered walks lead to it. We were prepared to meet something peculiarly interesting in the inhabitants of so enchanting an abode, and were not disappointed. A young woman did the honours of the house, whose address was prepossessing; her aspect pensive, yet placid; her attire simple and neat. After having conducted us all over the house, and showed us several rooms in which were satin-covered beds, she introduced us to her own apartment, where was a very small bed without curtains, a crucifix, and several other

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appropriate articles of furniture saved from the wreck of a suppressed convent, of which she had been one of the nuns. I wish I could recollect, in her own impressive language, the short outline she gave of her history;—many bitter tears, she told us, she had shed, at being forced to leave her peaceful retreat; at the same time, she was thankful that, with her brother, she found an asylum such as few of her unhappy sisterhood had been blessed with.

Chesnuts are the great crop of this country, the poor chiefly subsist on them: they find a great inconvenience in the manner provisions are divided and sold; quantities of pudding made of Indian corn; bread of chesnut meal, roasted chesnuts, and boiling potatoes, always afford a cheap and ready-prepared breakfast; for the value of about three half-pence of our money a labouring man could purchase a hearty meal, and a small glass of a kind of prepared dram. The butchers cut their meat into portions from five or six, to half a pound weight, or less if required. It would surprise you to see what respectable-looking persons carry off their bit of meat, in a fold of paper, for their dinner.

I have the pleasure to tell you, that we are now at Lucca, so far on our journey homewards; there is something very exhilarating in the idea, that every mile which we advance is bringing

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us back to our native isle. The thought of home was always delightful to me; but now more than ever, after my long absence, and the afflicting scenes which I have witnessed.

As I journey towards my native land, I cannot help remarking, with regret, the multitude of carriages filled with English, (of course I mean by that term to include the Irish and Scotch also,) who are hurrying from their own pleasant shores. I do not presume to say, that the motives of many of these travellers may not be blameless, or even laudable. The single desire of many may be, to live every where alike to the glory of God; and, more immediately, to benefit others also, by diffusing the knowledge of the Gospel, in whatever region they may visit. But to those of my own country-people especially, who, without some christian and conscientious reason, are now meditating a foreign residence, I cannot help sometimes longing to appeal, and to entreat that, before they settle themselves abroad, they will reflect, whether, in *their* case, there are not some peculiar, and almost personal objections, to their thus deserting home; whether they are not leaving a wretched tenantry to groan under the pressure of absenteeism, while they dissipate their time and their money in distant climes.

There is, I must allow, something so fasci-

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nating in the pleasures which all travellers find in this country more particularly, in the contemplation of its exquisite scenery, and of its classical ruins, and in the freedom which they enjoy, every where on the continent, from many of the restraints of their own country, that I can hardly wonder that some, who have not thought enough of their duties at home, or of the dangers abroad, are induced to take up their abode here, though, at first, they merely intended to make a tour. To some, economy is the object: but the expenses of removal render its attainment doubtful, *unless* the residence be much lengthened; and a lengthened residence, whatever be the motive, is, in my mind, open to very great objections. To others, the motive of living on the continent is the advantage which they may give their children by a foreign finish to their education: but it too frequently happens, that a stay begun with this view, is continued till the whole family acquire the habits, tastes, feelings, and principles of France and Italy; or till matrimonial connections with foreigners still further widen the separation from their English homes. But, surely, to a man who has had the privilege of being born in our own favoured land, it were degradation—for himself, or for his children—to become aliens. I am willing to acknowledge, with gratitude, that there are not a few excellent and valuable

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persons to be found amongst the people of this country, with whom we have now lived some years, by many of whom we have been treated with much kind feeling; and some, indeed, there are, with whom we have become acquainted, even in this benighted land, who, I would hope, though amidst many errors, yet know the truth as it is in Jesus; but nothing less than a residence so long as ours can show the general want of uprightness, of morality, of dignity, and of all those qualities which, arising chiefly from the blessed light of the Reformation, have raised England to its happy pre-eminence over other nations. And is it possible to dwell amongst them without catching some contamination?*

To those travellers who are sent abroad for their health, I can only say, that, from what I have had an opportunity of observing, the benefit seldom answers their expectations; and, unless the invalid travels with the utmost caution, and

* The remarks of an eloquent living writer exactly express my feeling on this subject; and though applied by her to the profanation of the sanctity of the Sabbaths, they will attach equally to the violation of many other duties, which is constantly witnessed abroad: "Might not a fair practical appeal be made to the different state of the feelings of many of our travellers, on witnessing the open violation of the sanctity of the *first* Sunday, and the *twentieth* repetition of the same abuse? Who can affirm that familiarity has not gradually diminished the abuse, and, in a good measure, suppressed the indignation?"—*Moral Sketches, by Mrs. H. More,* Preface p. ix.

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with every comfort and convenience, the risk is very great. Surely it is cruel in medical men, when every reasonable hope of recovery is precluded, to send their patients abroad, in fact, to die there, deprived of all the soothing alleviations which domestic solicitude provides, and of the still greater supports and consolations of religious intercourse.

Thursday morning we arrived at Florence. Here we met Mrs. S——e, for the pleasure of whose society we had left Pisa a fortnight sooner than we had intended, as she also has turned her face homewards.

Good-Friday. We attended divine service, which now is here regularly performed by Doctor T.

Saturday. We went to the Duomo, where we saw the ceremony of the dove of fire. A cord is fastened to the high altar, and brought through the church, out at the great door opposite, before which was erected a temple, adorned with flowers; the dove moves along the cord to the temple, which, in a moment, exhibits a magnificent display of fire-works. At twelve o'clock precisely, the dove goes off, and then all the bells begin to ring, and the clocks to strike, which during the week had been silenced.

Monday, April 8th. Once more we bade adieu to Florence, and were soon among the

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Appenines. We travelled eighteen miles of uninteresting country to Le Maschere, where we stopped at an inn, which has at least the recommendation of being kept by people who are exceedingly attentive and civil. Tuesday morning at six o'clock, we resumed our journey, through a wild desolate country, rendered more gloomy by the dark clouds and heavy rain. But from Pozzeoli to Bologna, we have had a delightful drive. This town contains many interesting objects; its noble cathedral, and its gallery, of which every one has heard as containing some magnificent paintings.

Wednesday. We journeyed to-day through a flat, but well cultivated country, to Ferrara. Some of the party went to view the tomb of Ariosto; his portrait, chair, manuscripts, and ink-stand were also shown. When the body of Ariosto was discovered, the picture, which is considered a remarkably good likeness, was found lying upon it. We passed the Reno, a branch of the Po, in a curious manner, (at least, to me it appeared so,) on planks laid across two boats, fastened by strong cables, which were pulled by men who stood on the opposite bank, until the bridge, with its cargo, was brought to the margin.

April 11th. The weather is still wet and gloomy. We left Ferrara at five o'clock in the

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morning, and soon arrived on the banks of the Po, the passage of which, the poor horses, at least, found unpleasant. They could scarcely keep their footing, both in the ascent and descent. I could not bear to look at them making every possible effort to succeed, and with the most patient resignation bearing the unmerited blows which were inflicted upon them. The bridge of boats was large enough to admit of both carriages, and all the horses, being brought over at the same time; at one end of the boats are small houses, in which women were sitting.

We drove for some time along the banks of the Po, on which are a number of corn-mills, constructed within boats. They have a very pretty and singular effect, the walls being white and painted with gay colours; the roofs half arched. The country is well cultivated, but too flat to be interesting. Our Vetturino told us that the people were sad *canaille*, being very imposing. This man has agreed to provide every thing for us, so that we have no bills to pay on the road; which, for strangers travelling through these countries, is much the best plan, to avoid imposition. Canaille seems to be a favourite term with our Vetturino; he applied it to the priests of Pisa, in speaking of them a few days ago. "They are," said he, "the worst canaille in Italy; I never confess to any of them, for I

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believe them to be as wicked sinners as myself. I say my prayers night and morning to our Lord and his blessed mother; and I fulfil all my duties as well as I can."

During our journey this evening to Monselesi, I remarked very pretty white farm houses, of a description quite different from any which I had seen in other parts of Italy.

We crossed the Adige on a bridge of boats, and for several miles kept close to its banks, which are edged with wooden mills in boats. They were all at work grinding corn, but are differently formed, and not so pretty as those on the Po.

This part of Italy is so different from what we have been accustomed to see in the south, that we might suppose we were among an entirely different nation; houses, people, customs, and even the language are not the same.

Dolo. We passed some magnificent castles and villas, with domains and gardens cultivated in the English style. For miles we journeyed along the beautiful shores of the Brenta, and watched the gondolas plying towards Venice. At some miles distance from the town, when our Vetturini caught the first glimpse of Venice resting on the bosom of the wide Adriatic, they uttered a loud extatic cry, at the same time whipping on their horses, as if they thought

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that the city would float away and they were determined to overtake it. It is impossible to describe to you, my dear friend, the sensation which the first sight of Venice creates; hear what you will of it, the surprise is not lessened.

LETTER XLVIII.

Venice, Friday, April 12th, 1822.

At Mestre we embarked in a gondola for Venice; we passed two stations, guarded by Austrians, at each of which we had to pay toll, and also to a party of them in a boat, which pursued us for the purpose of levying a further tax. Our passports were neither demanded nor examined by any of these, though such a measure might have been some pretext for these impositions. That business was reserved for a fourth party, who made us pay the usual fees. Venice is built upon twenty-eight sand-banks or small islands, in which stakes are driven of larch, a wood which is not injured by sea-water, and has been found a durable foundation for some of the most beautiful edifices in the world.

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Saturday, April 13th. Our first visit this morning was to the Piazza di St. Marco, one of the most splendid squares which the world ever produced, one side is occupied by the noble cathedral of the same name.

To give you an idea of this part of Venice would require powers of description superior to mine. I must therefore only mention a few of the most striking objects, and leave the rest to your imagination. The beautiful bronze horses which once adorned the Temple of the Sun at Corinth, were brought from thence to Constantinople, and thence to Venice, were taken to Paris in the war of the Revolution, and in 1815 delivered again to Venice by the allies; the Golden Lion of Venice; the beautiful Grecian pillars; the Campanile, which we ascended, and from whence we had a most advantageous view of the whole city, which literally appeared to float on the surface of the water; the shops, forming a colonnade in front, gaily decorated with jewellery, bead ornaments, and other toys, the only kind of materials with which they are supplied, and the Doge's splendid palace; all are to be seen in this square. The beads are manufactured by drawing out coloured glass into slender cylinders, which are afterwards cut into beads, and rounded by heat. Two work-men take a lump of red hot glass between them, ap-

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plying a pipe to each end, after blowing a little, they run different ways, throwing the mass into undulations like a string as they draw it out, by this means forming a slender tube, perhaps one hundred and fifty yards long, and scarcely a line in diameter, perforated all through, and sometimes coated only with coloured glass.

Before the church stand three red stakes placed there to commemorate three provinces, the Morea, Cyprus, and Candia, which once belonged to Venice.

In the inside of the church, near the door, the spot is marked where a pope put his foot on an emperor's neck!

Among many objects of admiration and curiosity at the Doge's palace is the hole where was the Lion's head, with the mouth open to receive the written accusations of those who from any secret motives of revenge or of malice, wished to condemn the objects of their hatred to linger out their remaining days in the dark dungeons of the council of state. The table still remains in the council chamber, the chairs placed round it in the regular order in which the judges sat, and the pen and inkstand for each. We crossed the bridge so expressively called, "il ponte dei sospiri," *the Bridge of sighs*, the passage to the dismal prisons.

During our stay, we visited many beautiful

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churches, only one of which, however, I shall attempt to describe, that of the Jesuits; the pannels and intercolumniations are inlaid with flowers of verde antico, upon a ground of white or carara marble, the diversities of green producing the effect of shades in rich satin or damask. About the altar are some twisted columns of verde antico, and the steps are made of that precious marble, inlaid with yellow, resembling a green and gold damask carpet.

We saw so much in a short time here, that my head is confused; and I must pass over a great deal, of which I find it impossible to give you any idea. The Rialto far surpassed my expectations. The gondolas are all painted black, and covered in, something like the body of a carriage in the parts where are the seats. In some of the handsomest private ones there are Venetian blinds to the windows.

The attitude of the gondoliers is exceedingly graceful. They stand on a very narrow part of the boat, slightly elevated, like the ridge of a house, and varying every moment in its horizontal inclination; they are supported only by the firm pressure of their feet, and an accurate poising of the body. They urge forward their light barks, turn the corners of the streets, with surprising rapidity, and so safely that an accident rarely occurs. The hearse-like appearance of

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the gondolas is relieved by their glittering prows of polished iron which sparkle in the sun-beams as they glide over the rippling waves.

Sunday, April 14th. We returned to Mestre yesterday, where we hoped to have passed a quiet day; but on the contrary, there was nothing but noise and revelry. While we were at dinner, two persons dressed like stage performers came in, and stood close to the table; one of them, a man playing on a mandole, while his companion, a female, stood staring at us. Opposite the inn there is a church, out of which the people issued like a flowing torrent. Many of them entered the inn, and filled every vacant room. They continued all the evening laughing, screaming, roaring; and these discordant sounds were occasionally intermingled with music, played on various instruments. Wishing that we should partake of the fun, the waiter invited us to see a party of jugglers who were carrying on their operations in a room beneath us; he seemed surprised at our stupidity in declining the delightful pleasure. Soon after we retired to our bed-rooms; not, however, to enjoy quiet repose, for every adjoining apartment was filled with midnight revellers, who were not weary of their sports, until the morning of a new day broke in upon them, and our carriages were once more at the door to conduct us on our way.

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We made some delay at Padua to see the Duomo, and some palaces of Palladian architecture. Padua is the birth-place of three eminent men, Livy, Petrarch, and Belzoni; the last indeed ought not to be named with the two former, yet his discoveries in Egypt will immortalize his memory, when, like the other two, his body has returned to dust.

Vicenza, Monday evening. This town is the birth-place of Palladio, who has adorned his native city with all which is most beautiful in modern architecture. The seats of the amphitheatre hold 1,200 persons, and nearly 3,000 more can find room in the theatre.

The Duomo is built upon the site of an ancient Heathen temple. The arch of Palladio, considered a fine specimen of his own architecture, is the entrance to the Campo Marzo, a beautiful walk, from whence there is a fine view of the Alps and of the Chiesa della Madonna del Monte, also built by Palladio. This country abounds in weeping willows, larger and more luxuriant than any which I ever saw before.

Villa Nuovo, Tuesday 16th. We have travelled across the fertile fields of Lombardy; the rugged and snow-capped Alps, forming a magnificent boundary to our prospect, while the smiling verdure around, and unclouded sunshine exhilarate our spirits. We were accosted by

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three young strangers; two Hungarians, and a Prussian baron; they introduced themselves by saying that they were on their way to make a tour in England; that they wanted to gain information, and to practice speaking the language to every English party whom they met.

Verona. This is said to be the finest of the second-rate cities of Italy. The Duomo is a noble building. The amphitheatre, built in the reign of Trajan, is in a perfect state of preservation in the inside, and is capable of containing 22,000 spectators. The arena is made use of every evening for some theatrical representations, the profits of which are expended in keeping the building in order.

We walked nearly a mile from the town to see the stone sarcophagus, wherein the body of the sleeping Juliet was laid. We perceived that a hole in the side of the stone had been perforated, to admit light and air; it is in a garden or seminario, where was once a Franciscan convent. Shakspeare has rendered immortal the tragic end of the unfortunate lovers, which healed the breach between the families of Montague and Capulet.

We had a delightful drive over plains, adorned with rich vineyards, and enjoying a lovely prospect of the Tyrolese mountains.

Peschiera, Wednesday 17th. There was

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nothing worthy of observation in our journey this morning. Il Lago di Garda extends from this town to the north. After breakfast, the landlord, an old man, came in, and entered into a conversation, which proved to us that he had a strong inclination to detain us some time at his inn. He told us that the air of this place is so healthy, that in a few days our appetite would so improve, that we should feel inclined to eat pistol balls; and the wine of the country, called Vino Santo, was made of the pure juice of the grape, and that in the morning, if we dipped some bread in it, and eat it, we should feel the benefit the whole day. His ruddy countenance, and corpulent figure, convinced us that he had used the remedy which he prescribed.

St. Marco, Wednesday evening. Nothing could be more delightful than our evening drive, having had always in view the clear Lago di Garda, the Alps rising above it in a thousand picturesque forms. Churches, convents, and castellated dwellings, every where interspersed, add much to the animation of the surrounding scenery. Luna is a pretty town on the top of a hill, its picturesque dome and turretted walls are conspicuous objects at a distance. We merely passed through on our way to St. Marco, which is a miserable looking place, and bears such a character for thieving, that the inn-keeper made our

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Vetturino remove all the things out of the carriage, which never was the case in all our previous journeys through Italy. Though there is no lock to the carriage, and it has generally remained for the night in an open yard, the luggage has always remained perfectly safe.

Stealing is not common among the Italians, though, in making a bargain, they have no objection to cheat, where they can find an opportunity.

In most of the inns on this road, our bed-room doors open upon a long gallery, railed round a square court, to which you enter from the street by a flight of stone steps. There is no kind of fastening to the doors, which can be opened on the outside as easily as on the inside.

Brescia seems a large and opulent town, the jewellers' shops are particularly well supplied. From hence is brought the Brescia marble.

Antignate. We arrived in the midst of a storm of thunder, lightning, and rain. The town does not appear to advantage in such weather. All seems comfortless, the inn particularly so. You would be amused to see us on our arrival at an inn. Our first care is to procure a table to write at, in order to record our adventures; and immediately there is a general call for the pen and ink, of which, unfortunately, we have got but one bottle to supply the party. Mrs. S.,

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myself, Richard, and Elizabeth; even our maid servant, is no less anxious than ourselves to write her journal. I often think what entertainment she will afford her friends at-home, with all the wonders which she will have to relate.

Friday morning. At five o'clock our carriages were ready, and we were soon once more on the road. Before we set out, we heard a solemn single toll at intervals, from a church. A man who stood by, being asked the cause of it, replied, that "a dying person was going to receive his Lord," and the bell summoned all who heard it to pray for the repose of the passing spirit;—he added, that as soon as the last Sacrament was given, the bell would toll quickly. We breakfasted at Caravaggio, the birth-place of Michael Angelo Caravaggio. As I looked round on the fertile valleys, I was reminded of that beautiful passage in the 65th Psalm—"The pastures are clothed with flocks, the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.

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LETTER XLIX.

Milan, April 20th, 1822.

I HAD heard much of this beautiful city, and was not disappointed in my expectations. I have seen the cathedral of white marble, but must refer you to Eustace's accurate description of it. Buonaparte completed much which was wanting; and now it is, indeed, an unrivalled piece of architecture. We spent a busy evening in seeing all that our limited time would afford.

Vercelli, April 22nd. The country is flat and swampy, fitted for the luxuriant crops of rice which it produces. An eternal winter reigns on the snow-covered Alps, which tower above the clouds. We walked out to see the cathedral, which is a handsome modern structure. A man, who perceived that we were strangers, accosted us with a kind offer to be our guide. He pointed out some suppressed convents, saying, that it was the act of the King of Sardinia, who had expelled the Jesuits from the town, and converted some of the convents into theatres, &c. Here is a very fine hospital.

Cigliano. We had before us the great Mont St. Bernard. The inn here, though it looks dirty, affords good accommodations; dinner was quickly

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prepared, and not of a kind to be despised by hungry travellers. Whilst we were eating it, a very dirty, ragged man came in, and inquired if a poor blind man might be permitted to sing. Permission was granted, and he began to roar out a curious medley about the Italians, French, &c. to the great amusement of the children, who laughed immoderately. After he had obtained what he sung for, he went to our servants for the same purpose. The Superga, a church and convent on the top of a high mountain, is the burying-place of the kings of Sardinia. The approach to Turin is very beautiful. We passed to-day the Stura and Po on long bridges; and on arriving at Turin, went to see the King of Sardinia's palace, which is a specimen of beautiful architecture, and very magnificent.

We were in the carriage before five o'clock; and travelled before breakfast over the first rough road which we have encountered on our journey; the country is beautified by high rocks, woods, mountains, and verdant valleys. The lofty Alps appear close to us.

Ambrogio, where our breakfast table is now prepared, is at the foot of a high mountain; at the top is a tower and a hermitage, which being, as it were, in the clouds, have a most extraordinary appearance.

Suza. At the foot of Mont Cenis our road

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wound through a valley, surrounded by the Alps; mountains I may, indeed, call them—for all others which I have seen may, in comparison, be termed hills. Sometimes I look in vain for their towering summits, which are literally hid amidst the clouds. At other times, I think I have discovered them, until straining my eyes to look higher, I find that intervening clouds had only concealed the top, which still rears its majestic head far above them. Though clothed with perpetual snow, their valleys are covered with rich vineyards and waving corn, and may be said "to laugh and sing," notwithstanding the frowning brow which threatens their destruction.

Lans le Bourg, Wednesday, April 24th. We are now on the northern side of Mont Cenis; five mules, harnessed to each carriage, were quite sufficient to draw us up this amazing mountain, the roads being in the most beautiful order; to maintain which, fifty men, at forty-five francs per month, are kept constantly employed. Here we still feel the cold; and, as we look towards the top of the mountain, the prospect is very wintry. I am told, but can hardly imagine, that the passage over the Simplon is a more wonderful work of genius than this. The road winds up the precipice so gradually, in a zig-zag direction, that you are only conscious of it by looking be-

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neath; and after having ascended 6000 feet, still the snow-covered mountain towers over your head till it seems to touch the clear canopy of heaven. Nothing can, I imagine, be more sublime; the clouds, now gathering, now dispersing, beneath us; the sun's rays darting from behind one peak of the mountain, and tinging the snowy cap of another, while they brightened the silvery clouds which floated over them. In every nook where there was sufficient earth to bear cultivation, we perceived little spots of corn and vines. Children ran after the carriage, throwing in the native flowers of the mountain. These were, the large blue hearts-ease, double May-flower, red stock, July flowers, &c. On a crag of a rock, a boy caught a beautiful brown squirrel, with a large bushy tail, which he also threw in at the window, to the great delight of the children. When we reached the barrier which divides Italy from Savoy, the mules were taken from the carriage, and the same horses which had brought us on our journey, harnessed; and our Vetturino, to whom they belonged, soon found reason to repent his obstinacy, in refusing to follow the example of the other men, who sent forward their horses to have them sufficiently rested to pursue the journey. Ours were now so tired, that they were completely unable to draw us over a road which was rendered heavy

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from the recently fallen snow, and was the worst piece of road which we met with. The muleteers said, that it was against the law to pass the barrier, and would not be bribed to transgress—so they rode away with their mules. The other two carriages having each three fresh horses, soon left us behind, surrounded by mountains of snow, shivering with cold, hungry and fatigued, with a journey before us of about twenty miles. A muleteer was seen at a little distance, who was persuaded to lend his assistance; but he had not proceeded many yards, when he stopped—declaring that he could go no farther, but at the risk of paying a large fine. The horses would not move an inch; we were, therefore, obliged to get out of the carriage, and walk; but the cold air seized us, and made us breathe with difficulty. We returned to the carriage, where we sat still until another muleteer came up, and brought us forward about a quarter of a mile, where he said was the boundary, which he must not pass: however, we had now got near the descent, and our horses did not object to it. I even thought that they went too briskly down the tremendous declivity. I give you this tedious account, only to let you know the difficulties which delicate persons, forsaking their own climate in search of a better, may be liable to encounter. We overtook Mrs. S., who had felt

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uneasy about us, and had therefore lingered on the road. She had a great advantage in sitting on the barouche seat of her carriage, from whence she had more enjoyment than we had of the magnificent scenery.

Modane, Wednesday evening. Leaving Lans le Bourg, we struck into a deep dell between these snow-capped Alps, the sides of which are here covered with trees of rich foliage. We saw a man ploughing with a mule on the brink of a precipice so steep, that they literally appeared to hang over it. When we stopped at the inn door, a good-humoured looking woman came to hand us out of the carriage; she and her daughters, who were our only attendants, soon prepared for us a dinner of delicious trout, just caught in the brook; mutton, and cheese, like the English Stilton, from Mont Cenis; excellent vegetables, and wine of a superior quality. In short, though external appearances did not promise much, we found every thing comfortable within.

When the napkins were laid on the table, Richard took one and folded it as our Italian servant used to do. Madame, our hostess, greatly admired his ingenuity, and said that she must call in her deaf and dumb daughter, that she might learn from him. The young Savoyard made her appearance, and with great quickness

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folded the napkin as Richard had done, making signs to evince how much she was pleased with the child, and a wish to find out which of us was his mother. The countenance of this young girl has a peculiarly intelligent and interesting expression. I have often heard of this valley, but had no conception of its sublime beauties. On every side it is shut in by the Alps from the rest of the world. I wish that I could describe to you the romantic scenery: the mountain torrent now foams over rough rocks—then, having spent its rage, ripples in a gentle murmur, while it waters the verdant vale, skirted by luxuriant woods of firs, and fruit-trees in full blossom. The Arc meanders in its progress, and the road is again and again carried over it by pretty bridges.

How delightful the praises of God would resound through this enchanting valley—formed by His hand, enriched by His bounty: O that all its inhabitants were His people—then would it indeed be a terrestrial Paradise! Where "the Lord reigneth let the earth rejoice."

St. Jean de Maurienne, Thursday. We are now at breakfast in a pretty town most beautifully situated at the foot of a mountain: smiling as the valley is, it does not appear to have attracted the opulent; on the contrary, it is a retreat for the

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poor, whose wretched shingle-roofed houses are far from giving an idea of comfort.

If industry were always rewarded by riches, they would surely flow upon the Savoyards. Every inch of ground which admits of cultivation is tilled in the neatest manner. Their fields and little gardens are nicely enclosed: goats are often used in the plough, perhaps from being best calculated to scramble up the craggy steep. In one place I saw a goat and an ass yoked together in the plough.* There has been some heavy rain, which in many places has laid the wheat, of which there are luxuriant crops in ear. We are still on the banks of the Arc, which no longer tumbles in white foam. Its waters have acquired a black and muddy hue from the coal-beds, and now roll sullenly along. The peasantry have rather a wild and savage appearance. Richard made a drawing of a little Savoyard who strutted from a field at the road-side to stare at us. He had on a black hat, in the form of an umbrella, which covered the whole of his figure, and a cloak tied about his neck, and reaching to his knees.

Aiguebelle, April 26th. This town was half buried in 1760 by the falling of earth and rocks

* A friend of mine, on whose veracity I can rely, told me she had seen in France an old woman, yoked to the plough with an ass and a goat, and a man driving them.

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from the mountain. The country is still of the same beautiful description. We breakfasted at Les Chavannes in a bed-room, to which we were obliged to ascend by a tottering ladder, and drank tea in glasses and little bowls.

LETTER L.

Chambery, April 27, 1822.

THE roughness of the road broke two of the carriages, which will detain us here longer than we intended; but we shall not find the time tedious, as there are many beautiful walks in the environs. The governor's house, formerly the chateau of the Dukes of Savoy, is situated on a rising ground, commanding a very beautiful prospect. We visited the Bibliotheque; the old man who has the care of it was very obliging, and took the greatest pains to show us some illuminated manuscripts of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; and a model of Mont Blanc, the glaciers, the valley of Chamouny, &c. On our taking leave, he refused to receive the money which was offered him, and immediately withdrew. I mention this because it was the first in-

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stance of the kind which we met with. The Savoyards evince an obliging disposition and much civility of manner.

Monday morning. We left Chambery and drove to Les Echelles, through a close valley between rocks whose lofty points assume the appearance of castles and fortifications. The descent became so rapid, that one of the horses was taken from the carriage, until we arrived at the mouth of a cavern which perforates the mountain. The cold air streamed upon us, as we drove through. We passed several clear brooks and beautiful cascades—one tumbles over a perpendicular rock 120 feet high.

An intelligent little girl attended us at dinner. Being asked if they had not dances on the Sundays, she answered, no—that they had been stopped: "the young ladies alone in the village were now permitted to dance on the Sunday evenings." The beauty of the day tempted us to walk on while the horses were putting to the carriage; and, as it did not follow so soon as we expected, we sat down to wait for it upon the battlements of a bridge which crossed a brook. The sparkling clearness of the waters made the children long to drink; and they were just stooping to try if they could, when a neat-looking girl came up, and perceiving them, called to them not to drink of that unwholesome water, but to

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come with her to her cottage, a little way off, and she would give them some which they might take without apprehension: the cottage was very clean, furnished like our own farm-houses: they brought chairs out for us, and appeared much pleased at our sitting down with them, (while waiting for the carriage,) and answering their interrogatories, of which they were not sparing. The road now wound close to the edge of a tremendous precipice, to which there was no barrier or fence to save us if our horses were to prove restive. How a road was ever made in such a place was beyond our comprehension.

Pont de Beauvoisin. The first town in France; our trunks were slightly examined. This being market day the streets were crowded with a most disagreeable and plain race of people; hardly an individual was to be seen who had not a frightful goitre.

La Tour du Pin, Tuesday. We required another horse this morning to the carriage, and were surprised to see that it was harnessed by a young girl of about seventeen, with a slouched straw hat, who then mounted it as a man would; she was our postillion until we had ascended the hills.

Verpilliere. All the towns here have a wretched appearance; and the roads are so rough, that we often wonder the carriages are not pulled to

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pieces. The young peasant girls are well-looking, but want the elegant air which distinguishes the contadine of Italy.

Lyons, Wednesday; May 1st. The magnificent Rhone divides this city. In the museum we were accosted by an English gentleman, who said, he had come so far on a tour through France on his way to Italy, without understanding a single word of any language except his own: he was at a great loss for an interpreter, for he could not comprehend the meaning of any thing which he then saw.

Thursday. We breakfasted at Maçon.

Friday. We arrived at Chalons sur Sâone. There was nothing interesting in this morning's drive.

Saturday. From the top of the hill we had a delightful view of a ruined chateau, which stands surrounded by very beautiful scenery; as I gazed upon the magnificent remains in its dismantled state, I looked back in thought to what it was in years gone by, and contrasted it with the scene of bloodshed and horror which laid all its honours in the dust. We were told that it had been demolished during the revolution in France; and being anxious to know something of its history, we asked the post boy, but he said that it happened in such ancient times, he

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believed eighteen years ago, that it was impossible he could tell any thing about it.

Auxerre. On Sunday we saw all the shops open, the people all at work, carts of burthen crowding the busy streets, no sabbath for man or beast. The people appear prosperous in temporal things, but they are indeed as sheep having no shepherd.

Sens. We went to see another fine gothic cathedral in which is a beautiful monument of the Dauphin and Dauphiness, the father and mother of Louis the XVIIIth. The women in this country appear to be employed as beasts of burthen. We saw their backs loaded with baskets of manure which they were carrying to the fields.

LETTER LI.

May 8th, 1822.

We are arrived at Paris, and were much disappointed at seeing only dirty, narrow, gloomy streets at the entrance.

Thursday 9th. We obtained tickets of admission to the Louvre, where we spent some hours; we visited Notre Dame, the Pantheon, les Jardins des Plantes, the Palais Royal, shops, &c.

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Friday, 10th. We have been through the gallery of the Luxembourg. The productions there of the modern French school show the state of the arts in the present day; but our long residence in Italy has rendered us fastidious: such glaring colouring can give no pleasure to the eye accustomed to the soft and mellow tints of the Italian masters. The museum is very fine, but my journey has such an effect upon me, that now I am unable to enter into descriptions; and the continual bustle of driving about to see as much as possible while we stay here, adds to my fatigue, and unwillingness to write.

Saturday Morning. We went to St. Denis, five miles from Paris, and saw the tombs of the kings and queens of France.

It makes one sad to see so many fine churches, we may almost say lying waste:—where, amongst all those that we have seen in Italy and France, is there a single church in which the truths of God are declared without a mixture of dangerous error?

Boulogne, May 16th, 1822. The steam packet is just ready to sail, which is to take us to England.

Dover, Friday, May 17th. It is impossible for me to describe my feelings of gratitude to

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the God of all mercies, that once more my feet stand on English ground * * *

London, May 19th. Once more the bells of the Church of England, that pure branch of the Catholic Church of Christ, summon me to enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise. As we journeyed along through this flourishing land, which the Lord has, indeed, watered with the dew of his blessing, my heart breathed many a silent prayer, that its prosperity may be prolonged till time shall be no more! In all the countries which I have seen, where is there one like England? so favoured, so blessed! O why does any one ever wish to leave it?

The neatness of the towns, the inns, the people, the universal air of comfort, the richness and beauty, and prosperity of the whole face of the country made my heart rejoice; and here, where I once more entered a Protestant church, and joined the general assembly in solemn worship, I felt assured that "God is in the midst of her, therefore shall she never be removed."

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INSCRIPTIONS ON THE MONUMENT IN THE FRONTISPIECE ARE AS FOLLOW.

On the top of the pedestal. The front.

Sacred to the memory of

On the tomb.

Anne Elizabeth, Daughter of
Sir Walter and Lady S———, of
B———, county of A———, Ireland.
She died at Rome, Jan. 5, 1821, aged 13 years and 8 months.
Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

On the pedestal of the back.

O! Umane speranze! Cieche e false!

Sta lagrimando il Padre: Ahi, sacro è il pianto:
Fede dal' ciel confortatrice scende:
Piange al Feretro afflitto il Padre accanto,
Al suo Dio il Cristian l'Angiola rende.

One end.

Her dawn of perfection was rare;
She was gentle, and tender, and wise,
She was modest, and patient, and fair;
Alas! she was ripe for the skies.

On the other end.

Non come fiamma, che per forza è spenta
Ma che per sè medesma si consume,
Se n' andò in Pace l'anima contenta.

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INSCRIPTIONS ON A WHITE MARBLE CENOTAPH,

Erected to the Memory of Sir W—— S——, in the Church at B——, County of A——.

At the top is a Medallion, a striking likeness, under which is inscribed,

" The sun shall no more be thy light by day, neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee. But the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory."

Sacred to the Memory
of
Sir W—— S——.

The rapid improvement of the surrounding country,
By his judicious and active exertions
As a Magistrate and a Country Gentleman,
Will remain a monument of his public and private worth,
When time may have effaced this memorial
Of conjugal and filial affection.
The fond recollection of his virtues,
As a Husband and Father,
Is deeply imprinted on the hearts of his afflicted family;
And a grateful tenantry will long remember
The fostering kindness
With which he encouraged their industry,
And relieved their wants.
To a cultivated taste, and polished manners,
He added a felicity of temper, and benignity of heart,
Which attached to him the affections
Of a wide circle of relations and friends.
Having long made the study of the Bible
His habitual delight,
He was thereby made wise unto Salvation,
Through faith which is in Christ Jesus.
And full of the hopes of a Blessed Immortality,
Died at Rome, August 9th, 1821; aged 79 years.

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